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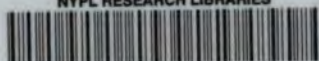
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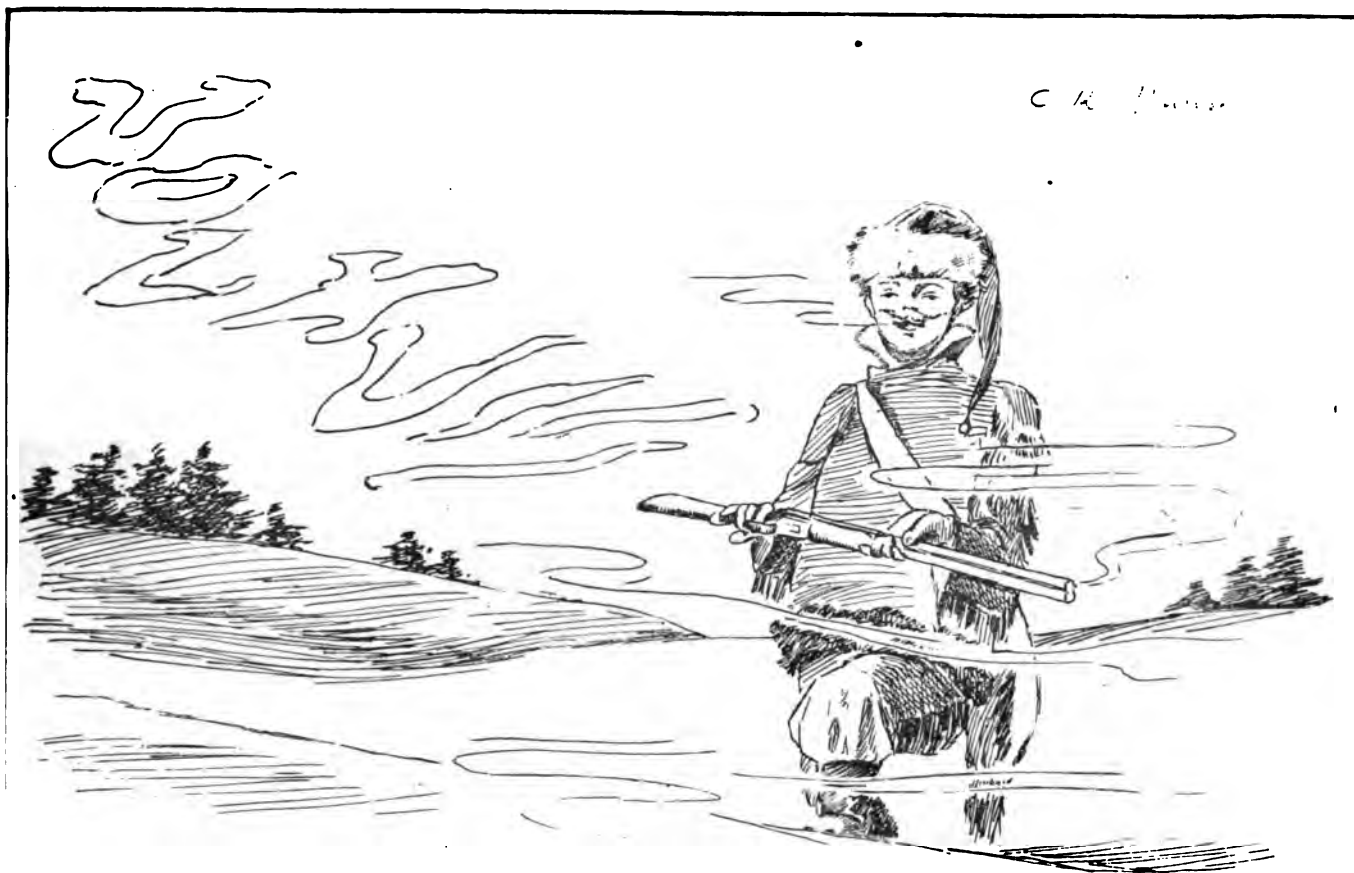
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ERNEST LINCOLN MANNING, '93.





The Harvard Lampoon.

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WELL! well! here we are, all back again. How time flies! It seems no longer than yesterday that Johnnie Freshleigh packed up his trunk and went home to "see mamma," and, presto! here he is back, a full-fledged Sophomore, big as life. How long it seems to him since three months ago, and how much smaller the Freshmen look this year than they did last! Hastings Hall, '91, is back, too. He has had a good time this summer; that lovely Miss Jacqueminot, — well, you just ask Hastings, and he'll tell you all about it. Hollis Holworthy is a grave and reverend Senior. His college life is drawing to a close; and as he smiles in his superior way upon the verdant Freshmen, he involuntary wishes he were with them. And the

Freshmen, — good heavens! how many of them are they? Well, the more the merrier; and Lampy wishes them all welcome, and hopes to know many of them better before the year is very far advanced.

LAMPY has fulfilled his promises of last year, and this year the subscribers will receive the "Only Suc." the day before it is put on sale. If any one fails to receive his copy, he will do a great favor by dropping into Thurston's and saying so; or, if timid, he may do his growling through the mail. Mistakes will occur, but Lampy wants to have as few of them as possible.

NOW is the time when a quiet, modest knock upon your door is heard, — not as the dun knocketh, but rather as the friend knocketh who would spend with you a pleasant half-hour to "drink a parting bumper to the jolly summer girl," and, rejoicing in your heart that it is he, you gladly cry, "Come in"; and the subscription fiend enters. He has such a confident air, and trusts so implicitly in your generosity, that you smile in spite of yourself, and beg him take a chair. He takes it, and everything else that he can lay his hands on. If you happen to have a Turkish rug in your room, you ought to give at least twenty dollars. He won't go away with less; but show him a ten-dollar bill, and he will write you a receipt so fast that his fountain pen cannot keep up. There is no use trying to put him off: he will stay all night, sleep on your sofa, and go to breakfast with you; and he will get your money every time and come up smiling. After all, though, the subscription fiend is a necessary evil. We are all so disposed to curse him, and think him only a lion seeking whom he may devour, that we forget that he has a solemn duty to perform. A man does not give all his time, patience, and labor just for the fun of the thing; he wants to see us beat Yale, and he is doing his share towards it, — much more cheerfully than we who scoff at him. But when the returns pour in next November, and we are all feeling glad that we have done our part, then, perhaps, we shall have some pleasanter remembrances of the subscription fiend and his note-book. And then, we'll all rise *en masse* and give THREE TIMES THREE FOR CAPT. CUMNOCK.

THE SOUTH-WIND.

HUSH! through the tree-tops the south-wind is blowing,
 Filled with the sweetness of morning's first dew,
 Free as a swallow, and happy in knowing
 The message 't is bringing to me and to you.
 Wild as the ravens that feel it and love it,
 Fresh with the fragrance it brings from the pines;
 Pure as the heavens so far, far above it,
 'T is blowing with breath as sweet as the wine's.
 Know you the message the south-wind is telling?
 Drink of its sweetness, its fragrance imbibe.
 Hush! how the whispering breezes are swelling,
 Echoing, "Now is the time to subscribe."

A DELICATE QUESTION.

MISS BEACONHILL. — And do you sing, Mr.
 Badliehazed?
MR. BADLIEHAZED, '93. — Only for the Sopho-
 mores.

COME, Harvard, get a gate on.

WHAT SOME OF THE '89 MEN ARE DOING.

MR. C. C. B-TCH-LD-R has secured a lucrative
 position as bar-tender in one of our large hotels.
 Holworthy cocktails a specialty.

Mr. C. Gr-n is running a shooting gallery in the
 Bowery.

Mr. W. G. R-nt-l is all bald up.

Mr. P. M. R-yn-ls is hanging pictures.

Mr. C. D-wn-r is getting onto the twists of the law.

Mr. V. M. H-rd-ng is thumping the life out of the
 law.

Mr. R. W. B-sh is secretary of a gas factory.

Mr. A. B-rr is still sticking.

Mr. R. E. T-wns-nd is occupied in being engaged.

Mr. G. E. T-rn-r is running a bustle factory.

THE boy in the streets 'gins his hooting;
 The Grand Army man 'gins to smile;
 And we all bid farewell to the Derby,
 For the dimpled hat 's come into style.

GREEK C — the Ionian.



ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES.

MIKE COPPER. — Come, git out o' this! move on! What yer snoozin' here fer, anyhow?

GILHOOLY, THE BOOZLER. — Aw, say! can't yer treat a gentleman wid enny respec'? I'm waiting fer 'em to frisco
 me eight-hundred-dollar departments in Hastin's Hall.



IN the sanctum all was quiet. Several dry exchanges, who, reclining in the chairs and window-seats in morning wrappers, still showed signs of sleepiness, gazed longingly at the beer-keg. Lampy was lounging on the one remaining divan, and consequently had to let the inkstand. The Ibis was perched upon the gas-fixture, reading the initial number of the *Crimson*. Finally he broke the silence.

"Lampy," he said, wiping away a tear with the paste brush, "I see by the *Crime's own* that our nine was beaten at New Haven last June."

"CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT!" cried the Jester, in surprise, "you don't say so! How did the race come out?"

"We won second prize," carolled the Bird, gleefully, glancing at the sheet.

"Well! well!" replied Lampy, "this *is* news. I suppose the *Crimson* had direct communication with the grounds," he added, for he had just returned from Music Hall.

"And I guess the other end had money on the race, and has just arrived home on foot," retorted the Ibis, tossing off a schooner of mucilage.

"I don't believe he dropped any more than I did," said the Jester, with a photograph smile. "I dropped from '90 to '93."

"Quite a come-down!" mused the Bird, sympathetically. "What resort did you seek?"

"Bar Harbor," answered Lampy, with a wink. "How do you like the Mount Deserters, anyhow?" he added, after a pause.

"Better than I do the New porters," answered the Ibis, solemnly.

There was a pause. The Brackett holding up the mantel-piece groaned, as if forewarned of calamity,

for even the leaves on the trees outside were Russell. The silence was growing embarrassing when a still small voice dropped from the gas-fixture.

"Lampy," said the Ibis, "I wonder what Oliver Ames at this year?"

"Spades are trumps," replied Lampy, dropping some coal on the fire with the shears.



AUTUMN.

THE west-wind is sighing, the dry leaves are flying,
Each gust is applying the dust to my hat;
The oar-blades are flashing, the water is plashing,
The Freshmen are splashing — who wonders at that?
Through the woods so inviting, where skeeters are lighting,
All ready for biting through thin and through thick,
Comes a murmur delicious, entrancing, auspicious,
To Eli pernicious, "Line up, rushers, quick!"

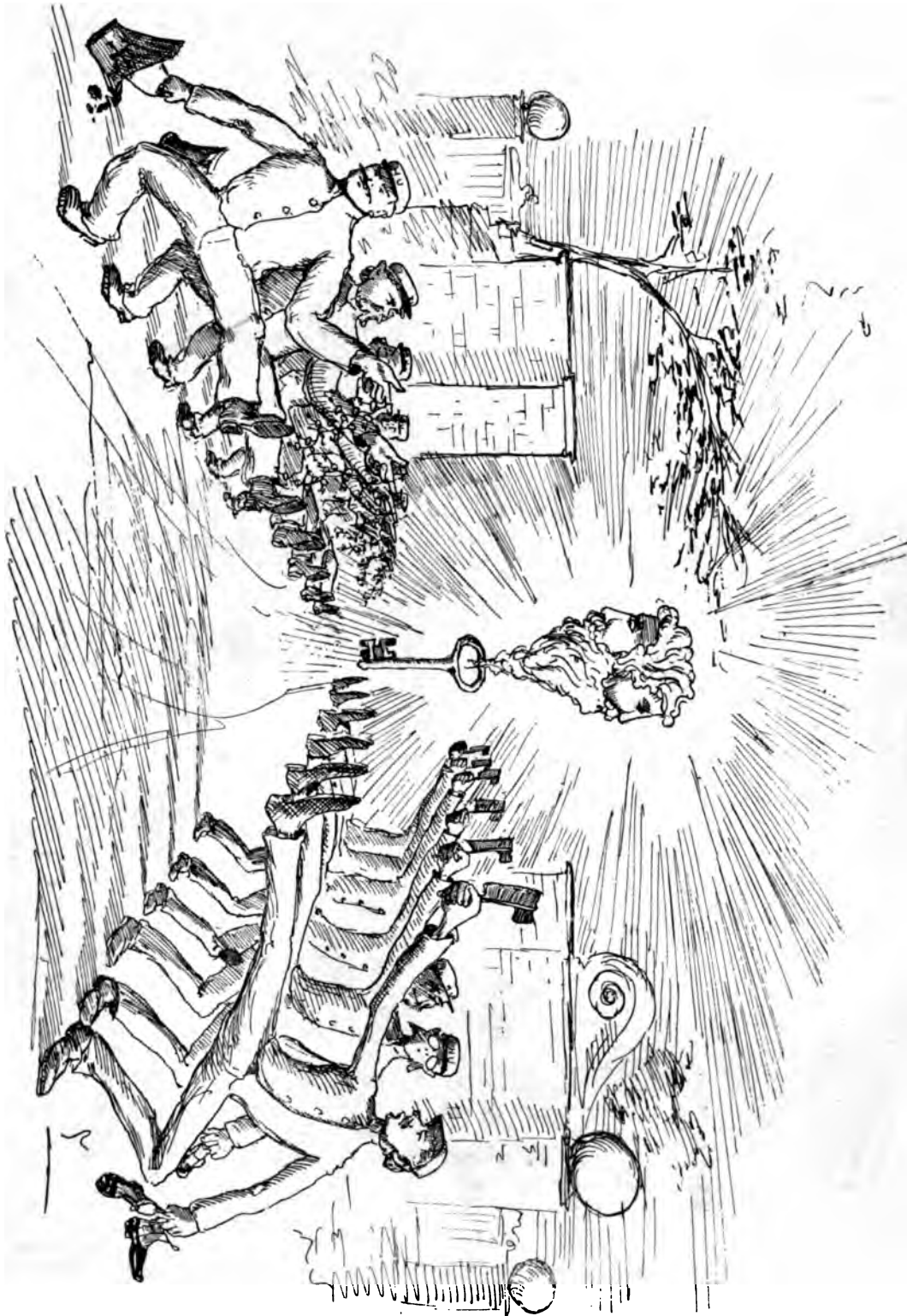
EXCELSIOR.

HE was a brave man and a mountaineer, but he trembled at the terrible chasm before him; yet, still undaunted, he looked not into the vasty gulf beneath, but, fixing his eyes upon the farther side, the cliff beyond the abyss, commending his soul to heaven, he leaped forth into space, and clutched the crumbling wall, leaving the fathomless ravine behind; still shuddering at his danger, he climbed the steep path beyond, and reached his destination, — Jarvis Field, — and still, strange to relate, he had plenty of sand about him.

BREACHES of Trust — Plymouth Rock pants. (A few variations on this *bon mot* may be made by substituting breaches of contract, breaches of promise, if on tick, etc. Exchanges need not credit these suggestions.)

"YOU may find it rather difficult to follow me," said Professor Thaddis, as he started for the Somerville slates.

ESCAPED FROM NEWGATE.



NEW COURSES.

THE following new courses have been added to the curriculum:—

BASE BALL 32. — Rise and Fall of the Roaming Umpire.

*BASE BALL 4a. — Practical exercises and field work six or (at the pleasure of the instructor) seven times a week.

Students who elect this course must have passed satisfactorily in anthropometrics.

FRENCH 21. — History of Vingt-et-un, from the Frankish period to modern times. Dunbar's chapters on Banking.

[HEBREW, 11. — Studies in Lacrosse.]

Omitted in 1889-90.

This course not to be counted for honors.

ALACK! ALACK!

"ELI," she whispered, as he held the broom-colored curls of his betrothed to his fancy eight-dollar vest, "why do you always wear that funny little pin?"

A look of inexpressible pain passed over his distorted features; and as he rose and left the room, she realized, too late, that all was over.

"THROW care to the winds," the wise men say.
We do. But somehow strength we lack
To cast it far enough away,
For some rude zephyr blows it back.



ALL THE SAME.

MABEL (*to Jack, who is about to drink her health for the ninth time*). — Oh, I would n't, Jack. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" instead.

JACK. — All right. Well — er — here 's looking at you!



SHE WAS OFFENDED.

MR. BROWNING (*of Boston*). — I do so admire your tennis playing: you cover so much ground!
MISS BLACKING (*of Chicago*). — Indeed!

SARANAC.

O THE lassies bewitching in gay Tam O'Shanters,
That lead us poor mortals on this and that tack!
Were there ever before seen such merry enchanters,
As rowed me that day on Lake Saranac?

The blue eyes and gray of my two limber rowers,
The hair that was light, and the hair that was brown,
And the music they made with the beat of their oars,
How they quickened the tides of my heart up and down!

At the fore the proud crimson of Harvard was floating,
And I raised not an oar my sweet passage to earn;
But I captained the crew of this divine boating,
And went off in a dream as I sat in the stern.

How I wished, as I drifted, life might be forever,
On Saranac Lake one summer day;
With such sirens as these, no labor — fret ever —
And no debts of Nature or tailor to pay.

I saw not the mountains that loomed grandly round me,
Nor knew if I stood on my heels or my head;
My crew — they were pirates — in their fair eyes they drowned
me,
Ah! if that be called dying, write me down with the dead.

And if ever again I go forth on the waters,
Life preserver nor compass nor anchor I'll take;
But I'll ship such a crew of Eve's winsome daughters,
As rowed me that day on Saranac Lake.

DON'T shudder, Freshleigh, when you read on
Memorial's tablets the long list of martyrs.
Memorial did n't kill 'em.

AN ocean trip — The sailor's hornpipe.



GOOD BARGAIN.

KID MUCKER.— Say, mister ! want ter buy a cat ter annerlyze? Sell 'im to yer fer fi' cents.

HARVARD HUMBUGS.

FOR OUR LITTLE ONES.

No. 1.—THE "BROTHERHOOD" HUMBUG.

WHEN I was a timid little Freshman (and I then used to register from Newton, though I have since found Newton near enough to Boston to permit of my claiming the Hub as my residence) I had a great many pet delusions, which I mean to tell you about just as they were before they crumbled up in their false curls, sawdust, paint, and tinsel; and if any of you are petting similar bogies, you shall see how mine died, in spite of care and watching, and how hard they are to keep brisk and lively. Now, the lustiest and brightest of all, and the one that outlived almost all the rest, was the delusion that all Harvard men are brothers; and this is the way I came to get it, and the way it perished.

I used to come out to Cambridge, as a school-boy, to ball games in Sam Winslow's day, and see thousands of men frantic with enthusiasm roaring out cheers that sounded like cannon salutes; and I saw those same men, by the flame of bonfires and red Bengal lights, dancing about trees in mere excess of joy, like May-day revellers, and clasping each other in fond embraces (the subtlest cause of which I did not at that time fathom). With only this holiday fervor to guide me, I had thought that, when I at last entered under the broad shadow of Harvard's elms as an undergraduate, I too was become a brother to a thousand older and younger brothers, bound for one goal, stirred by one impulse. Nay, I knew it was true, for I had heard it proved on at least three class-days both in prose and verse.

Alas, that I should not think so still! I was what they call democratic: I made friends with the whole family — and it is easy to make friends Freshman year

if one isn't haughty or discriminating. "You are in '90, are n't you?" says a gaunt, wild-eyed youth to me. "Saw you in chemistry. My name's Akery, Saginaw, Mich. What's yours?" "Kidd, from Newton," say I; and we shake hands. I repeat the same formula to José Cabaño, a young ranchero from El Paso, Texas, to "Nick" Dwyer, a loudly attired New-Yorker, and to Franklin Penn, a simple Philadelphian,—always cordially, in spite of the fact that Akery is very weird and eccentric looking, that Cabaño is greasy and profane to an unpleasant degree, that Dwyer looks more like a jockey than a gentleman, and that Penn is most irritatingly imbecile.

My good friend Hollis Holworthy, whom I considered a snob in consequence, avoided these men, though they were his own classmates, and slew their timid

advances with a look. To me the fact that they were ugly ducklings in the brood made no difference: they were brothers, and I treated them as brothers, even though I wished them more agreeable; but when Akery had wasted evenings of my valuable time urging me to "get religion," when Cabaño had been caught breaking lockers in the gymnasium, when Dwyer used my name as credit with tradesmen, borrowed money of me which he forgot to pay, and introduced himself at summer resorts as an "intimate friend of Billy Kidd's," and when that fat Quaker bored me with his insufferable nasal gabble whenever he spied and could detain me on my way, I came to the slow, but very, very firm conclusion, that Harvard was much like the world, and that the brothers of one's bosom must stand a very close scrutiny before they will bear acknowledging.



SAT ON.

MEEK-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL.—I should like to leave some tracts here, sir.

POMPOUS OLD "PARTY" (*severely*).—Certainly. Heels towards the door, please.

LUELLA.

BALLADE.



HE's fresh as the earliest dew,
 She's fair as a lily that grows,
 Her eyes are of heaven's own hue,
 And the blush of her cheek is the
 rose;
 Her laugh is the brook as it flows;
 For her smile men have wasted
 their wits;
 She's grace from her head to her
 toes, —
 Oh, why will Luella wear mitts ?

Her blood may not be very blue,
 But her manner has such a repose,
 And her portion is plenty for two, —
 Which balances blood, I suppose;
 She's gay, and as careless of woes
 As the merriest swallow that flits;
 But alack! for the world has its throes, —
 Oh, why will Luella wear mitts ?

Of lovers she's more than a few,
 They gather wherever she goes,
 A-sighing and longing to woo;
 They need but a smile to propose,
 They are pining in poetry and prose,
 With their hearts almost battered to bits,
 And I might be among them, — who knows ?
 Oh, why will Luella wear mitts ?

ENVOY.

O Destiny, pray interpose,
 And banish these base "counter-fits!"
 One flaw will turn friends into foes, —
 Oh, why will Luella wear mitts ?

AT MRS. STARVEM'S.

WE regret to learn that there has been discord within the hospitable eating emporium of Mrs. Starvem, though our sorrow is lessened by the fact that two members of '93 will look with less unseemly levity upon the problems of life, and show, in the future, due respect to the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Faculty, and the other dignitaries of this university.

As the geese saved Rome, so another fowl lost Freshleigh and Maspét, '93, their seats at Mrs. Starvem's board. Mrs. S. does the honors at her table, in order that "her boys may not miss a mother's care," etc., as she explains to inquiring parents, and so after the soup had been removed, two monumental fowls were set before her. It needed no ornithologist to declare that they were roosters, and as they lay there

with their breastbones pointing to the chandelier, wings tight to their sides, and sinewy legs crossed in reposeful attitude, these bronzed-feathered warriors resembled the bronze effigies of the valiant knights who, too, had gained their spurs, and were taking their last rest.

The Amazonian Starvem rose to the attack, and, thanks to several notches in the edge of the carving-knife, managed to saw away a wing from the off rooster. Then she sought to wrest the secrets from his india-rubber breast, and started to remove the epidermal slice with a power which threatened to cleave him to the spine. The knife made no impression, and as the carver slightly relaxed her force, the compressed flesh of the carvee returned to the old stand, while the knife rebounded to the floor.

"It is evidently a spring chicken, Mrs. Starvem," sweetly remarked Maspét.

"And apparently of the Plymouth Rock variety, too, Willie," said Freshleigh.

LAMPY gives many a merry laugh within
 The pages he submits so meekly.
 You buy them each two weeks; invest your tin
 In something that you can't bi-weekly.



WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE HIM.

OLD "GENT." — Look here, sir, if you want to smoke, smoke a cigar or a pipe, don't smoke those beastly cigarettes.

DUDE. — My dear sir, I have great respect for your superior judgment. Will you kindly give me a cigar?

A GOOD REASON.

"NO, sir," said old Mr. Smith, "I hev never married, an' I'll tell you why. Ther use ter be a real nice widdler round our way who I was dead sot on marryin', an' I think she hed sort of a sneakin' regard fer me, too. Wal, arter I'd been courtin' on her nigh on ter five year, I screwed my courage up ter the stickin' pint an' set out ter pop the question. So one night off I goes, all fixed up fer the great event, with an extry amount of starch in my shirt bosom, to press her against when she sez the word.

"Wal, sir, she was in, an' I finally managed to git out what I wanted ter say. Now, sir, if you'll believe it, I was so durned deaf that I could n't hear what she sez, an' so durned bashful that I dares n't pop again; an', wot's more, sir, I've been hangin' round her, waitin' fur another suitable opportunity, fer nigh on ter eighteen year."

WHEN Harvard students stoop to folly,
And find too late that Yale men lie,
What charm can sooth their melancholy?
What art can keep their shekels nigh?

The only way to keep the upper
Hand, and save what tin we get,
To spare another call on "pupper" —
The only way is — not to bet.



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THEY had had toast every morning for six weeks.
 "Madam," said Mr. Slowpay, "I am not afraid of pie: I can bravely face home-made biscuit: I have never been known to fly from sponge cake, but," and here he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but, madam, I quail on toast." — *Munsey's Weekly*.

MRS. PANCAKE (to tramp). — Well, what do you want?
 TRAMP. — Here, mum, is der pie I stold off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 'taint hurt any! — *Life*.

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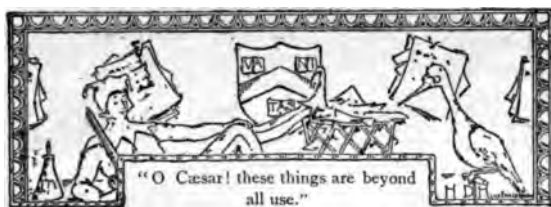
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A SURE SIGN.

FIRST TRAMP (*waking up in a freight car*). — What jay town is dis?

SECOND TRAMP. — I dunno — see de blackbirds flyin' troo de air.

FIRST TRAMP (*looking out*). — Huh! dem's no blackbirds; dem's cinders — dis is Chicago. — *Time*.

POKER AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

MRS. GUELPH. — Well, Milord, I call you. What do you hold?

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (*pausing for breath*). — Eh — eh —

MRS. GUELPH. — Well, Milord, I await your answer.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (*uncovering three queens and two tens*). — With all due respect, I have — your Majesties — full! — *Puck*.

"So," said a sympathizing friend, "you lost both your legs in a railroad accident?"

"Yes."

"Do you suffer pain?"

"Some; but I can't kick." — *Washington Capital*.

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PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. (Time, 3.30 P. M.)

SMITHINGTON. — If you will come to my room, my man, I'll give you an old dress coat to wear.

DILAPIDATED TRAMP. — Say, look a' here, do you suppose that I've fallen so low that I wear a swaller-tail before 6 P. M.? Never!



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, OCT. 30, 1889.

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Address all communications to

E. BURRAGE, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

WELL, '93, how do you like it? You have been here a month, and what is the verdict? Is it just what you expected, or is it not? It is a different state of things from that which your big brother in the Law School found six years ago, and if you had slipped your little hand in his then, and had let him lead you about as your adviser leads you now, you would see the change. Of course, your condition is infinitely superior to what your brother's was then. You know he must have had a hard time of it hurrying to chapel in a pair of trousers and an ulster, as if the salvation of his soul and the length of his college life depended on his grumbling presence in that house of worship. You think, too, how he must have missed this closer relationship between student and professor which you find so inspiring. You know, too, how "Harvard indifference" was not in that highly developed state then that one finds now, and sigh to ponder on how your brother got along so well without their stimulating influence. Nevertheless, your brother graduated with distinction, was a thoroughly good fellow, and far more popular with every one than the so-called popular man of to-day. But think, '91, how much more he might have been if he only had had your advantages.

THEN, too, your brother never had such advantages in his studies as you have. Hour examinations were then few and far between, and their infinite bless-

ings were unknown. He never had the pompous little professors bring their fists down with a bang, and tell him that they considered he owed them at least two hours per day apiece, and add in a very aggressive way that they intended to get it. He never had that wild sport with special reports, and hunted with breathless excitement all over the library for books so rare that nobody had ever heard of them. And yet, without all these advantages, your brother seems to have acquired an education; for many of the professors sometimes made their lectures so interesting that they were n't obliged to act on the offensive so often. But, of course, that was the old-fashioned idea, and you must n't expect such things nowadays, — it is not considered the thing. So just congratulate yourself on your superior condition, for your brother looks back on his own college course, and envies your condition.

SOME time ago we gladdened our esteemed contemporary's heart by inserting a notice therein that we would meet any "artistic" Freshmen who were desirous of handing their names down to posterity. Unfortunately, the Faculty, who feared that such a meeting might produce results not extremely complimentary to them, prevented our keeping the appointment. However, we shall be pleased to encourage all budding "genii," artistic or literary. As the treasurer of the Junior Class is still on the board, Lampy hopes to have pie twice a week; so come on, '93, Lampy wants many of you to enjoy it with him, and longs to receive you all with open arms.

IF artistic contributors will kindly leave their little works of genius with Mr. Foster, and not crowd them into the contribution box, they would greatly oblige the Only Suc., etc., etc.

NOTICE.

NO jokes on the new gate will be printed after No. 3 of the present volume. Contributors will kindly send them in at once and, avoid the rush.

Per order of the Faculty.

FASHION'S DECREE.

I FELT very warm, yet was "out in the cold,"
As my fits of the blues have attested.
The reason of this paradox, I'll unfold, —
My sack-coat was not double-breasted.

NATURAL HISTORY 5.

PROF. FARDOWN. — Gentlemen, this afternoon
I shall continue the subject of Bacteria. Are
there any questions before I begin?

TROWBRIDGE, '92 (*who cut last lecture*). — Are
Bacteria and Posterior the same thing, Professor?

IT is said that nowadays when Chicago people
meet they do not remark, "It's a fine day," or
"Beautiful weather we are having now," but exclaim
in loud tones, "The World's Fair!"

MARJORIE.

I DO not wish that honeyed dish,
Renown, that poets taste;
I do not sigh, tho' fame pass by,
Or leave my name effaced.
I only long a simple song,
So sweet that it may stir
My Marjorie's heart when I impart
My tender love to her.

Then I'd sing heigh-o! for the winds may blow,
And the swallows long have flown,
And the willows wail with the rain and hail,
And the lonely maples moan.
For what care I if the winter's nigh,
Or the winds are blowing free?
For the world is gay as a summer's day
If Marjorie smiles on me.



A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

MAMSBY. — What awful drunkards those Romans must have been!

PAPJOY. — Where did you get that idea? I did n't know they were particularly intemperate.

MAMSBY. — Why, over the door of every Roman a warning was hung — "Cave Canem" — beware the growler!!



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, who had been reading some "communications" in the unrivalled Harvard daily, "I guess the *Crimson* has made a mistake."

"Oh, no," answered the Jester, solemnly; "I guess not; they are too cautious for that."

"Well," said the Bird, pointing to the column he had just been reading, "it says here that they don't hold themselves responsible for any opinions advanced in this column. Seems to me that should be put above the editorials, should n't it?"

"Hush!" replied Lampy, warningly. "'*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,' you know."

The exchange files laughed in their harsh, grating way, and the eight-day clock, hearing Lampy quote Latin with so much fluency, wore an amused expression on its face, and, holding up its hands in surprise, struck twelve.

"Lampy," said the Ibis, gloomily, hopping upon the gas fixture, "what shall I do? I have lost my glasses."

"Drink out of the bottle, then," suggested Lampy, pleasantly, cutting a caper with the shears.

"No, thanks!" retorted the Bird, "I'd rather put my beak in a beaker."

"Oh, come off your perch!" cried the Jester, throwing the paste-pot at him.

The Ibis dodged, but the Moorish slave put out his hand to catch it, and, as usual, the paste stuck. Then he modestly resumed his customary humble position, and all was quiet. Finally the Bird roused himself from his unusual lethargy. "Lampy," he said, "do you know what ails the porters?"

"Unpolished understandings," answered the Jester, looking gloomily at his own number sixes.

"No, sir," carolled the Bird; "they are treated with too much ginger by the Freshmen." Then seeing the Jester going out, he added, —

"I say, Lampy, got any work to do to-night?"

"Yes," replied Lampy, gloomily; "got to make a call on Miss Roseleaf."

"Rats!" shrieked the Ibis. "That was dropped into Foster's box."

But the Jester slammed the door, and did not hear him.



HER FATHER.

PROFESSOR X. would oft bestow
His curse on me, say I was slow,
Would fume and fret, disparage, scold,
Would vow my faults were manifold,
And ever show himself my foe.

One day I met a maid with glow
Of beauty on her cheeks, and oh!
She soon expelled all thoughts of old
Professor X.

I met her oft out walking, though
I knew not where she dwelt, and so
One day I followed her (grown bold),
And when I saw the house, behold!
I knocked, the door was oped, and lo!
Professor X. ! ! ! !

CAUSE ENOUGH.

DE BIGSBY. — What makes you so down in the mouth, Rigley?

RIGLEY (*with a long-drawn sigh*). — Addition to father's family last night.

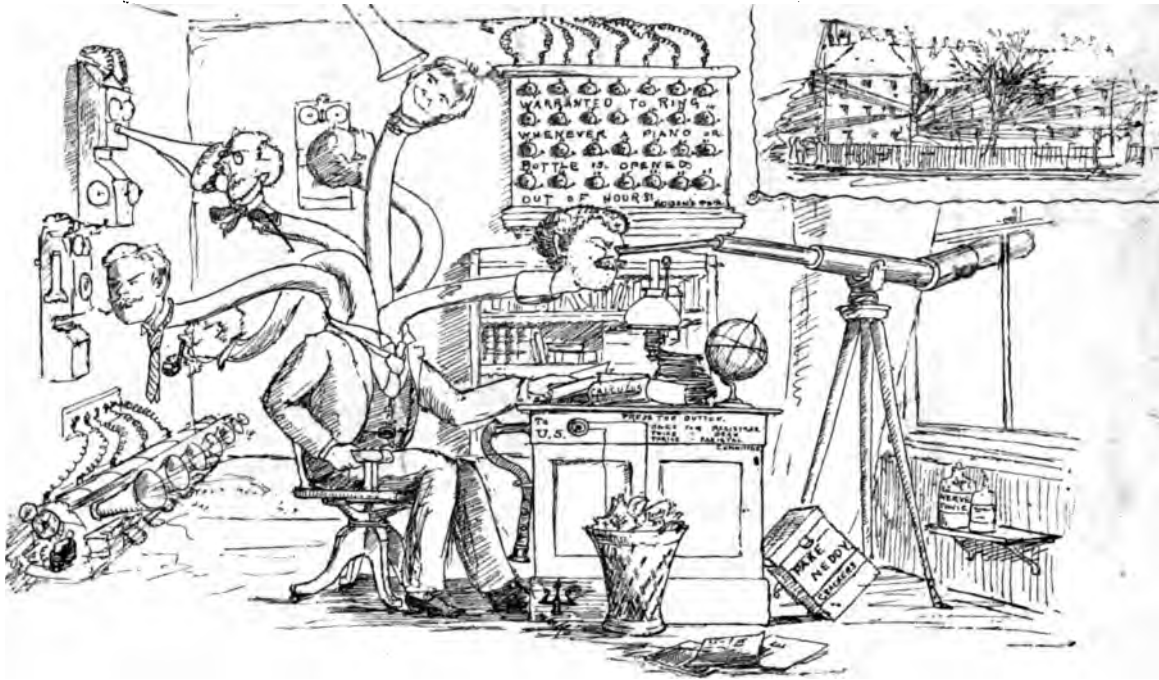
DE BIGSBY. — Then why the deuce are you so glum? Was it a boy or girl?

RIGLEY. — Neither. Miss Recusant became my sister.

NO FORESIGHT.

UNFORTUNATE PEDESTRIAN (*after violently colliding with an old gentleman and begging his pardon*). — But have n't I seen you before?

IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN. — You certainly did not see me now!



A DIFFERENTIATED CERBERUS; OR, THE HASTINGS PROCTOR PROBLEM SOLVED.

SPECIMEN LECTURE.

POL. ECON. I.

(By Request.)

TO-DAY, gentlemen, we are to take up the labor question under its different aspects. Mr. Holworthy, will you give the definition of labor? Not prepared? So you do not know what labor is, Mr. H—? By the way, Mr. H—, in what class are you? '91? Ah, yes, I remember your case. If I am not mistaken, you are a special student who merely entered with '91; and if I remember the records correctly, your standing is none too high, Mr. H—. (Smiles benignly on Holworthy.) You must be more accurate in your statements, Mr. H—, and — er — Mr. H—, if you do not give me satisfactory evidence that you have learned the definition of labor before the mid-year examination, I shall be unable to give you more than E for the course, however good your paper may be. There is one thing that is cock-sure in this course. You will all know what labor is before next spring. This isn't an easy course, though some of you will think it is before you are through with it.

Well, Mr. Grinder, what do you think of the Malthusian theory, as applied to the labor question? And now will you give a few examples of preventive checks on population? This subject of preventive checks is a very important one, gentlemen, and we will go into it more in detail the second half-year, when we take up the subject of banking. I wish to point out this relation of population to labor a little more clearly. When a new working unit appears to compete for the existing quantity of work, that quantity must be divided still further. This, you see, is cock-sure to happen. Now, except for these preventive checks, unlimited new working units would be continually dividing the fixed quantity of work, and subsistence would be impossible. On these grounds, a man having, or being suspected of having, twins in his family, is guilty of a crime against humanity. In my book on the tariff I have strongly advocated placing not a protective, but a prohibitive, tariff on all twins. It begins on page 86. What did you remark, Mr. Leathers? I will see you after the hour, Mr. Leathers. That will do to-day, gentlemen. (The class goes out to the sound of "Um-ta-ra-ra, Towser got the best of it," from the corridor.)

**BOHAIR.**

THE rolling Niger whirls around
A little green peninsula,
On which the cocoanuts abound,
And many other things are found
Which grow in regions insular,
And there
Lived Bohair.

His legs were long, his breeches short,
His features Ethiopian;
A dress-improver he had bought
To drape his trousers as he thought
Would make a sight Utopian.
Oh, fair
Was Bohair.

He loved a maiden black as jet
Who lived in Abyssinia,
He sent a soko as a pet,
He even sent a cigarette
Directed "Best Virginia,
With care,
From Bohair."

She wrote a note beneath the trees,
And sent it by a mendicant;
It sounded like a nasal sneeze,
Translated meant, "My thanks for these,"
And added, in the end, "I can't
Bear
You, Bohair."

The lover cried he was forlorn
In passion egotistical,
He cursed the day when he was born,
He cursed the maiden in his scorn
In terms not euphemistical,
For where
Was Bohair?

**EMBARRASSING.**

HASTINGS. — Miss Follibud and I rode nearly five miles this morning.

HOLLIS (*taking a different "rowed"*). — Is that so? I guess his arms must have been pretty tired.



SAVED FROM LAST SUMMER.

MISS BEACON. — Oh, you don't know all my good points yet, Mr. Holworthy.
 HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — True, Miss Beacon. Er — let's go down on the rocks!

HOW MEAN!

MISS SNIGSBY. — Yes, I shall probably go to the masquerade next Wednesday night, if I can think of an appropriate costume.

JACK VISITON. — Why don't you go as plain Jane Snigsby!

WHY, OF CAWS.

HE. — Don't you think a farmer ought to be pitied, Miss Breezy?

SHE. — Why, not especially.

HE (*pensively*). — Well, he's such a martyr to his caws, you know.

WHAT SHE REPRESENTS.

HAROLD HASTINGS. — What a charming girl Miss Beaconhill is. She always appears to me to represent the old Puritan simplicity and sweetness.

JACK MATTHEWS. — I never noticed that, but I do know that she represents \$1,000,000 in her own right.

PARADOXICAL.

THOMPSON. — Do you think Dick Closefist has been drinking lately?

CROMPSON. — Know he has; he subscribed \$5 for the eleven yesterday.

THE kerosene can on the mantel reposes,
 Its contents were sprinkled all over the fire,
 And all that poor Kathleen O'Donabue knows is
 This dull world has changed for a sphere that is higher.

STRAWS show which way the wind blows. At
 New Haven they say "*up* at Harvard," but in
 Cambridge we say "*down* at Yale."



THE DEAR OLD PROFESSOR.

HE was, as I fancied him, an old man with curly silver locks shading a lofty brow; a smile of parental benignity; and a sweet, cordial nod for every one of "his boys" when he met them on the street; and they, I was sure, worshipped *him*, and were as eager for his praise as the Old Guard for Napoleon's; and I was only undecided as to whether they gave him silver or glass at Christmas and on his

birthday. One professor in particular, I had heard spoken of by my parents and old alumni as the sum of all goodness: "*vir doctissimus*," he was called on Commencement Day, "*insigni virtute*"; "the eminent scholar" was his meanest newspaper title, and his works were never cited without being complimented as "profound," "erudite," or "authoritative." In short, there seemed to be no worldly distinction or Christian virtue which Prof. Schopenhauer, of the Philosophical Department, could be wanting in. So, without ever having seen the man, I elected his course [*Phil. xxxii: The Morphology of the Ancient Mandans*], not in the least doubting but that I should find in it a key to life's treasure-house, and, in him, a friend and teacher as fascinating as the tutor of Achilles. But no! "The dear old professor" resembled the gentle Centaur only in the fact that he was half beast; for he was as shaggy as a satyr, had the voice of a peacock, and the temper of a Turk; and not only was his course dust and ashes, but he conducted it so bearishly that he earned the hearty dislike of every man he ever



OF COURSE.

H. E. — Did you say your brother was in Harvard, Miss Pedigree? I suppose he is a society man.

SHE. — Oh, yes! Willie belongs to the H. A. A., the Pennsylvania Club, and the Co-operative Society!

taught, and through them an unenviable nickname, repeated and perpetuated by hundreds of others he had never seen.

I made excuses for him to myself for half the year, saying that Dr. Johnson, Abernethy, and Thomas Carlyle were none the less great on account of their rudeness; but when he had thrown out poor little Brooke's book at the mid-year's, and accused him of cheating on account of an innocent mistake, — Brooke, too, the gentlest of boys, to whom cheating was no more natural than arson, — I made up my mind that the professor was a confounded cad. I have since known professors who came very near being ideal men, some of them uncanonized saints, never appreciated and ill-rewarded for their self-sacrifice and toil; but I no longer regard them one and all alike, for I have learned that they, as well as my classmates, are but human; and whenever I now see a *doctissimus vir* making those who are helpless under his authority the butt of coarse jokes and cruel insinuations to which they cannot reply, I put him down (in spite of his being a doctor of five universities and a correspondent of three foreign societies) as nothing better than a simple *homo*, which, gentle readers, in our less polite English, signifies "fellow."



THE PIERIAN SODALITY.



"TEXAS SIFTINGS."

PUFFER. — What did you come back from Texas for, Tuffer?

TUFFER. — Had bronchitis, too much bronco, — got hoarse.

DESPAIR.

AH! could I beg or borrow
A draught to drown my sorrow, —
For Mabel will be married a fortnight from to-morrow!
Alas! while I am shedding
Tears of bitterness, she's treading
Paths of happiness that lead to the altar, and the wedding.

It was Sunday when she told me,
And she laughingly cajoled me,
But the sympathetic church-bells tolling solemnly condoled me.

For my saddened heart was sinking,
And, morose, I fell to thinking
And brooding o'er my sorrows, and to drown them took to drinking.

Ah! cruel Fate, be gentle,
Nor call me sentimental,
For Mabel may be married; I don't care a continental.
But, good Lord! it is n't pleasant,
For I'm poor as any peasant,
And I have n't got a blessed cent to buy a wedding present.



PAT GEOGEHAN was a sporting man,
He lived down in the Port,
Where Kennedy cooks crackers
And the billy goats cavort.

Adonis was his brindle pup —
They'd named him for his grace;
And devil a dog but had that name
Bit somewhere in his face.
He had an amblin' crab-like walk,
With his body held aslant;
He did n't have no tail at all,
While his jaw stuck out beyant.

As Geogehan and Adonis
Were walking up Main Street,
They met one o' de Hayvards
Dressed up so foine and neat,
Wearin' a nice red "stage-coach" tie
And a new "Gussie" hat,
And leadin' a white tarrier
No bigger nor a cat.

Pat Geogehan loathed a Hayvard,
Loike ivery Cambridge muck;
"Sick 'em," said Pat Geogehan,
And accordin' 'Donis "suck."

At last, when things slowed up a bit,
The first thing you could note,
Was one dog, 'twan't Adonis,
Had t' other by the throat;
And there he hung, with eyes half shut,
And chawed away and bit,
While 'Donis's eyes and tongue stuck out
As if he had a fit.

"Take off yer dog," Pat Geogehan cried,
"T was him began the fight,"
And rushin' at de Hayvard djude
He let go with his right.
De Hayvard was too quick for him;
He put up his left paw,
An' with his right he countered Pat
On the left side of his jaw.

When Geogehan knew his name again
There was nobody near;
Adonis lay there by him still,
Less one eye and an ear.
Then Geogehan looked up at the dog,
Adonis looked at Pat,
And nayther of these Cambridge sports
Has had a fight since that.

Now gather, all ye sports and toughs,
This lesson from that fight:
Don't go monkeyin' with the buzz-saw
Just because it *looks* all right.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

JACK TIGHTLY (*in front of a large mirror*). —
Shay, Tom, is that — hic — a man or a mirror that
I shee?

TOM RIGHTLY. — Oh, it's a mirrowed man, my dear
fellow.

JACK TIGHTLY. — Then I mush be seeing double!

THE LATEST VERSION.

DROP a Nikisch in the slot, and get a symphony.

"**W**ELL," swore the little English sparrow, as the
first rays of the morning light came peeping
through the tree-tops, "dawn!"

PERHAPS it won't be so hard to enter Harvard in
the future, for already the college has begun to
accept gate-money.

A DRUNKARD is a man who may be said to use
phialent means.

COOK'S Tourists — the cannibal.



A NEW VERSION.

HAROLD (*A. B., Harvard, '88*). — Maude, I love you.
Will you be my wife?

MAUDE (*A. B., Harvard Annex, '88*). — No, Harold, that
can never be, but we shall always be brothers.

HOW I SPENT MY VACATION.

(HIS FIRST ENGLISH A THEME.)

IN the mornings I went in bathing most of the time, except when it rained, and then I stayed in the house, and played puss-in-the-corner with my little sisters. The last part of the summer papa brought down a nice big round black rubber foot-ball, and I practised kicking it with my sister Milly, for I intend to get on the 'Varsity team, only I hope the boys can't run as fast as Milly, for she could get it away from me every time. Most always I went to bed at half past seven, because pa said it was healthy to; but Milly generally stayed up till nine. One day we had a party, and I was let to stay up till ten. My! did n't I dance round with the pretty girls! O Mr. Wendell, I do just wish you could have seen the girls, they wanted to play post-office so! I kind of miss those jolly times now, sometimes. It's kind of lonely up in the top of Thayer, where I room. I sort of miss pa's voice down-stairs, too. But I must tell you what we did down there. One time I went out walking with a girl, and she had her hand under my arm, and she said I was the biggest muff she had ever seen. She meant I was keeping her hand warm, I suppose. Oh, she was just dandy!

Now, Mr. Wendell, don't put any horrid red marks on this theme, for I have done just as nice as I could, and remember you was once as young as

Yours sincerely,

M. F. FRESHLEIGH.

P. S. — Please excuse bad spelling and blots.



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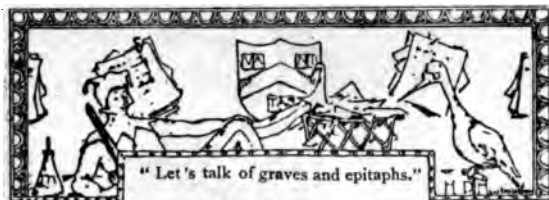
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"Why, did n't you hear of Queen Victoria's insulting remark? When Minister Lincoln failed to appear at dinner one evening she referred to him as the Missing Link."—*Munsey's Weekly*.BORROWIT (*in Chinese laundry*).—Why do you say Fli-day, John, when you mean Friday?CHINAMAN.—I slay Fli-day 'cause I mean Fli-day; not like Melican man, who slay Fli-day and come to pay me week after next!—*Texas Siftings*.

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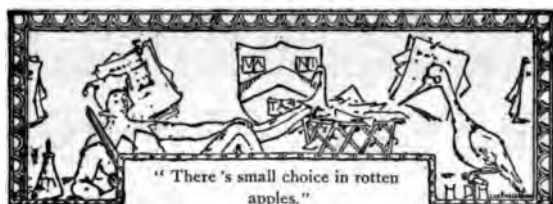
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NURSE. — You must n't give your little sister pins to play with, Benny. She might swallow them.

BENNY. — Well, she'll have harder things than them to swallow, if she stays in this family. You hear me! — *Puck*.

MR. PHILOSOPHER (*handing his wife a twenty-dollar bill*). — Woman is an enigma.

MRS. PHILOSOPHER. — Thanks, dear. But why did you make that remark?

MR. PHILOSOPHER. — She will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter season of trial and adversity; but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government. — *Munsey's Weekly*.

"How shall we move the masses?" asked the temperance orator. Just then somebody in the outskirts of the crowd remarked, "Come up and take a drink, fellows"; and the masses moved. — *Munsey's Weekly*.

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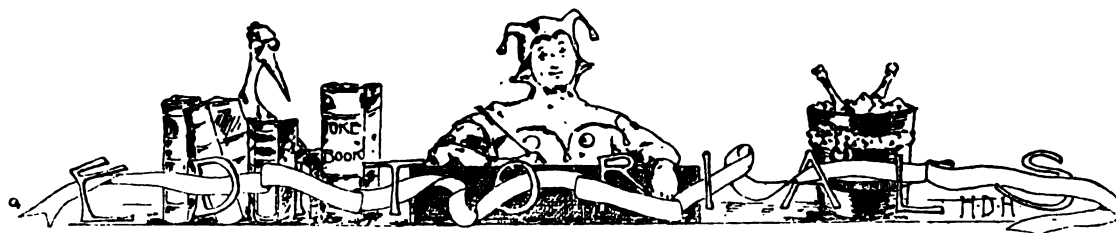
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TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

HOLLIS. — Hold on, Hastings! what are you doing?
 HASTINGS (*who has just written his condolences to his fiancée for the death of her mother*). — These, my dear boy, are tears, — tears which I have been unable to produce in the usual conventional way.



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 13, 1889.

Published biweekly during term time, by students of Harvard University.

Subscription per year (two volumes, twenty numbers), Two Dollars and a half. Single copies, Fifteen Cents. Back numbers also for sale. Subscriptions received at Thurston's or through the mail.

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E. BURRAGE, *Secretary*,

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MR. WALTER C. NICHOLS, '93, has been elected to the LAMPOON board.

BEFORE Lampy springs upon the public again our valiant Eleven will have stood up against the striped calves and bucked the Princeton tigers. We have heard great things about the team hailing from the "home of mosquitoes," but it is said that there are none on the Eleven. Think of the immense scores which have been wafted up from New Jersey! A few hundred points seem nothing in comparison. The other teams have scored once in a while, but, of course, that does n't count for much. Princeton's great success, so far, is due to the fact that the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe has been playing quarterback. He was, by great persuasion, induced to enter Princeton this year, and take a course in Hebrew to master Eli and the Bull rushes. It is said that his weird imagination has produced the most intricate tricks ever seen on the foot-ball field. Being spiritual, he easily penetrates the opposing rush line, is never hurt by the crowd falling on him, and is extremely hard to tackle. Nevertheless, the New-Jerseyites may find out that our men, perhaps, will play the game to a finish, and that they never crawl — except when they are down.

THEN, too, we shall all have been to Springfield and returned, and the Yale game will be a thing of the past. We are keeping quiet as to the result, but we expect to have something substantial next Thanksgiving to be thankful for. Amen, amen.

LAST week all was excitement in the sanctum. The Ibis held a newspaper, and, as he read, his feathers rustled with emotion, like the fall of autumn leaves. Lampy's bells jingled a fretful tune, and the champagne bottles in the ice-chest burst with the sudden change of temperature. Why? Because the *Sporting Man's Own* had announced that four Yale warriors, pillars of various learned professions, and formerly posts (goal-posts) of strength in the Yale line, had returned to their old positions in the van of battle. There was nothing odd or unusual about this: it had happened before annually, like measles and the elections, about the beginning of November, and even Harvard had occasionally followed the precedent in a sneaking, evasive way; but this was carrying things too far. Lampy brought his truncheon down upon the table with a bang, shivering the porcelains, and the Ibis spilled red ink over his feathers, till he looked like a phoenix. "Four at a clip!" he squeaked; "*mais, c'est assommant!* Take me away!" Upon this scene of grief and rage the Aztec editor chanced to stumble in: and, urged on by the lamentations around him, he drew the cataclysmic cartoon in this number. Gentle brothers of Eli, before Lampy recovered from his fright enough to find out that the newspapers had cried "Wolf" again, he had moulded this picture in imperishable zinc and put its impress upon paper; but, as its figures could never be by any possibility construed as likenesses of any human beings, he begs you will take it without malice, and bear kindly with the awful panic which produced it, and the stern necessity of the printing house which gave it to the world.

IT is rumored that the English department will attend the Harvard-Yale game in a body; also a delegation of one hundred young ladies from Smith College.

WE sincerely hope that the presence of the Yale and Harvard Shooting Clubs at Springfield will result in no disastrous results after the game.

WHAT WE EXPECT.

CONVERSATION JUST BEFORE THE HARVARD-YALE GAME.

YALE CAPTAIN (*by chance in college*). — Now, Screecher, for Heaven's sake, don't give the ball to an undergraduate. Let Terror, '85, take it whenever you can. Where's Coalbin gone to now? A man who's played on the team for four years ought to know enough to turn up when he's wanted, even if he can't play for a cent.

HARRY SCREECHER, '88. — You'd better not play old Coalbin: he's too young. Put Smith, '73, in for centre, and, sure, we'll have a smooth team, that'll do the Harvards easy!

THEY IMPROVE WITH AGE.

OLD MEERSCHAUM. — How are you, old chum?

OLD PIPE. — First rate; getting stronger every day.

ENVOI.

I ONCE met at a whist-table a Junior irresistible; I used to lunch at his table;

I counted him a friend;

I've often smoked my pipe with him, I ate my morning tripe with him, I've called to make a swipe with him

On tutors, without end;

I've been to see the play with him; I've passed full many a day with him; but now I've had to say with him,

"Our ways diverge, that's flat!"

For Fashion, all-tyrannical, has played a trick Satanical — he wears a Puritanical,

Disgusting "gussie" hat!

YES, constant reader, those great round things on the new gate are emblematic of the size of a ball which is being designed especially for the use of our Nine.



OUR SUBURBAN RESIDENTS.

BUMPKINS. — Say! catch onter de djude from Chestnut Hill Reservoir.

SHUMPKINS. — Ain't I as good as him? I live up by de Brighton Abattoir.



"LAMPY," indignantly exclaimed the Ibis, who had just entered the sanctum in a fret, "I don't call this fair."

"What fair?" asked the Jester, in surprise.

"Making me pay a nickel on the horse-cars, when the policeman rides for a copper," replied the Bird, in an injured tone.

"That's so!" rejoined Lampy, sympathetically, "I would n't stand it."

"Had to," answered the Ibis: "crowded car; raised a row, but the conductor said I was a hard ticket, and punched me. I paid him up, though," he added, triumphantly.

"We'll have to economize, then," said Lampy, with a sigh. "Can't go to the Nickelodeon but twice this week."

"Can't go but once," retorted the Ibis, sorrowfully: "they've raised the price of admission to a dime."

"Why don't they call it a di-melodeon, then?" asked the Jester, with a forced smile.

"Because they never say 'die,'" chirped the Bird, with great effort.

"I tell you what, Ibis," said Lampy, musingly, changing the subject, "I like those seats over on Jarvis."

"Why?" asked the Bird.

"Oh, because they are reserved, and don't say anything when you sit on 'em," responded Lampy.



SALAMAGUNDI.

SIR John DeBoos, he wished to cruise
About the Bay of Biscay;
Past Finisterre, and anywhere
That sailing might be risky;
To far Feegee, Amerikee,
And through the Bay of Fundy;
And the yacht he bought he wisely thought
To christen the "Salamagundi,"

The Salamasalamasalamasalamasalamasalagundi.

Each rakish mast was stayed full fast;
More rakish was the master;
He was not staid, and yet 't was said
He could not be much faster.
The naughty man quite often ran
His vessel on a Sunday;
But never a rock was known to shock
The beautiful "Salamagundi,"

The Salamasalamasalamasalamasalamasalagundi.

One day when he was out at sea
The starboard rigging parted;
Sir John DeBoos has had his cruise,
And downward he has started.
Perhaps some day I'll go his way
Along with Mrs. Grundy;
But a mermaid fair with flowing hair
Now sails the "Salamagundi,"

The Salamasalamasalamasalamasalamasalagundi.



INGENIOUS.

TEDDY LAZYBOY'S novel little scheme, by which he may go and see the foot-ball on Jarvis, and not tire himself out getting there.



SOCIETY ECHOES FOR THE OATVILLE WEEKLY BUGLE.

BENGY LOW was the only contestant for the mile run at the Smith-James invitation games. Greatly to the surprise of all present, he came out behind, owing, of course, to the deplorable condition of his trousers.

OF COURSE THEY WOULD.

JUDGE LAWBIDE. — Now, my man, what have you to say to this flagrant charge? These women say that, while taking them out rowing, you upset the boat and struck out for shore by yourself, leaving these poor women alone on a wide, wide sea, helpless.

JACK TUF. — O, dat's all right, judge; I knew dey'd float: dey's "chips."

"CLASSICAL period, 197 volumes; mediæval period, 382; modern period, 291; fiction, 48; total, 918 volumes." The above is *not* a statement of the new books acquired by the library during the past month, but simply a list of books advised or required by Prof. Ch-nn-g in History 1.

BAGLEY, '90, while playing foot-ball, the other day, upset his kneepan, and accordingly has water on the knee.

ADVICE.

IF you wish to be praised and sung of in rhyme; if you wish to be greeted and treated and fêted, on high to be seated, and great to be rated; if you wish to be slapped on the back till you're sore; if you wish to be trapped to the room of the bore; if you wish to win laurels and keep clear of quarrels, — the thing you should do, the whole and the all, is to learn to get through and to drop on the ball.

ANYTHING TO GET WARM.

HE had just escaped a watery grave; and as his chattering teeth gave evidence of vitality, some one remarked, "Are n't you glad you are here?"

"Naw," he answered, gruffly; "not b' darn sight; wish't I'd 'a' drowned 'n' gone ter h-ll 'n' got warm!"

GOOD REASON.

VARDKINS. — Jack Hastings seems to be engaged with weighty affairs nowadays.

YUMKINS. — Yes: his fiancée is a 170-pounder.

THE "Minister's Charge" — \$2.50.



NOW 's the time of cold winds blowing,
 Leaden skies that threaten snowing,
 And the other symptoms, showing
 Winter 's come.

Now the dusty tear-drop flows,
 Now we don last winter's clo'es,
 Now our fingers and our toes
 Are numb.

Now girls do their winter shopping,
 Hunting bargains without stopping,
 Just as squirrels hunt the dropping
 Chestnut burrs.

But if some fair maid you care for,
 And go walking with her, therefore,
 Keep to windward, for there 's camphor
 In her furs.

FOOT-BALLISMS.

DOWN on the ball—the whiskers on a cocoa-
 nut.

Trying to get a better half back — Mr. James Brown
 Potter.

"T is passing strange" — the quarterback.

A good snap back — Fine Arts 4, thank goodness!

SCRIPTURE.

WHAT is the first mention in the Bible of a young
 gentleman's giving a bouquet to a young lady?
 When Adam took a lichen to Eve.

TO be finished in our next — Hastings Hall.



REPARTEE IN HIGH LIFE.

ANGELINA (*to Tweezer, who has just proposed*). — Oh, I don't want to marry you: you ain't got but one eye!

TWEEZER. — I know it; if I 'd 'a' had two I 'd 'a' looked further.



NOT MUCH.

MISS BRIMMER (*talking of Victor Hugo*). — Oh, have you seen "Ninety-Three," Mr. Ferguson? It is wonderful!
 FERGUSON, '92 (*suddenly aroused*). — I don't think so. We beat them nine to four.

AT THE OPERA.

AH, once my place was at her side;
 I've sat with her in that same box,
 And now the very lights deride
 That sparkling touch her golden locks.

For did she see me sitting here,
 Her haughty face would give no sign.
 What changes come within a year!
 Her eyes would send no glance to mine.

A trifle, too, that caused the breach;
 My words unjust were hot and strong,
 And though some blame did lie with each,
 'Twas I by far who most was wrong.

Our favorite waltz, how sad it seems!
 To her the strain brings no regret;

Her face is calm, too cold for dreams, —
 Can she so easily forget?

What gives my heart this sudden leap,
 A trembling coward struck with fear?
 Sing, laugh, sweet strains: no longer weep,
 I saw it glistening bright — her tear.

That deepening color on her cheek,
 The programme quivering in her hand,
 Her eyes, her smile, forgiveness speak;
 I come, my own, at your command.

The waltz, my love, did you not hear?
 And now it dies, but it has said
 That men may wander for a year,
 But hearts once joined are always wed.

I This is the House called **HASTINGS** Which is built by **Harvard College**.

II These are the **YOUTHS**, AT PRESENT **Tools** Who will LIVE in the **HOUSE** called **HASTINGS** WHEN finished by **HARVARD COLLEGE** **WORKMEN**,

III THESE are the **TOOL** TATTERED AND WHO ENRAGE THE **YOUTHS** (at PRESENT **Tools** Who will LIVE in the **HOUSE** called **HASTINGS** WHEN finished by **HARVARD COLLEGE**

IV THESE ARE THE **MOTHERS** who **tearfully** M The Delay of the **WORKMEN** TATTERED WHO ENRAGE THE **YOUTHS**, AT PRESENT WHO WILL LIVE in the **HOUSE** called **HASTINGS** WHEN FINISHED BY **HARVARD COLLEGE**

V. These are the FATHERS, who STOUTLY CUSS
 THE DELAY of the WORKMEN TATTERED and TORN
 WHO ENRAGE the YOUTHS, AT PRESENT FORLORN
 Who will LIVE in the HOUSE called HASTINGS HALL
 WHEN FINISHED BY HARVARD COLLEGE

VI. THIS is the HOT PLACE INFAMOUS
 To which the FATHERS who STOUTLY CUSS
 CONDEMN the WORKMEN TATTERED and TORN
 WHO ENRAGE the YOUTHS, AT PRESENT FORLORN
 Who will LIVE in the HOUSE called HASTINGS HALL.
 WHEN FINISHED BY HARVARD COLLEGE.

VII. PATIENCE BE VIRTUE HERE BELOW,
 THEN THIS is the HEDEN where will GO
 FAR FROM THE HOT PLACE INFAMOUS
 The VALIANT FATHERS who STOUTLY CUSS
 THE WORRIED MOTHERS who TEARFULLY MOURN
 AND ENRAGE the YOUTHS, AT PRESENT FORLORN,
 Who will LIVE in the HOUSE called
 HASTINGS HALL
 WHEN FINISHED BY HARVARD COLLEGE.

W.C.N. SCRIPSIT
 O.B.R. ORNAVIT.

MDCCLXXXIX.

HARVARD LAMPOON.



THE FAST FRESHMAN.

HE dawned upon our gaze on that first Monday night of the term, which is yclept "Bloody." He had given a punch in honor of the class of '89, and, being suffered to accompany them in their further visits, he went noisily through the night, his hat aggressively tilted over one eye, as bad as the worst of them.

I got a great respect for Bouncer at the time, and, as days wore on, an increasing awe of him; for he seemed to have become, almost at once, '90's arbiter and pattern. He wore the finest of linen, the gayest of plaids, carried a heavy club, smoked a meerschäum cut into a skull, and led a bull terrier at the leash, wherever he went. His dicta, derived from a careful perusal of *Topics* and the *Spirit*, were final on all fashionable matters; nay, ever to him it was permitted to hold, unquestioned, two views on the same subject, and did he call a foot-ball man a "wonder" on Tuesday and a "chump" on Thursday, nobody stared, not even when by Saturday he had come round again to his first way of thinking. This was partly because he wore irreproachable clothes with such an air, — for he was a big, stout fellow, — partly because he was supposed to be in the line of promotion to the peerage, and partly because he always said his word in that hectoring, overbearing manner, which is so often mistaken for profundity.

Thus was he a great man in our eyes; and he soon became the patron and leader of a little set who aped his fashions, and retailed his opinions, like the lackeys of a feudal lord; and the greater a "man of the world" our master became, the louder he vaunted his triumphs over Chance, Bacchus, and Venus, the more firmly we believed him "the devil of a fellow," and the more eagerly we hoped to be so recognized ourselves. But Bouncer's reign was brief; first, the captain of our crew snubbed him, for having proffered unasked advice; then he got a thrashing from a small, unobtrusive citizen he had insulted while on one of his Homeric sprees; then he was pounced on by the Faculty, admonished, put on probation, and dropped, almost in a breath; his father cut his allowance off one half; and (last and worst of all!) he not

only missed the "first ten," but every succeeding one till the last of all, and the haunts that once echoed to his bellow were suddenly hushed.

He became very subdued after this giddy reverse of fortune, and, being a decent fellow at bottom, appreciated the enormous error of his ways. It is not a capital crime, even at Harvard, to have been a fool once in one's life; and, instead of sulking, Bouncer turned over a new leaf. He dropped his swagger, and his pretensions to fashionable vice, stopped talking too much, sold his dog, bought a brier pipe, and wore dark clothes instead of plaids. He even became something of a student, regained his place in his class, and by conscientious training earned a seat in his class-boat. He was never a very bright fellow, and his early bringing-up had been very bad; but, by the time he graduated, experience and reflection had so brought out the lustre of an honest heart that there wasn't a man in his class who did not sincerely honor and respect him.



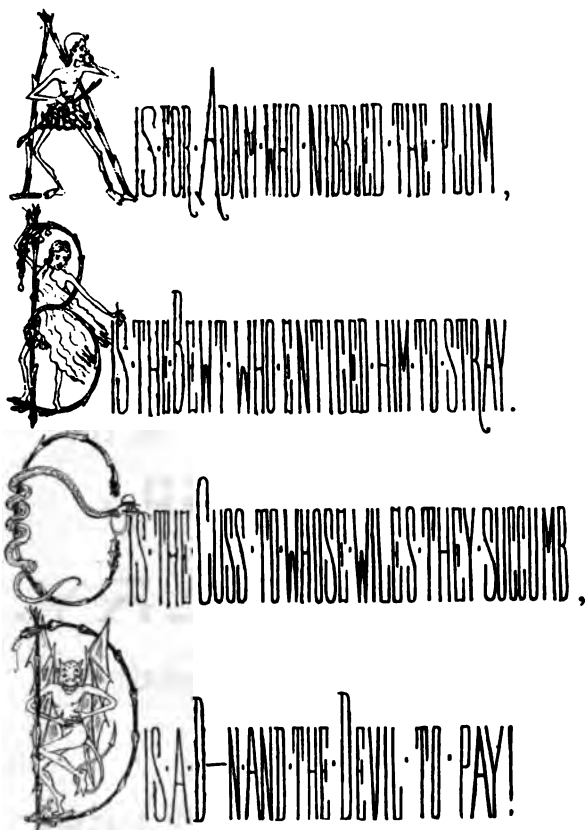
SOCIETY ITEM.

FIRST ELI (*in a whisper*). — Say! did Saggys fetch the Fork and Spoons?

SECOND ELI. — No, not that; but he —

FIRST ELI. — Not the Fox and Grapes?

SECOND ELI (*despairingly*). — No, worse than that, — the Bowl and Soup!



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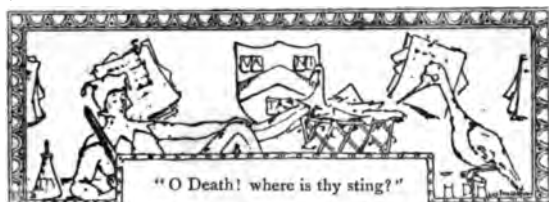
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"Let me look at your winter underwear, please," said the stylish young lady, as she stood at the counter of the dry-goods store.
"Excuse me, madam," answered the obliging clerk, as he shivered unconsciously; "but I am still wearing my summer clothes."—*Puck*.

TOO TRUE.

TEACHER.—What did old Dan Tucker die of?
BOY.—His initials.—*Time*.

SAVED HALF.

TITUS CANBY.—I want a tooth pulled: how much will it be?
DENTIST.—Fifty cents.
TITUS CANBY.—Here's a quarter: pull it half out.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

MESSRS. GIBBON AND REDMAN (*calling*).—Is Miss Flirtette in?
BRIDGET.—Faith, Oi don't know. She said ef it wus that rid-hidded, freckled dude she wusn't in, but if it was that handsome Mr. Gibbon, she wus. But, begorry! yer both here together.—*Yale Record*.

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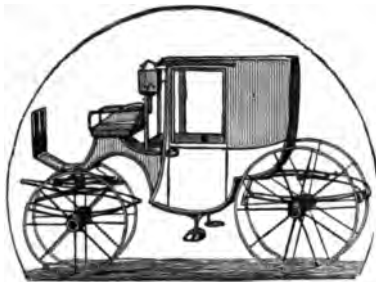
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HARVARD LAMPOON.



THE SAGACIOUS MAIDEN.

HE. — I don't see why you won't marry a man without capital if he has a good salary: Mother Eve married a gardener.
SHE. — Yes; and the first thing he did was to lose his situation. — *Life*.

Coblentz Beer Mugs.

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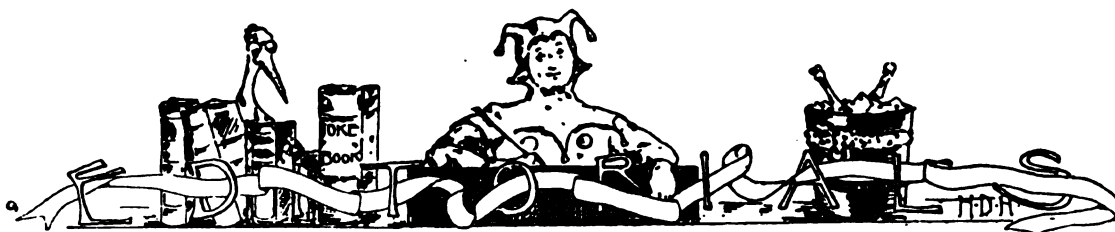
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The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 2, 1889.

Published biweekly during term time, by students of Harvard University.

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A FEW OPEN LETTERS ON A TIMELY TOPIC.

TO ARTHUR JAMES CUMNOCK, ESQ., *Captain of the Harvard Eleven*:

IT would be difficult, sir, to add anything to the numerous proofs you have so lately had of the esteem and gratitude Harvard College feels for you; and your natural modesty is such that you will, perhaps, wonder that the Jester finds it worth his while to attempt so serious a task. But, beneath his bells and motley, the fool has an honest human heart; and when, among all his brother fools, he finds one man who has no vulnerable spot for raillery,—no quality that does not attract the affections,—he hastens to doff his cap and bend his knee.

At that splendid gathering a fortnight ago, sir, you remember with what acclaim of hands and throats your presence upon the floor was greeted. Now, the Jester, fool as he is, would fain interpret in words what those honest fools' shouting meant. It meant, sir, that every man in Harvard College recognized and was grateful for the year's labor spent in his behalf; for the careful thought, the intelligent planning, the thorough training, given by you and your assistants to a Harvard team. It meant admiration for your personal prowess and skill as a general; approval of the gentlemanly game you chose Harvard should play, win or lose; and an expression of affection which modest bravery always wins for itself when it is exerted not for selfish reward, but *pro patria* or *pro academia*. Last of all, sir, it was a unanimous

vote of confidence in your management of the interests placed in your hands, and a request that you would again accept of the same difficult trust.

"'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

This quotation of the late Mr. Addison seems peculiarly fitted for your November calendar; for such defeat as chance and the foul fiend have brought your team is of the kind which stirs the hearts of men to renewed effort, rather than weighs them to despair. Leonidas, overwhelmed by the Persian mercenaries, made Greece mightier than the name of all her former victories; and your reverses, sir, will but have the result of making a new spirit, of fresh, young courage like your own, rouse old Harvard from her lethargy. I am, sir,

Your obliged and humble servant,

LAMPY.

TO CHARLES OTIS GILL, ESQ., *Captain of the Yale Eleven*:

To you, sir, Lampy can speak with a freer tongue, although with no less good-will. It is a hard thing to do to congratulate a victorious rival, especially the chief, whose puissant limbs alone turned the tide of battle; but, as it is Anglo-Saxon like, the contest we have just met you in, we felicitate you, with a gulp in the throat, but wholly without guile in our hearts. For, sir, your players met us, man to man, like gentlemen,—sportsmen; and though 't is no child's frolic, that old Rugby game, you played it fair and honest, Tom Brown fashion, and only beat us because you were six points cleverer than we were. "*We have met the enemy and they are ours*," was an exultant despatch of Commodore Perry's on a certain occasion. Now, if you sent any such despatch, sir, to New Haven, after the late game, it was literally true; for we are yours, not only by the fortune of war but by the compulsion of that fair old English spirit, which admires honest superiority wherever it finds it. And I am, sir,

Your respectful well-wisher,

LAMPY.

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE, ESQ., *Captain of the Princeton Eleven*:

Since Harvard has voted, sir, to have no future intercourse with Princeton, to address you may seem an unnecessarily flippant thing in Harvard's court Jester. And yet, sir, as an old man, however foolish, I cannot refrain from proffering a word to one who

has personally added new laurels to a great name, for his own private contemplation. You, sir, are not to blame for the system which you found governing what are called the amateur sports of your college, and you probably only adopted it as some church members occasionally adopt bribery — from what they consider imperative necessity. But, sir, before you delude yourself into believing that one victory is the same as another, fair or foul, consider how the British to-day hang their heads for the Hessian victories of the Revolution; and, remember, that while the citizens of New York were glad of his Broadway railroad, it was only a technicality that prevented them from jailing Jacob Sharp for building it; and that the Society of Jesuits — holy in profession and rich in worldly success — were hunted out of Europe as enemies of the human race, because they had for a motto, "*The end justifies the means.*"

Yours, rather in regret than in anger,

LAMPY.

TRULY HIS OWN.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — Alas, how unfortunate Tom Guzzler has been of late! He has but one thing left which he can rightfully call his own.

JACK MATTHEWS. — And that?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — His insatiate thirst.

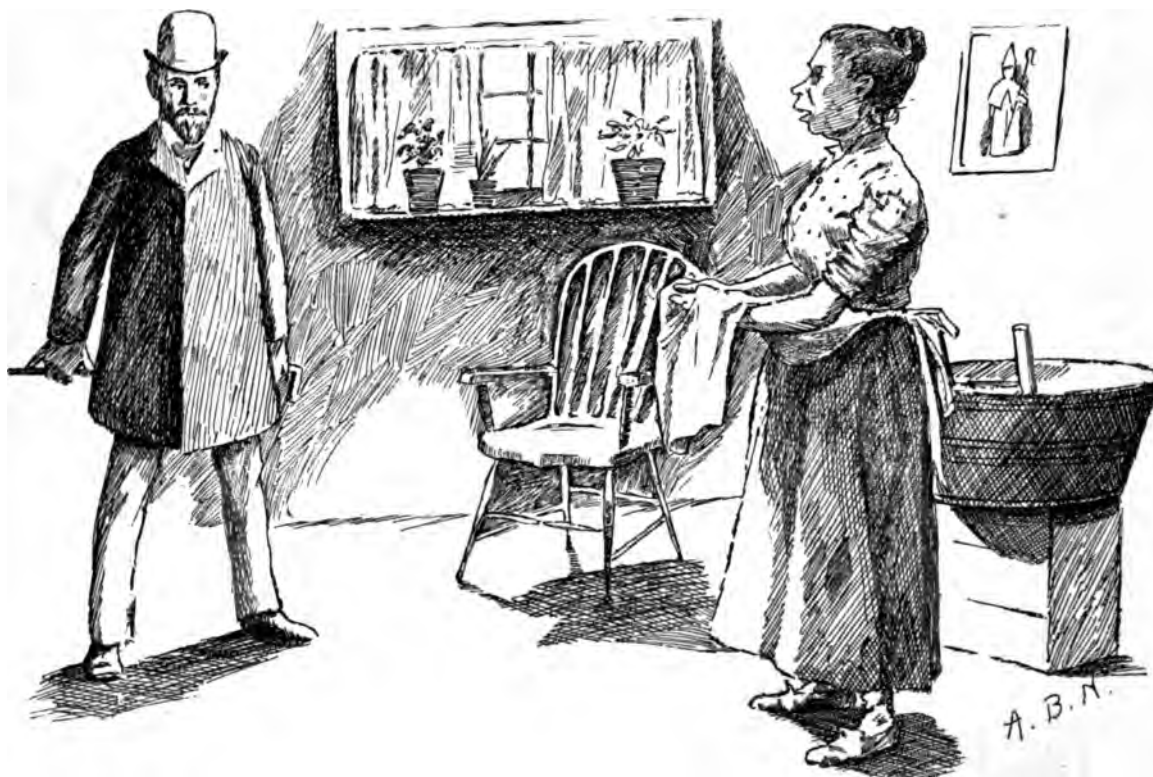
"ONLY a drop in the bucket," said the man, as he fell down a well.

(This may be changed to suit the fall styles, by saying, "My last drop," said the condemned man about to be hanged, etc. Further styles in our next circular. Full particulars free. Send stamp.)

IN Chicago the *courting* is done after marriage. This may be called a Cronin outrage.

(Help! Help!)

"FRESH roasted daily" — The *Crimson*.



OPPORTUNE.

LANDLORD. — Mrs. Finnegan, I may as well tell you now that I have decided to raise your rent.

MRS. FINNEGAN. — Faith, sorr, an' I'm very much obliged to yez. I was wonderin' as how I could raise it meself,



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, pulling a tack out of the carpet with his claw, "you look down in the mouth."

"So does a dentist," retorted Lampy, crossly. "I suppose you are going to say I have a false-set expression about my mouth, too," he added, with scathing sarcasm.

"Oh, come off the roof!" chirped the Bird. "What if it does make a fellow sore to be beaten? Take a bracelet!"

"Bear with me a moment, gentlemen," began the Jester, with a forced smile; but the Moorish slave rose to a point of order, and he subsided.

"I say, Ibis," he added, after a pause, "what is a dual league, anyway?"

"A duel league," corrected the Bird, with great precision, "is one consisting of two enemies who are at swords' points."

"Is that why Yale is on the fence?" asked Lampy, as he blew out many ringlets from his Oriental hookah.

"I don't know," answered the Ibis, absently; "but I have got one question to ask you," he added, as he edged up behind the beer keg.

"Spring it," said the Jester.

"Well," said the Bird, "what do you think of Nassau?"

That was a week ago, and the Moorish slave has just finished cleaning up the sanctum.



INSULT TO INJURY.

A WISE professor loved a pretty maid.
 Calling the cause of science to his aid,
 'T was thus he wooed her: —
 "My life-work on the Prehistoric Human
 Has need of your bright wits, as I'm a true man;
 Oh, share my toil and fame, most lovely woman!"
 'T was thus he sued her.

The mercenary girl made answer trite:
 "I really fear I must, sir, in that light
 Decline to view you;
 Although you cause me pride and great elation,
 I cannot wed above my mental station,
 But I'll become, for a consideration,
 Assister to you."

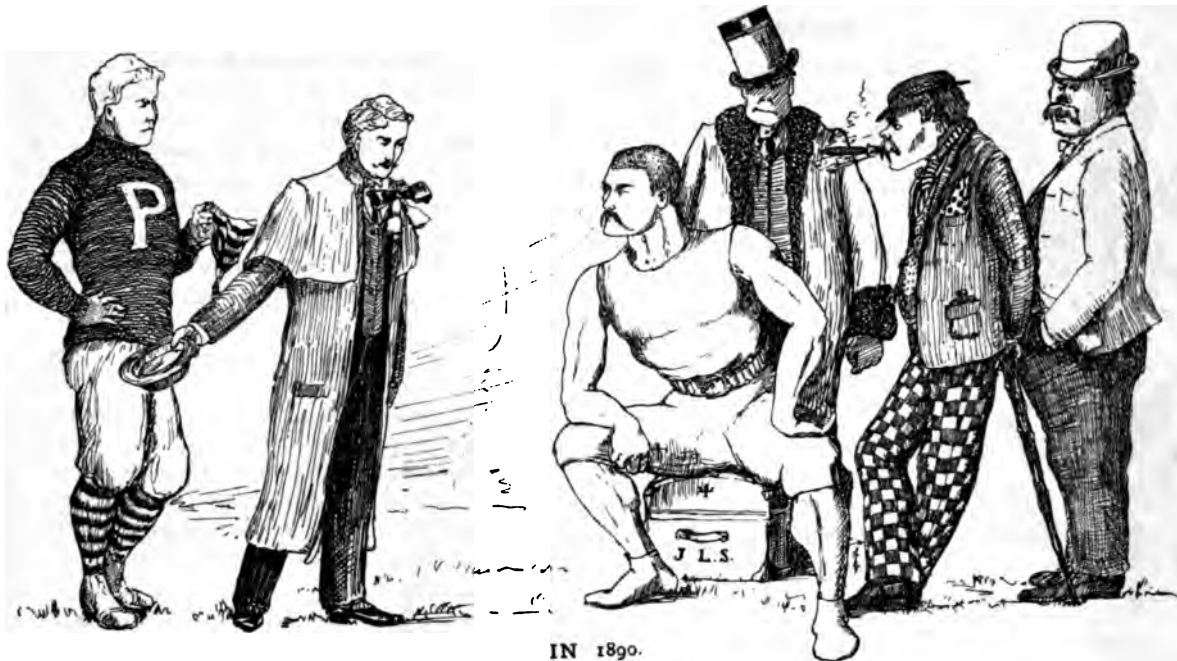
"WE might well say that we are students of 'good and regular standing,'" said Jack to Tom, as they stood up and grasped the straps in the street-cars coming out of Boston for the eleventh consecutive evening.

THERE was no noise in the college yard on the morning of Nov. 23 save the whir of the grindstones as they wended their accustomed ways.



THE LAST RESORT.

TONSORIAL ARTIST (*contemptuously*). — Say! what good are you Harvard fellers, anyhow? Yer can't play foot-ball, yer can't play base-ball, yer can't row; all yer can do is to get an education.



IN 1890.

You'll only have to play foot-ball about three weeks, Mr. Sullivan. You won't have to go to many recitations, and we'll make it an object: will you come?

J. L. S.—I ain't got no 'bjections ter playin' wid der team, but Pat Sheedy and der boys can't afford to mix wid your backers: dey 's got repertations ter lose—see?

PRUDENCE.

ARE you seeking to discover
Why I woo?
Would you learn the charms which hover
O'er my Prue?
Do you wonder why I love her,
When the gods could not improve her,
Though again they made her over,
Sweet and true,
Like the blossom on the clover
With its dew?

She is gentle, mild, and tender,
Debonnaire,
And the charms which Heaven could lend her
All are there;
And the spirits which defend her,
And the fairies which befriend her,
By no magic art could render
Her more fair;
And the graces all attend her
Everywhere.

Does she constantly deny me
But for strife?
Will she pass forever by me
Through my life?

Should an enemy defy me,
Would my Prudence still decry me?
Would she care—or only ply me
Questions rife?
Will she ever care to try me
As a wife?

FROM THE NURSERY.

MAMMA. — Alice, you must n't do that; your sister Mary never did such things when she was at your age.

ALICE. — Well, mamma, you see it's just the difference of our *temperatures*!

FIRST PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH (*to second ditto*). — What is the matter? What is the cause of the excitement?

SECOND PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH (*to first ditto*). — He read me an extract from the *Boston Globe*, and I murdered him in his tracks.

(First Professor of English returns mental verdict of justifiable homicide.)

IT is respectfully suggested to the H. A. A. that the Hares follow the example of the horse-car company, and lay their tracks up North Avenue

BOREEN.

H, a beautiful queen was the lovely
Boreen,
And she lived in the land of
Neep;
Her plentiful hair I can only com-
pare
To the wool of poor Mary's black
sheep;
Her forehead when wet was like
new-polished jet,
And her cheeks were like anthra-
cite coal;
And her hands were as dark as the
hold of the Ark,
But they none were as black as
her soul.
You will see very well, if you study
this tale,
That they could not be black as
her soul.



Each Saturday night she played poker till light,
And she never had breakfast till noon;
I have known her to say that she liked the ballet;
And she whistled the Boulanger tune;
She swore by Boru and the great Aggapoo,
And she made most remarkable bets;
But I tremble to tell — what her courtiers knew well —
That she smoked Gypsy Queen cigarettes.
Let your hot temples burn when this horror you learn, —
That she smoked Gypsy Queen cigarettes.

Her number ten shoes she marked "number twos";
And her fizz had no time to get flat;
You will grieve at her state when this fact I relate:
At the theatre she kept on her hat.
I will try to be good and to act as I should,
And never to get a swelled head;
And, perhaps, if I die, in the far by and by,
I shall not meet Boreen when I'm dead.
This wish, for your sake, I will venture to make,
That you sha'n't meet Boreen when you're dead.



NOT SO DEVOTED AS HE THOUGHT.

HUSKINS. — Ethel, are n't you afraid your sister will tell your mamma that you've been sitting in my lap?
ETHEL. — I guess she'd better not: I know lots of things to tell about *her*!

**TABLES TURNED.**

HALLMAN. — How much whiskey can you get away with now, Pat ?

PAT. — None at all, sorr : it always gets away wid me.

BRIEF FOR FORENSIC.

WILL LAMPY LIVE AS AN ILLUSTRATED COLLEGE NEWSPAPER ?

1. Lampy has always lived heretofore.

(Correction by instructor. K., also V. and inelegant. Write what you mean, — no more, no less.)

2. Lampy is alive.

(Correction by instructor. Devote a separate section, with appropriate subdivisions, to an analysis of the character of John, the Orange-man.)

3. Lampy will live.

(Correction by instructor. Not clear. Do not state too fully.)

P. S. BY INSTRUCTOR. — The hardest thing in this course is to poke your theme in through my door without breaking the covers. Do you think you can manage it? If not, why not?

HARD LINES.

BINDER. — Hello, Grinder, you look doleful! Did n't you have a good time Thanksgiving?

GRINDER. — No; stayed here to write a thesis, and sat up so late I overslept a nine-o'clock recitation, and got put on probation for Thanksgiving cutting, confound it!

HE WAS NOT A HARVARD MAN.

LANDLORD (*to tenant who is very delinquent in paying his rent*). — I am very sure that you played foot-ball while at college.

MR. OWEHIM. — What makes you imagine that, sir?

LANDLORD. — Simply because you are always a quarter-back.

HE PROBABLY WON'T TRY IT.

DENNIS. — Do you know, Pat, that under certain conditions your head would be as thin as a wafer?

PAT. — How is that, Dinnis?

DENNIS. — Begorra, when flattened out!

INDULGENCE IN A PIPE.

MCGINNIS. — And do yez ever indulge in a poipe now, Sully?

SULLIVAN. — Don't I jist! I hod three ilegant whiskeys while working in the big sewer last week.

THE potter and the pitcher both make a living by twirling about the plate.

EDITORIAL.



T was a moment of anxiety in the office of the Tanglefoot *Centipede*. The proof was half a column short, and there was absolutely no material to work up. The thumps of the editor's gigantic intellect upon his cerebellum sounded through the ominous stillness of the sanctum; his noble forehead was furrowed, and his keen eye was fixed upon the ink bottle with a mesmeric stare. To think that he who but a year before had daily furnished the topics of conversation for two thousand men and ruled the opinions of a university by his editorials had come to such a pass in the benighted town of Tanglefoot, Texas! That blank half column rose before him like a ghost of his former glory. Politics were over for the year. The *Centipede* had run its candidate successfully, and the obituary of his opponent had appeared two weeks be-

fore. The editor had settled all the great questions of the day with those scathing editorials of his that would cauterize a coyote at eighty yards. There was no sporting news, for the vigilantes had been out the week before. How the *Weekly Tarantula* would howl with derision in its next issue over that blank half column. The *Tarantula*? Saved! Within three minutes the printer's devil was on his way to the "insect's loathsome den" with a note. "For God's sake, send us another insult!" The *Centipede's* honor was saved.

THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE.

HAROLD HASTINGS.—There goes Billy Weld—double-breasted coat, fancy vest, patent leathers, et cetera. What a swell he is!

JACK MATTHEWS.—Yes. One might say, with Mr. B. Wendell, that he has the "elements of style."

"THE LATEST."

THERE is a good deal of discussion about the location of the "World's Fair"; but Willie, '93, writes home that *he* thinks the world's fair are already settled in the Annex.



NATURAL ENOUGH.

FIRST OLD TRAMP.—You're getting awfully seedy, Old Swipes.

SECOND OLD TRAMP.—Well, who would n't be, after sleeping on hay-stacks for two weeks?

PERHAPS HE HAD BEEN IN THE
LAMPOON SANCTUM.

JUDGE. — Now, Uncle 'Lijah, were there not any mitigating circumstances in the case?

UNCLE 'LIJAH (*who witnessed the prisoner's drunkenness*). — I guess not, sah. Da wus nuffin but empty beer bottles, sah.

IRISH LADY. — I should loike to buy that broad-faced turkey.

BUTCHER. — That ain't no turkey, marm, that's an owl.

IRISH LADY. — I doan't care how ould it is, but I warnt the broad-faced turkey for me Thanksgiving dinner.

"THE book of the hour" — the blue book.

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE'S
NEW SACK.

FOR her new sack, the huntsman's skill
Procured the seal-skin where the chill
Winds of Alaska oft displace
The falling snow. The dusky grace
Of this new sack compels a thrill
Of pleasure as I gaze. And ill
Betide the senseless man who will
Not show approval in his face
For her new sack.

No wonder that the sparrows trill
A love-song to her, loud and shrill!
And I adore — no, not a trace
Of love, but anger 's in its place.
Confound it! Here 's the furrier's bill
For her new sack!!!



IT DEPENDED ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

SHE. — I was rather surprised to see you here to-night: Miss Beacon said you were training.

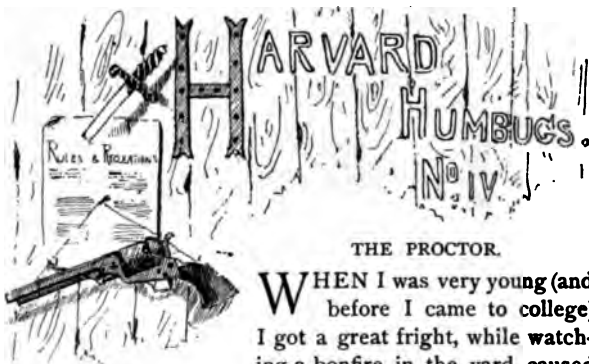
HE. — Well, I am; but, between you and me, it's only an accommodation train.



TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

JACK (*to small sister*). — You're a little angel, Gracie!

MABEL. — Yes, dear: fly.



THE PROCTOR.

WHEN I was very young (and before I came to college) I got a great fright, while watching a bonfire in the yard, caused by the sudden pouncing down upon me of a fierce-looking person with a note-book, who, in a gruff voice, demanded my name, and bade me report to the dean the next day. I answered him meekly, and was going

away trembling, when two Seniors whom I knew came up and playfully knocked this fierce person's hat in, asking him if he was n't tired of such an old game. Then all three went away to get more barrels for the bonfire.

Now, although I knew that I had this time been imposed upon by a humorous man, and no hireling of the oppressor, I got a great horror of real proctors; as one who has escaped falling over a precipice can never look from a house-top without the vertigo. I could imagine them lurking about the quiet, dark entries of Holyoke House, hiding in coal closets, listening at letter-latches, peeping over transoms, and some day, stalking in with a malignant leer of triumph to communicate the news of our suspension. I never sang or shouted in the hall without fear of an all-observing eye; I never had men in my room late at night without trembling for my reputation and think

ing of black-lists. In short, I was more afraid of a proctor, whom I imagined fierce and outlandish in manner, malignant and crafty by nature, and sycophantic by profession, than I was of the Devil himself.

Now, one night near the end of Freshman year, we had brought a lot of beer up from Adam's. Bouncer was singing a song in his big, hoarse voice, and Brooke was keeping up a noisy accompaniment on the banjo, the whole company beating time with their feet, when there came a formal little knock at the door. The noise stopped short. I opened the door, a holy calm brooding over everything. An exceedingly nice-looking young man was my caller. He was well dressed, which made his lithe, athletic figure more apparent, and behind his close-cropped brown nape a row of firm, white teeth smiled at us. His face was as brown as a berry. My fears vanished at a glance, and I threw the door open wide. "Won't you come in?" I said, heartily; "there's some beer. I was afraid it was the proctor." "I'm the proctor," said he, with a grin. "I would n't have interrupted you except for your stamping on the floor. Of course, I heard you singing, and all that, but, so long as the mid-years are n't here I don't care how much noise you make. But, you see," he added, apologetically, "Grinder, '87, rooms below you and is working on a Greek thesis, and when you began stamping on his

roof-tree he came raving in to me and wanted it stopped. That's the only reason I came up. So, if you'll please not stamp any more I'll be much obliged to you." I stood gazing at him in stupid amazement. Was this the thing I had shunned and feared so long? Bouncer frowned at me and looked at the table. "Won't you have some beer, sir," I asked, timidly; "we'd be glad to have you." "No, thanks," he answered. "I'm just as much obliged, fellows, but I'm training now. Good night." And he was gone, with another cheerful smile of his white teeth. I afterwards learned that my proctor, an old crew man and popular favorite, was the "easiest" proctor in college; but I somehow never could get up any faith again in the malignancy of a secret police which had even one such hopelessly straightforward, honest fellow in its ranks as this.

AN ENGLISH EDUCATION.

FRANSILL.—I could have told you had lived in England for the past ten years: your English education shows itself very plainly.

TWINSLOWE.—It did n't to Prof. Wendell: he gave me E in my English A examination.

A HANDICAP—the dimpled hat.

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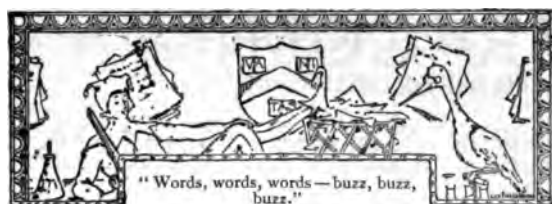
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MISS MINNIE BALL (*with a glance at her friend's complexion*). — Powdered sugar? — *Puck*.

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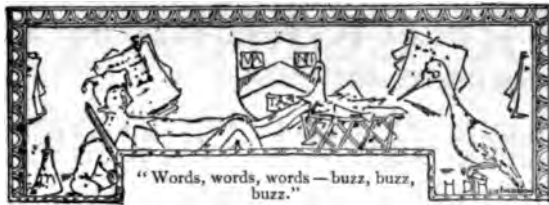
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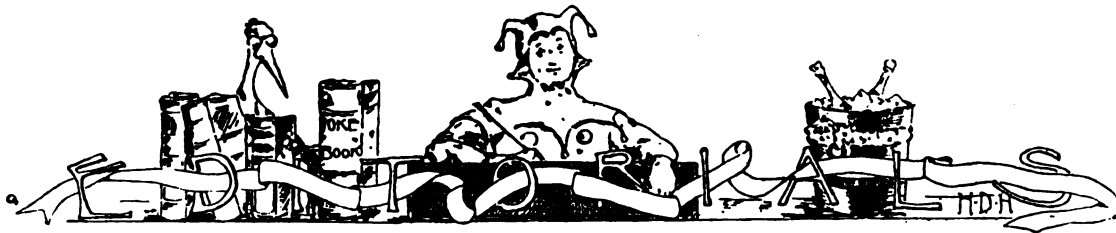




ALL THE SAME.

MRS. H. — Maggie, where do you suppose you will go to if you tell such falsehoods as this?

MAGGIE. — Sure, ma'am, I don't care: I have friends in ayther place.



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 17, 1889.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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WELL, well. Christmas is coming, and '93 is happy: so are we. We have been figuring up how much it is going to cost us, and we have concluded that certain members of our family will have to be content with a three-cent Christmas card. The goody carefully leaves a soft and delicate two-inch covering of dust on our desk; the porter lets our fire go out, and polishes our patent leathers; the postman brings us a letter dated October 19, "overlooked by mistake"; the waiter never notices us until he has to: but they all have a large, itching palm about this time, and our family has to suffer. As for ourselves, we don't expect much. Some kind friend will probably give us a few handkerchiefs; another, as usual, a memorandum, "or the like"; the only sensible person is the dear old grandmother, — *she* always gives good hard cash. Well, good by, everybody, and a merry Christmas.

SOME ten days ago, when our water-pitcher was enjoying a cold snap and our tooth-brush was decorated with icicles, there came a click at our letter-slide and something dropped. We picked it up with the tongs and found a contribution from our esteemed daily, *Davis Straits*. As we cannot criticise contributions in this column, we will merely say that *Davis Straits* had tried to give us a new opportunity of jumping on its editors. We declined; for, as it is

said that many of them came to Harvard for the sole purpose of attaining their present elevated position, — up the spout, — we did not wish to encourage this professionalism. The article, moreover, was hardly up to our standard; and, although no stamp was enclosed, we returned it at our own expense. The next day, however, *Davis Straits* published it, and accordingly, as a consolation, jumped on itself.

We have since been informed by the president, with the usual modesty for which the *Crimson* is noted, that there are some pretty bright men on the Board. If this is official, we wish to congratulate the *Crimson* on the excellence of its newly acquired talent, and that there is at least one thing on which it can take a decided stand.

WE are pleased to notice the auspicious beginning of that era of good feeling between students and Faculty which was recently predicted. That omniscient and far-seeing (Looking Backwards) body assures the College that it shall not be deprived of its Glee and Banjo Clubs this winter, but that they shall stay at home and sing joyful Christmas carols for it in the chapel. The action is not wholly disinterested, for the Faculty "does not care to have itself advertised." We appreciate its feelings, and suggest that a bed-quilt is an excellent thing to hide under, at the same time assuring our modest governing body that it will receive more free and sincere advertising, well punctuated with exclamation-points, than if the clubs had taken a trip to San Francisco, with one-night stops on the road. Lampy suggests to the Glee Club the old maxim, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and that it might intone beneath the grated windows of the Bastille that good old song made famous by the "'88 Glee Club," o' summer nights, the first verse of which begins "In Heaven above," etc. If it does not get the Club its wish, it will at any rate aid its peace of mind, and assure it a merry Christmas.

THE pawn (in chess) may be said to lead a checkered career. The pawn (of a watch at my uncle's) differs from the pawn (in chess) in that it is not always on the square, while the latter is.

A GIVE AWAY.

"FAREWELL, dearest," she sighed, as she lay against the lapel of his double-breasted coat, "and, George, you may kiss me *once*, on my forehead, ere you go." "Thanks, Angelina," thoughtfully murmured the young man, "but the last time I kissed a girl on her forehead I got a bang in the mouth." A moment later he left the house looking as if he had been eating marshmallows.

BLOWPIPE, '89, who took highest honors in Physics and Chemistry last year, blew out his gas the other night, and was found dead in his bed.

WHEN the college fellows have been "in the swim," they often have to take a "run on the bank."*

* Charles River.

A RELIEF from a frieze — a spring thaw.

EXTRACT FROM A TRAGI-COMEDY OF THE LATE WILLIAM S-XF-R-'S, GIVEN ON YALE FIELD, NOV. 30, 1889.

(To be repeated next year.)

[Enter R, in great disorder, RICHARD the Eli Captain.]

"I THINK there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I downed but now — yet see where still
Another comes, fast-speeding towards my goal
With giant strides, swift as the fall of hail,
Or as an ominous meteor's lurid flight.

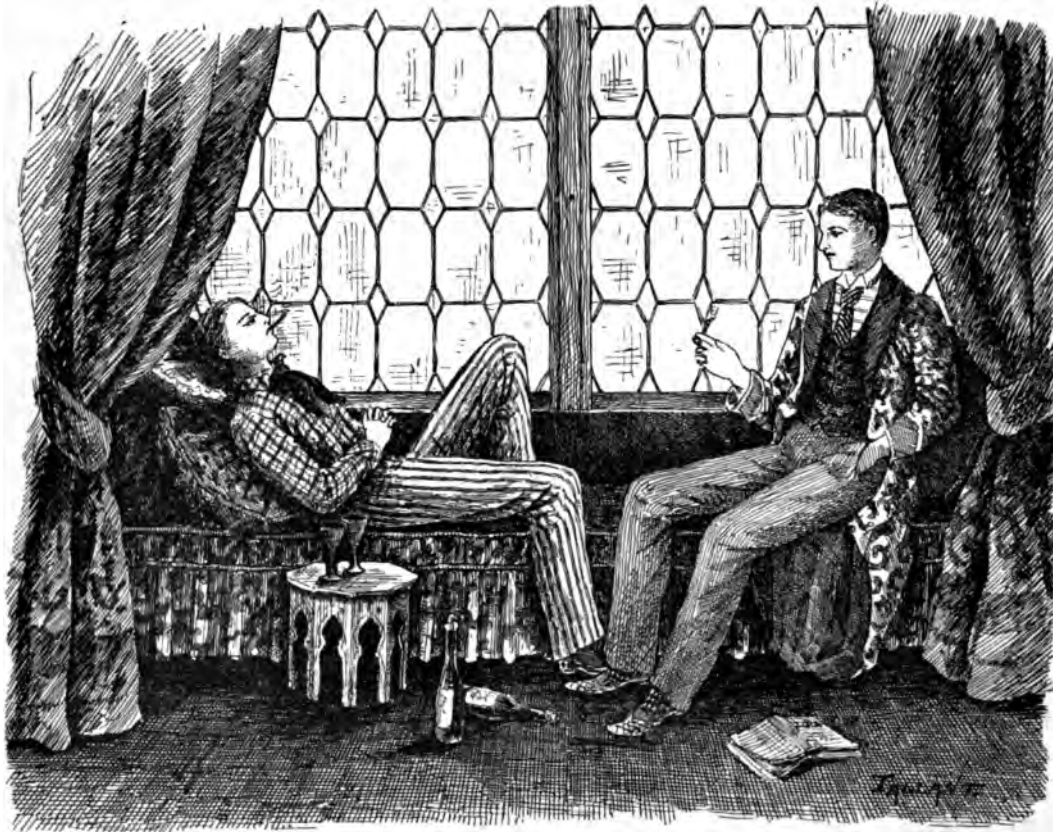
[A tin horn sounds touchdown.

I might as well pursue a Bandersnatch
As chase this phantom with my staggering limbs!
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

[Exit, breathing hard.

NO, Freshleigh, the Plummer Professor of Christian Morals does not often sewer a man while in college.

A JOINT production — water on the knee.



THAT'S SO.

JACK GO-EASY. — I tell you, Hollis, I know one dual league that could never be broken.

HOLLIS. — What?

JACK GO-EASY. — Siamese twins.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, as he dropped into the sanctum with a dull thud, "what ho?"

"H-O," responded Lampy, feebly, who had been reading a *Crimson* editorial, and was sympathetically weak.

"I say, Lampy," said the Bird, after a pause, trying to be cheerful, "did you hear about Lynn being fired —"

"Thunder!" ejaculated the Jester, sucking the paste-brush in despair; "our Nine does have the hardest luck I ever saw."

"Yes, but the multiplication table always stands on its legs, and gives three times three for it," mused the Ibis.

"That's pretty square," answered Lampy, with much exertion, as some *Lasell Leaves* blew into the dictionary and went to press.

"Hello," said the Ibis, as there was a click at the letter-slide, "got a Christmas card from the Dean?"

"Oh, you're a case!" answered Lampy, laughingly.

"Well, if I am," retorted the Bird, "I'm not full of beer."

"That is n't your fault," answered the Jester; "where are you going, any how?"

"O, I'm going to Sanders Theatre to hear the Glee Club sing, And to hear the weird Pierian scrape many a dismal string. I long to hear the cymbals and the booming big bass drum, And the Banjo Club a-twanging with a lumpety, tumpety tum," said the Ibis, solemnly.



AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

UNDER the sun the photograph
Gave her a prehistoric laugh,
The grin with which the crocodile
Graces the reedy banks of Nile.
She had the calmness of a calf,

Mildly insane, like Mr. Raff,
All humpbacked, like a young giraffe
Trying to climb a torrid stile
Under the sun.

She could not stand the constant chaff
Her friends heaped on this mimigraph;
She grew more angry all the while,
And now no power could raise a smile
On her dear lips in my behalf
Under the sun.

CHOICE OF ELECTIVES.

STUBBS, '93. — Please, sir, I want another elective.

FRESHMAN ADVISER. — Is there anything which you are especially interested in?

STUBBS. — Yes, sir, in the Baby Show at the Nickelodeon.

FRESHMAN ADVISER. — Then you must take Zoölogy 13, which necessitates field excursions to the Nickelodeon, and also to the World's Museum, where you have the additional privilege of seeing McGinty. Are you interested in Geography?

STUBBS. — Yes.

FRESHMAN ADVISER. — Then you must go with the Glee Club on their Christmas tour. The kind Faculty has allowed them to make an extended journey through Charlestown, Chelsea, and South Boston, — so much pleasanter places than Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore! That makes two full courses. Good by, Mr. Stubbs!

STUBBS. — Good by, sir.
(Exit Stubbs.)

HIS PLACE OF WORSHIP.

STRANGER. — Are you on your way to a place of worship, my young friend?

JOSIAH SUNDNIGHT. — I am, sir.

STRANGER. — Would you mind taking me with you, as I am a stranger in the town?

JOSIAH SUNDNIGHT. — Wal, squire, I rather guess I would object, and so would Samantha. I'm on my way to see her now!

"YES, sir," said the sanguine Socialist, "my house is going to be on Commonwealth Avenue when we divide things up."

A POLITE SUGGESTION.

FRENCH LADY. — I has zhust been down to see
ma — qu'est-ce que c'est que le mot anglais
pour mère? — I has shust been down to see ma —
ma —

POLITE YOUNG AMERICAN. — McGinty, perhaps?

THAT'S WHY.

FIRST TRAMP. — Why is it that "the way of the
transgressor is hard"?

SECOND TRAMP. — 'Cause the cussed old path is
so often travelled, I suppose.

"I 'S grapplin' wid de Free Wool Question," said
the darky, as he took a winter suit of clothes
off his neighbor's clothes-line.

"And I'm not only grapplin' with but solving
the Negro Question," said this neighbor, as he
marched the darky off to jail.

THE SWIPE.

BLESS'D be the man of little sense
Who gets his A's on pure pretence,
Who always argues to agree,
And ever cries, "Ah, yes, I see!"

This fitting victim for the sewer,
With looks of innocence demure,
First reads a foot-note to his text,
Then says upon the question vexed, —

"It seems to me," or, "I should think,"
Or (putting on a knowing wink),
"Is not this wrong?" or, "Here I see
A piece of inconsistency."

Then for the Prof. he'll humbly wait,
To argue long and argue late,
As well becomes this growing type
Of the long-haired, crack-brained Harvard swipe.



RIGHT FIRST TIME.

STRANGER. — Is this Memorial Hall, where they keep the relics?

SPOONER. — Yes, sir; walk right in.

WING TEE WEE.



WING TEE WEE

Was a sweet Chinese,
And she lived in the town of Tac.
Her eyes were blue,
And her curling cue
Hung dangling down her back;
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil,
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And O, Tin Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah, me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk.
So he downed his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.



So bold Tin Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid in the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea
And nevermore came back.
For in far Chineee the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.



"HE WHO RUNS MAY READ."



WITH true Philanthropic instinct, A Party of Venerable Monkeys with prominent Whiskers and low Foreheads once decided to bestow a great blessing on their friends, the Sheep. These Sheep, be it known, were covered with thick coats of wool in which they Greatly rejoiced as Winter approached. Now, these Venerable Monkeys said to themselves, "What a fine Thing it will be for these Dear Sheep if, from time to time, we clip off some of their wool, which, because of this Shearing, will grow all the Faster and Thicker. And then what blessings they will bestow upon us for our Kindnesses." And so, one day, armed with numerous Pairs of Shears, they came upon the Sheep unexpectedly and clipped from off their Backs some of their Beautiful, Soft Wool. The Sheep were too much taken by Surprise to bestow the Expected Blessings. But the Monkeys said to themselves, "Ah, well! We must Expect to wait for those Encomiums which should be showered on Us." So, every Few Days, the Venerable Monkeys blessed the Sheep with their Shears, with such good results that the Delighted Sheep were soon trotting

around with a Woe-Begone Expression on their Faces, and a scanty supply of Wool on their Backs. But, strange to relate, the Monkeys had not yet been blessed by the Sheep for their Kindnesses.

At last, one day, as the Most Venerable of the Monkeys (whose title among his companions was "Precedent," since he was a shining "Example") was walking in the forest, he saw, gathered in a little Glade, all of the Sheep in Secret Conclave. "Now," said the Monkey, "now I will be able to hear these Sheep bless us; for no doubt they have too much Modesty to express in our Presence their Appreciation of our Kindness." Saying which, he crept behind a tree and Listened Intently. He saw one of the Poor, Shorn Sheep arise, and Heard him say to the assembled Sheep, "O Sheep, let us with united voice now express our Appreciation of the Venerable Monkeys and their Efforts in our Behalf." But, alas! the words did not well accord with the Monkey's thoughts; for the Sheep rose in their Shaven Dignity, and, with One Accord, shouted, "D—n the Monkeys!"

MORAL.

Unannounced Examinations may be considered by the Faculty as Blessings in Disguise; but There are Differences of Opinion on that Point.



LAST SEASON'S.

ENTERPRISING DRUMMER. — There, sir, that is a very valuable line of suitings.

PROPRIETOR. — Yes; but they're all in unindorsed checks.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE WHO SAID IT.

"YES, my boy," said the "old man," benevolently, "we all make fools of ourselves sometimes, but we must learn not to worry about it. Even your old father makes a fool of himself very, very often."

"Yes," answered Freshleigh, rather more readily than the occasion demanded, "that's what Billy Higgins's father said about you."

"What!" thundered the "old man"; "old hypocrite Higgins said that? Said I was a fool, did he? Well, sir, he's a liar; a low-down, hypocritical liar; and you tell him I said so! Humph! fool, said I was a fool!"

And as Freshleigh quietly slipped out, he laughed gently to himself, and thought there was some truth in it, after all.

GOOD POINT.

STAMMERER. — Now — now — now — now —

SYMPATHIZING LISTENER. — Yes, that's true. There certainly *is* no time like the present.

HE WOULD PROBABLY BE SATISFIED.

TOMPKINS. — The only fault I have to find with the paper is that there are so few advertisements. I am very fond of studying human nature through advertisements, and wish I could procure some paper that would satisfy this craving for many advertisements and little news.

VARDKINS. — Why don't you take the *Crimson*?

PLAY OR WORK.

GROBBS. — Do you think moral philosophy brings the intellect into play very strongly?

LOBBS (*who has just been grinding for the past five hours*). — Confound it, no! It brings it into the most confounded work.

A COLD snap — well, you just get pulled in for stealing signs, and get the bracelets on once.

A SOCIAL question. — "Won't you have a drink?"

HISTORY A.

(For Freshmen only.)

UNBARRED BY THE BARD.

LECTURE I.

I.



S R. Cœur de Lion came home from the wars,
That are commonly called the Crusades,
Having put the whole Saracen army quite hors
De combat, and used up his battle-axe blades,
He was seized by an Austrian baron bold,
Who locked him up in a dungeon cold.

II.

Now Richard wrote poetry, and so in his cell
He'd warble his songs to his light guitar.
Sometimes in a rage he would swear like — well,
He longed for his home and his dear mamma,
And he wanted to get at his brother Jack,
Who was not at all anxious for him to come back.



III.

LONDEL was a writer of lovely lines,
The best known bard of the times was he,
He used to write the poetical signs
Of the Anglo-Norman Pants Companeey,
And rondelays, chansons, and triolets,
And it's rumored he wrote "Sweet Violets."

IV.



ING RICHIARD learned from what music he knew,
And they'd played duets in the old countree;
Now one day it happened that Blondel walked through
The town where our prisoner chanced to be,
He was on his way home from a concert tour,
Receipts had been small and the roads were poor.



E was singing a song that he loved full well,
He and the King had confessed it one day,
When he heard some one up in a tower cell
In a well-known voice take up the lay,
"Is it you, O king, who's up there shut?"
The poetical monarch replied, "That's what!"

VI.



IIEN Blondel went up to the baron bold,
"Set free the King, or it's worse for thee."
Then he left him his check for wealth untold,
And skipped with King Richard across the sea,
And thus was the captive King Richard
Freed from his prison, unbarred by the bard.

SHARP-SHOOTING.

"YOU desire a story of the war times?" said the veteran of twenty battles. "Wal, alright; I guess here's one 'll suit you. I was caounted the best shot in the Massachusetts Sharp-shooters. So Jim Chittenden an' me was posted in a tree a bit beyond the extremeties uv our camp, to draw a bead on whatever rebel we could see. Wal, the fust thing we see was Gen. Robert E. Lee (I knew him by his pictur) with six or seven of his aids kinder reconnoitrin' like. 'Jim,' whispers I, 'I'll aim fur's heart.' 'Try his head!' says Jim; but it was tew late. I hed got a dead shot on his heart, an' I fired. The darn fool put his hand tew his heart, grinned, an' looked round. We tried to cut an' run; but they was arter us, an' hed us in less 'n tew minutes. Gen. Lee looks at me sternly, an' says, 'Djew fire that shot?' 'Yessir,' says I; 'an' I bet it struck tew; you've no business to be grinnin' at me so: by rights you oughter be dead!' 'Oh, no,' says he, 'I've been trying the family Bible gag.' Then he took from his breast pocket a Bible bound in tin, so that the bullets could n't penetrate tew far. 'I hev calculated,' says he, 'that the fust E in Genesis is dyrectly over the centre uv my heart. Ef you've hit that letter, I'll let you off, on the strength of the good shot; ef not, you're a dead un.' 'Scuse me,' says I, 'but I'd sooner die'n not, if it did n't hit the crossbar of the E.' There was a hole

in the book, an' the bullet was stuck somewhere in the middle. He opened it, an', sure enough, the cross-bar of the E was knocked out. 'Rats!' says Gen. Lee. 'Good by,' says I; an' I run. So I was free; whereas, ef I'd killed him, I'd 'a' been hung. But, arter all, I kinder wish I'd aimed at his head."

POLITICAL.

JACK. — The Boston *Globe* does n't seem to like Mayor Hart. It is always keeping an eye on him.

TOM. — Yes, a kind of Galvanized eye-on.

SCROOGS. — What makes almost all the old-maid school-teachers so cross and testy?

BOOGS. — Perhaps because they have stood the test of so many years!

YES, Benny, the "course of human events" of our ancestors *did* come pretty near being soup.

HEDONE.

I SAW a star that shone
Clear through the broken sky,
Whose sweeping darkness hung upon
The gleaming ray which sparkled on,
Spite of the darkness nigh;
It was Hedone's eye
Which gleamed through her dark lashes
In radiant liquid flashes
Which kept me ever by.

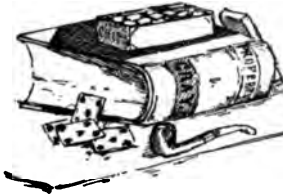
I saw a maiden's face
Smile through her happy tears;
The fairest of the human race
To such a form must yield the place
Where Beauty first appears.
Her Phidias-chiselled ears
Had kindly heard the passion
Love told in his wild fashion,
And blushes killed my fears.



THE USUAL WAY.

MRS. REGIÈRE. — What a fortunate woman you are. Your husband is so indulgent.
MRS. GUZZLER. — Yes, to himself.

Harvard Humbugs. n° v.



THE AMATEUR LAWYER.

HE belongs to a certain brand of men not very highly esteemed in college. He usually enters from some Western agricultural college about the end of sophomore year, and so does not have his native verandancy removed by the unconscious rubbing process of freshman year. He has been chairman of a debating society, has won a gold watch in an "oratorical contest," and is the pride of his native village. In college he elects political economy courses, and urges his theories with great fluency; or he exhorts loudly in English 6 and the Union. No matter if people frown on him at lecture, and laugh at his wild search for truth, he is ever voluble, and ever confident in his infallibility. He graduates with honors, but without the Commencement part he longed for, and goes confidently to seek fame and fortune in the law.

In the Law School he is noisier than ever in class, and argues stubbornly every point brought up, even to some that do not exist. He looks upon the giddy undergraduate with pity, and terrifies his freshman friends, who have been stealing signs, with a recital of the common-law penalties for tearing the realty. He forgets his native tongue, and talks a language which demands a glossary; Coke, Littleton, Kent, and Croke James fall from his lips like references to the morning paper. To the friend who playfully slaps his back, he explains the law of assault as laid down in the case of *Smyth v. Smyth* (10 M. & W. 623). He discusses with another the possibility of his recovering from his tailor if the order goes astray after mailing; and he thinks of suing the Academic Council for not giving him his Commencement part. In fact, he oozes law from every pore, and exhales judicial dicta with every breath: always, unfortunately, law that is wrong, dicta that have been thoroughly demolished. But his estimation of his powers as a wit ultimately causes his downfall, for he spends a large part of his time in concocting humorous points for debate.

"Pro-fessor," says he, "if an old man, deaf, blind, an' dumb, were standin' on the green, green grass, an' I cocked an' pointed a unloaded gun at him at a distance of sixty yards, then at a distance of thirty yards, then at a distance of ten yards, and lastly at a distance of three feet—Pro-fessor, I think in this last case it would be a assault, for then I must use the gun as a

club!" This is his little way; and he will ask no less grandly, whether, in the case of a trespass of white mice, one ought to put them in the public pound? Whether it is permissible to marry one's wife's deceased sister? Whether it would be justifiable manslaughter to kill a stray overseer if a convenient opportunity presented itself? Or whether one must give notice before ejecting a tenant for life who holds over? He thinks these things are bright and sharp and clever; and apparently he thinks the professor is dull and witless and all-suffering; but, thank goodness, one fine day patience ceases to be a virtue, the professor is weary of his cackle, the last straw is the unendurable one, and when the amateur Mansfield has recovered from the stupor into which the professor's sudden and apparently inexplicable wrath has thrown him, even his most unanalytical brain has got to the bottom of one simple question: that one's mouth is often better in repose than action.

RATS!



E had a little meeting up in
Mathews 91,
The other night, and managed to
get a little fun;
For the beer was very plenty, and
the punch was very strong,
And Billy Booze was kind enough to sing a little song.

But the object of the meeting was not alone to sing,
And the fellows were invited for a very different thing;
For underneath the sofa, where we put our coats and hats,
Was a wooden box containing just four and twenty rats.

Dick Sporter had a terrier of whom he boasted much
Of his mortuary gameness, and his power to beat the Dutch;
The dog was very ugly, and had a turn-up snout;
So we put him in the bedroom, and let the rats all out.

In the midst of all the squeaking, all the dust, and all the
pother,
There came a rap upon the door, soon followed by another,
And with no further warning, in the midst of all the din,
Those lovely rats ran out as the proctor entered in.

He asked us why the rats, and he asked us why the dog;
He asked why Jimmy Tanker was sleeping like a log;
He asked us why no carpet and no rugs were to be seen,
And he asked us on the morrow to go up and see the Dean.

KATHLEEN.—Don't you think Mr. Notact has
great endurance?

DOROTHY (on whom Mr. Notact always calls for at
least three hours).—Not half so much as I.

WHERE HIS THOUGHTS WERE.

DINNIS. — An' how does the boss treat you now, Pat?

PAT. — First-rate, Dinnis. Niver less than four whiskeys a day!

FIRST SEAMSTRESS. — And how is everything with you?

SECOND SEAMSTRESS. — Oh, sew-sew!

SIC FAMA EST.

WHO is that new man for third base?
Who 's taken Captain Cumnock's place?
Who was it won that running race?
What, don't you know? McGinty!

Who held the Yorktown's anchor down?
Who was it got pulled in in town?
Who was the man the crew saw drown?
What, don't you know? McGinty!

Who is there dares to show surprise,
Whatever rumor round him flies?
One can't tell facts from blackest lies,
Till some one yells, "McGinty!"



SAD, BUT TRUE.

MRS. MILLINS. — Indade, Mrs. Finnegan, you must be lonely without poor Mickey, an' how did he die?

MRS. FINNEGAN. — He just said, "T' 'ell with Yale," and was gone.

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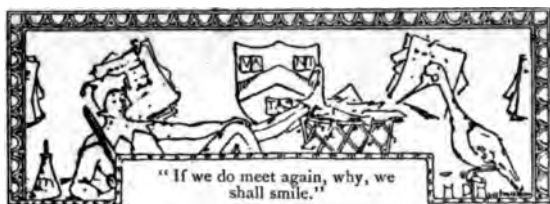
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ONE MORE SCARE.

THE CZAR.—Great Peter! all is indeed lostowsky! Who fired that bombovitch?

GENERAL, THE COUNT SKIPOFF.—Peace, Sire. It was His Imperial Highness, the Emperor of Germany, kissing His Imperial Highness, the Emperor of Austria, on the other side of the train. — *Puck*.

MCCRACKLE.—Do you know what the boys say to Santa Claus?

MCCORKLE.—No; what do they say?

MCCRACKLE.—What are you givin' us? — *Munsey's Weekly*.

LIBERAL INDEED.

"You are giving your son a liberal education, I understand, Mr. Sparrowgrass," remarked the pastor.

"I should just think so," replied Farmer Sparrowgrass; "his first year at college cost me an even \$300." — *Time*.

HE.—Will you share my lot?

SHE.—How large is your lot?

HE.—The world is my parish.

SHE.—No—I don't want the earth — *Life*.

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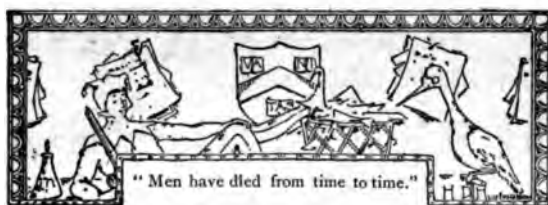
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THE BITTER END.

DE CRANQUE. — Here's a suggestion for the World's Fair, which, if it could be carried out, would —

EDITOR. — James, just carry this suggestion out, will you? And while you are about it, carry the suggestor out, too. — *Puck*.



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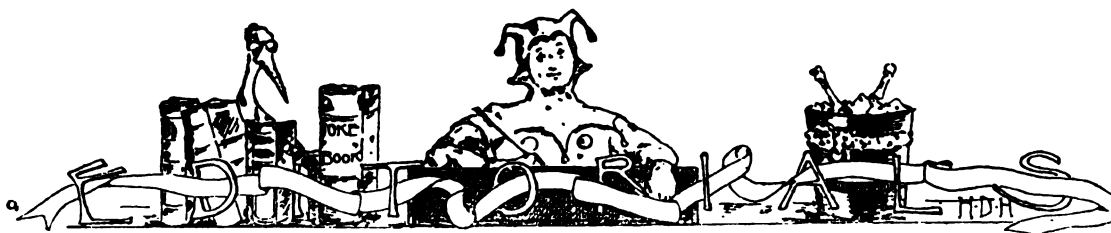
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The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 7, 1890.

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E. BURRAGE, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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WELL, well, here we are all back again, "ready for work," as the pompous little professor puts it. It is so pleasant to feel that the most blessed of seasons, the mid-year period, less than three weeks off, is looming up as big as life. To the Freshman, the mid-years are only a name; bless his innocent heart, how much he has to learn! To the Sophomore they are bores, and "really not worth worrying about," and he may pass or may not,— it does not matter much. What is a condition, anyway? The Junior looks at the mid-years in a more serious spirit; but the Senior, with two conditions to make good, is already wrapping his head in towels and settling down to work. Life to him is at about this time a pretty far-fetched joke. A. B. or not A. B.,— that is the question; and upon the result depends the paternal smiles and check-book.

NEW-YEAR'S, the season of free calendars and "bills rendered," is with us once more, and the last decade of the nineteenth century is begun. And with New-Year's come new resolutions; no, not new, but old ones revived, to last for the usual short time before breaking. Broken resolutions, they say, pave the pathway which the University is proverbially treading, and Lampy in the past has furnished his share of the paving stones. This year, however, he

has fully determined to turn over a new leaf, and make no fresh resolutions, with the exception that his smile will be freer, larger, and merrier than ever before. And he accordingly will do business at the old stand, at the same price, and, he hopes, with the same results.

BUT if Lampy is going to turn over a new leaf, he must not be obliged to turn back again to the old one. Consequently he hopes to see every subscriber's name underlined with red ink and crossed off with a big *Pd.* Lampy hopes that this gentle hint will be enough to create a panic in the vicinity of Thurston's, where you can get an elegant receipt in red ink for two dollars and a half. As our business manager is training for his degree, our subscribers will, we are sure, take pity on him and settle. Come early and avoid the rush.

COME, '93, take a brace. Along the first part of the year your contributions poured in with pretty satisfactory frequency, and Lampy was in high glee at the prospect of many Freshmen editors before February. He is especially fond of Freshmen,— they are so full of new ideas! Lately, however, the box at Foster's has not been doing very good work, and several budding genii have stopped blooming. Gaul was n't conquered in a day, '93; and likewise one contribution does n't hand one's name down to posterity in conferring upon the contributor the editorial degree. There is good stuff in you, '93, and Lampy hates to see such promising genius loitering by the wayside.

THERE are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is, that they have n't any mind. The other, that they have n't any business.

THE difference between men and drinks is very simple. Men set up the drinks, and drinks upset the men.

THE lay of the land— Hail, Columbia!

THIS ONLY.

A RUSHING stream, a roaring river,
A sea of faces whirling on,
In eager haste, and others ever
That filled their ranks when they had gone.
What meant this throng that onward thundered,
Tumultuous on their winding way?
Know you not? Friend, 't was twice two hundred
Freshmen leaving English A.

FAT WALLET. — And how are you feeling this fine morning?

THIN PURSE. — Very empty. And you?

FAT WALLET. — "Strapped," as usual.

SURE DEATH.

FIRST NEW-YORKER. — I don't think electricity will be a very certain means of execution.

SECOND NEW-YORKER. — No. The only sure way to kill a man by electricity is to hire him to work for the electric light company, stringing wires.

INCONSISTENT.

PRESIDENT HARRISON (*to baby McKee*). — Get away with your card-house. (*Kicks it down.*)

BABY MCKEE. — Do you call that protecting infant industries?

"I SAY, Pat, I never heard any one talk as much as you do. What makes you talk so much?"

"Rayson enough, sir. Shure, an' wa'n't me fayther an Oirishman, an' me mother a woman?"

COULD N'T FIND 'EM.

JONES (*at the museum*). — Here 's (hic) vertebrates, an' here 's radiates; wonner where 'sh room for inebrish?

"I AM like a tree," he observed, as the clock struck eleven. "I am rooted at your side."

"Yes, but you never leave, do you?" said the maiden, sweetly.

And then he "put forth."



ARTLESS.

MISS OLDUN. — No, Mr. Hollings, I am getting too old for the assemblies.

HOLLINGS, '93. — Oh, don't say that, Miss Oldun.

MISS OLDUN. — Why, I feel like a faded leaf among all these young buds. . . . Do you ever press autumn leaves, Mr. Hollings?
(*Great embarrassment from '93.*)



THERE was no fire in the sanctum, and icicles hung from the empty beer keg, like relics of a former greatness. The Ibis, wrapped in an ulster, was perched on the ink-stand, puffing a cigarette in a vain endeavor to get warm.

"Cold?" asked Lampy, as the Bird shivered.

"No; idffuedza," answered the Ibis. "Got the grib; knew id would cub subtibe."

"That's too bad!" ejaculated the Jester, sympathetically. "Where have you been during the recess, anyhow?" he added, trying to be cheerful.

"Bid id Cabridge," answered the Bird, as well as he could, "atteddig the Moderg Languge Beetigs; read a baber od the 'Sack of Baris,'" he added, with difficulty.

"Is that so?" asked Lampy, forcing down a smile. "What sack?"

"Grib-sack!" shrieked the Ibis, triumphantly.

"Funny what an absence of presents I had Christmas," mused the Jester, waving the repartee. "Even the girls forgot me."

"Well, waid dill sprig cubs —" began the Ibis.

"The girl of the period," interrupted Lampy, "is nothing but an expensive doll, anyway."

"Yes," answered the Bird, "but she won't holler 'Mamma!' when you squeeze her."



THE GOOD PARENTAL FACULTEE.

THE good parental facultee
Doth take a kindly care of we.
Fair Baltimore we might not see
For fear we might get off the key;
For tenors set a high old pace,
And others might get off their bass.
So southward then we should not roam,
But be content to stay at home.

The good parental facultee
Had an "At Home" on Jan'y 3;
So they invited all of we
To leave our cards from 9 to 3.
And if we were not there in time,
To Uni. 5 we had to climb,
And say we're sorry that a previous
Engagement made us somewhat devious.

The good parental facultee
Is very much afraid for we,
Lest we should work too hard to be
In highest state of healthity.
To help us, then, with all their power,
They often skip a lecture hour,
And give to studious we instead
An hour exam., to rest our head.



HISTORICAL GLEANINGS.

GO-EASY. — Hello, Jimmy! how many hours have you spent on your special report?

JIMMY. — Twenty-five; but I'm only going to put down six.

GO-EASY. — Why?

JIMMY. — I'm afraid Tart will think I'm lying, if I put down twenty-five.

A CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

HOUSEWIFE. — And don't you ever feel the hardships of your lot?

TRAMP. — Yes, mum, there is times when the asperities of life weigh heavily upon me.

HOUSEWIFE. — And when is that?

TRAMP. — When people give me nothing but cold soup and bread for lunch, and never even offer to thank me arter I've sawed wood for two hours.

PROF. CHANNING quite oft, in language most soft,
The praise of King Clovis would sing.
But now in these days, 'tween the acts of the plays,
Lampy thinks that the clove is still king.

"SHE Stoops to Conquer" — when tying an obstinate shoe-string.

IN JAMAICA.

THE wintry winds are never drear
In balmy old Jamaica, O.
The biting cold they never fear
In tropical Jamaica, O.
But flowers are ever fresh and fair,
A gentle fragrance fills the air,
And all the year is summer there, —
In sunny old Jamaica, O.

And so 't is ever bright and gay
In happy old Jamaica, O.
The world is all a summer's day
In dreamy old Jamaica, O.
The sun is shining rays of gold,
And Nature's smiles are manifold;
And only Margaret's heart is cold
In far-away Jamaica, O.



NO DANGER.

FARMER OATKAKE. — Neighbor, do you allow your son to work on the Lord's day?

FARMER SEEDMEAL. — Oh, wal, he never did enough work on a week-day to break the Sabbath.



**THE PERI, THE PRINCE,
AND THE PEPPERY
PASHA.**

CHMET ABDUL MAHMOUD,
Of melancholy mood,
Was a portly, pousy Pasha, who
dwelt upon the Bosphorus.
With gore his thoughts were
fraught,
For life he reckoned naught,
He scowled at dogs of Christians;
he did n't give a toss for us.

Like all abandoned Turks,
He applied himself to works,
Which made honest people shudder, and gentle women
scream.
And to soothe his idle hours
He'd recline among the bowers
That shaded the Backallee, wherein was his harem.



In Achmet's harem there
Was none one tenth as fair
As slender Zoraida, the diamond of
the East.
Oh! raven was her tress,
Her eyes were fathomless.
She would have brought at auction
a thou. or two at least.

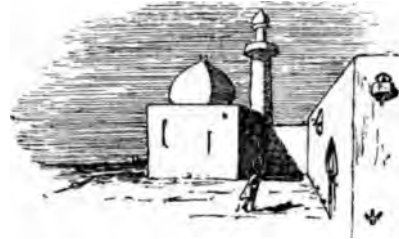
Tall Ivan Bituriski
Was a Polish noble frisky.
Like other youthful gallants he was ever
on a lark.
At a mischievous exploit
He was grievously adroit,
For he did his wild misdoings under cover
of the dark.

Of course it chanced one day
(As you know I'm going to say)
That Ivan passed the window where
Zoraida sat.
She looked at him askance
With such a melting glance
That, though sifted through a lat-
tice, it nearly knocked him flat.

With wild young heart aflame,
That evening Ivan came,
At a time when steady fellows
would better be in bed;
Took his bearings by a star,
Then started his guitar,
But in sighing for the lady, woke
Achmet up instead.



While the household softly slept,
To the casement Achmet crept,
And squinted through the lattice at the quiet moonlit court,
Where he saw the young gallant,
And heard his love-sick chant,
He muttered other phrases than at Sunday school are taught.



Then with devilish design,
Intent on deeds malign,
At the window Achmet whistled, in a gentle minor key.
And when the music stopped,
He deliberately dropped
The key that fits the key-hole of the shady Backallee.

Glad Bituriski sped
To the gate with eager tread,
It swung on silent hinges, and softly closed behind.
From as many ambushed nooks
Sixteen Bashi Bazouks
Assailed the hapless Ivan, on whom they "sprung the bind."

"What, ho!" then Achmet cried.
"Rouse every one inside.
Bring lanterns and bring torches." (For the trees shut out
the moon.)

Out ran the squealing girls
With papers in their curls.
Zoraida saw her lover, screamed, and fell into a swoon.



Achmet's curses then redoubled,
With blasphemy he bubbled,
And he gave some horrid orders in a harsh and grating tone.
Alas! the luckless pair
They were tied up by the hair,
And in a sack together, to the Bosphorus were thrown.

A moral I have, to suit quibblers and cavillers,
When you go serenading, insure in the Drivellers.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BRIDGET did not appear one morning, and when her mistress went to her room to find out what the matter was, she found her in bed feeling very sick indeed. Inquiries about her illness elicited only an occasional feeble moan as a response, and it was not until the doctor had arrived that she would tell her story.

"Shure, an' I was readin' in the paper about how people who had 'that tired feelin' were cured by Dr. Bolus's 'Cure All,' an' as I was feelin' very tired that night, bein' as it was a Monday, I bought a bottle. On the outside it says, 'Dose for an infant, one tea spoonful; for an adult, one dessertspoonful; for an

emetic, one tablespoonful. I know I ain't no infant and I don't think I'm an adult, so I took the table spoonful, an' by the powers, I'm tireder than iver."

A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

GEORGE (*to whom his employer has just given only \$5 for a Christmas fee, instead of the usual \$10*). — T-h-a-n-k you, s-a-h.

EMPLOYER. — But what's the matter, George? You don't seem very satisfied.

GEORGE. — Well, sah, a \$5 bill always has a smiling countenance; and a \$10 bill has de same expreshun, only moh so!



MISTAKE.

BENGER, '91. — You ought to see the anxiety of Freshmen and nobodies to be seen bowing to crew men, etc., when their parents and relatives or best girls are here — There goes the captain of the 'Varsity; I guess he did n't see me!





sweaters on the foot-ball field or by sweeping out the LAMPOON sanctum, than by slinging his random stones at honest folk, — for carping is his natural vocation. He was born under the sign of the Crab, Discontent rocked his cradle, Envy and Cowardice walk at his right and left hand. When he has left Cambridge he will enlarge, not his horizon, but his spleen. Vindictive and malicious, he will spend his life scoffing at whatever unhappy thing tender hearts have planned and patient hands created, cringing to whatever *parvenu* success the mob may honor; and finding his keenest pleasure in writing letters to the newspapers, signed "A Harvard Graduate," which shall embarrass, in the hour of her distress, the Alma Mater that nurtured him.

A NEW NOVEL.

IN the book I am reading, a queer little maid
Wins the heart of a strange little man;
They propose to each other that two should be made
Into one, by the time-honored plan
Of a breakfast, a parson, old slippers, and rice,
And the smiles of a happy papa.
They visit Niagara, say, "Is n't it nice!"
And, bless me, how happy they are!
Thus literature always has something quite new,
And a plot never thought of before;
So I read each new novel, and when I get through,
Why, I've read just one novel the more!



"WHY do the night watchmen always stay around together?"

"Because, Johnny, if they did n't, the muckers would carry them off."

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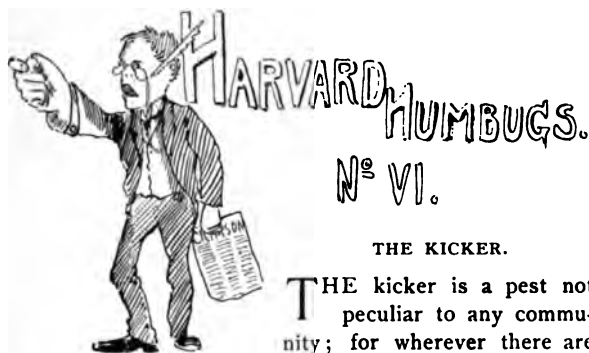
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THE LUCKLESS BARD.

MY sentiment is delicate: —
 I have a taste for Dresden plate,
 For Gobelins, for Benares brass,
 For Flemish lace and Flemish glass,
 For Reynolds, Lely, and Watteau,
 Louis Quatorze, and Gainsboro'.
 I love sweet music, and my soul
 Melts to the ballads of the Pole.
 My books are sound, well tried, and old,
 Clothed (like my room) in white and gold —
 A few for show, the imprint clear
 Of Aldus or of Elzevir;
 Atoning for the mortal fault
 Of Latin sermons, blind and halt.
 A few to brood and live upon —
 Old Izaak, the Decameron,
 Omar, and (though all else should burn)
 Herrick and kindly Lawrence Sterne.

I write verse, too, as well as read
 (Though mine is but a slender reed);
 I write imploring things to her,
 My angel and my torturer,
 Through which my spirit burns as bright
 As Pharos's through a murky night.
 Yet me she's ever laughing at —
 "How should a poet, sir, be fat?"



THE KICKER.

THE kicker is a pest not peculiar to any community; for wherever there are happiness and success, there is always one individual, neither happy nor prosperous, to grumble and sneer at the more fortunate; and wherever there are dignity and rank, there is always a Thersite to flout it: but when any community, or society, or association has been for a long time unhappy, or unsuccessful, or ill-advised, the number of prophets of evil who arise to imprecate and menace is inconceivable. In my Freshman year I knew several of these gentry, and where I had listened to their merciless criticism of captain, team, or system, I felt sure that as soon as such truths were wafted to the ears of our Bæotian leaders, defeat would cease and victory come again. Then I made a strange discovery. A certain kicker had been growling over the playing of Manning on second base till he had convinced me that he would be a poor substitute on a class team.

You may imagine, then, how it staggered me, after Manning's remarkable plays in the Princeton game, to hear my critic calmly observe that he had always considered Manning as an unrecognized star, and had thought his selection the one wise act of a batter-brained idiot. Still more was I surprised and grieved to hear him turn and furiously rend an unlucky former favorite of his, as if he had ages before apprehended his downfall. These weathercock gusts of spite were shocking to my love of justice. I liked — I do like — a sharp tongue, and the wise use of it; but these senseless and shifting attacks seemed to me the complainings of a petulant and ill-conditioned mind, instead of, as I had at first thought, the mature censure of a strong one. After this I listened to the kicker and his species from my interest in zoölogy or, rather (as they were unformed, feeble things), of embryology, and without heeding them seriously I learned to know them thoroughly. I found that the healthy specimen has but one function in life — to voice, provided it be without danger to himself, popular discontent, however unreasonable. So he complains of the unwise selection of officers to our athletic organizations, without ever voting himself, or even attending the meeting; he ridicules the college papers, which he neither writes for nor subscribes to; he rails at the Faculty, without reading the rules he is condemning; and he votes "yes" at a mass-meeting, only to talk "no" for the next month after. It makes little difference to him if he be reminded that he would do more service by holding

sweaters on the foot-ball field or by sweeping out the LAMPOON sanctum, than by slinging his random stones at honest folk, — for carping is his natural vocation. He was born under the sign of the Crab, Discontent rocked his cradle, Envy and Cowardice walk at his right and left hand. When he has left Cambridge he will enlarge, not his horizon, but his spleen. Vindictive and malicious, he will spend his life scoffing at whatever unhappy thing tender hearts have planned and patient hands created, cringing to whatever *parvenu* success the mob may honor; and finding his keenest pleasure in writing letters to the newspapers, signed "A Harvard Graduate," which shall embarrass, in the hour of her distress, the Alma Mater that nurtured him.

A NEW NOVEL.

IN the book I am reading, a queer little maid
Wins the heart of a strange little man;
They propose to each other that two should be made
Into one, by the time-honored plan
Of a breakfast, a parson, old slippers, and rice,
And the smiles of a happy papa.
They visit Niagara, say, "Is n't it nice!"
And, bless me, how happy they are!
Thus literature always has something quite new,
And a plot never thought of before;
So I read each new novel, and when I get through,
Why, I've read just one novel the more!



"WHY do the night watchmen always stay around together?"

"Because, Johnny, if they did n't, the muckers would carry them off."

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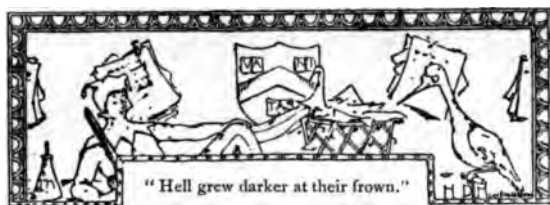
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OLD PROFESSOR.—Why, Mr. Barkins, glad to see you, I'm sure. How time does fly! Why, it seems to be only a few years ago that I gave you a sound thrashing.

BARKINS.—I remember it. I've always wanted to get even with you for that. Have a cigar, won't you?—*Munsey's Weekly*.

AN UNEXPECTED CALAMITY.

FOND HUSBAND.—My dear, you know I promised you a diamond necklace this year—

HELPLESS WIFE.—I know you did, but let it go—the water pipes burst last night.—*New York Weekly*.

CLOSE-FISTEDNESS.

BOB BILLIARD (*reduced actor*).—William, things are getting pretty tough in this town. I can stand the ill-natured dislike of gum-headed and unappreciative managers, but this last thud of misfortune is too—too much.

ANOTHER.—What's wrong, Brutus?

BOB.—Every time Connors sees me coming he sets out a *papier-maché* lunch.—*Judge*.

GROCER.—What noise is that in the cellar, John?

BOY (*after an inspection*).—It's only the vinegar singing, "No one Cares for Mother, Now."—*Time*.

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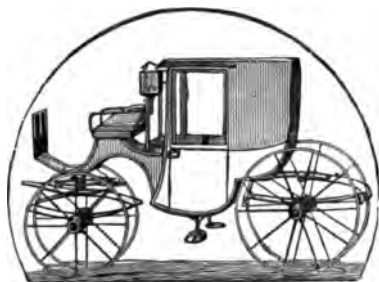
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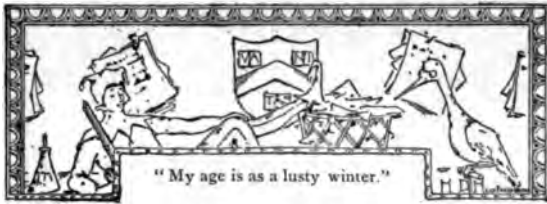
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WITH THE PARENTAL BLESSING.

MR. STICKNEY. — I have come, Mr. Henpeck, to ask you for the hand of your daughter.

MR. HENPECK. — Bless you, my boy, take her; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul — *Time*.



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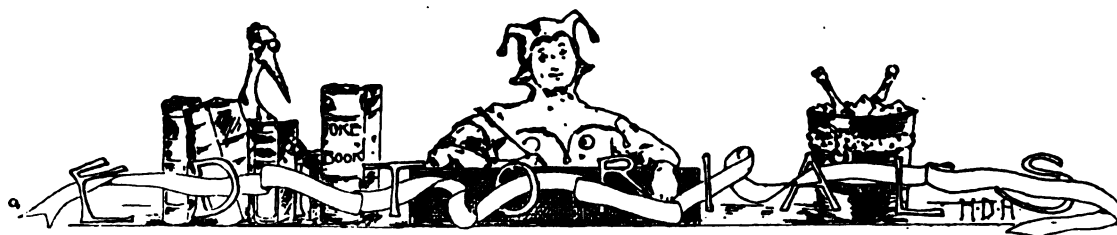




NO DOUBT SHE WOULD.

MRS. REGIÈRE. — If you have not seen the last number of the *Century*, I advise you to buy it. There is a very good article on "How the Other Half Lives."

MRS. GUZZLER (*the better half*). — I shall buy it directly. Why, I would give one hundred times twenty-five cents to know how my "other half" lives.



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 17, 1890.

Published biweekly during term time, by students of Harvard University.

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E. BURRAGE, *Secretary*,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

AS we go to press, the snow is falling at the rate of an inch an hour, and we look at our unreceipted coal bill, and involuntarily sigh. But the average Harvard undergraduate of to-day looks upon a snow-storm with far different feelings from those of his big brother six years ago. Then, a snow-storm meant for him tyranny from that former lord of this University, the Cambridge mucker. Time was when we fared badly at his hands. If he wanted the sidewalk he got it, and we walked in the street; if we wanted to use the pump, we could wait until he got through, and we were lucky to get it then; whatever he said, went. We even adopted gutter slang, and used it in the most servile way; we were most polite to them: we had to be, or suffer. The yard was the mucker's home, and he was man of the house. Now, however, times have changed; he treats us pretty well, and in a few years, if the same spirit continues, we may arrive at that blessed state when, without undue presumption, we may assert that some of us, at least, are his equals. And until then, press on.

THE preparation for the mid-years which seems the most favored at present consists in accepting as many invitations to those "beastly dawnces" as possible, from now until Lent. The man who is preparing for these said mid-years appears at the dance at an hour when our good country cousins have long since retired, dances in a manner calculated to increase the size of the calf, and at about midnight partakes of

such good and healthful food as lemonade, salads, and ices, all of which go, of course, to nourish and build up his system. At the early hour of two o'clock he turns Cambridgeward, where he spends the next few hours before a nine-o'clock recitation in deep and refreshing slumber. At his recitation, the professor is grieved or indignant, as the case may be, to see our said candidate for mid-year honors looking rather sleepy, and perhaps nodding, and either blames himself for an uninteresting lecture, or our said friend for a most unaccountable stupidity, — generally the latter. When the mid-years come, our candidate is fully prepared; but to the uninitiated, "grinding for the mid-years" has not that deeper signification which it suggests to the average Harvard undergraduate.

WHAT varied types of professors there are, to be sure! What different specimens of the powers that be, who make up our austere and esteemed Faculty! There is the pitying professor, who mourns the degenerate intellects with which the youth of to-day is endowed. Then there is the conscientious little professor, who treats you as he thinks you deserve to be treated, no better, no worse: sympathy with *him* does n't go. And there is the school-teacher professor, who always regards himself as driving a bargain with those under him, and who always acts as if he were afraid of being cheated. And so on and on, we find sympathy, pity, and "cussedness," over and over again, not to mention in others certain characteristics which might not look well in print. But, thank heaven! the time has not come when we cannot point to some who are the type of what the Harvard professor should be, and who have a sensible idea of what the Harvard student is and ought to be; and when the fated mid-years come, let us hope to be under those who do have some sense of what we are, and not those who place themselves as the highest ideal for us to follow.

PROFESSIONAL base-ball bids fair to be even more exciting than usual next year. What with the "brotherhood" and the league magnates' cut-throat competition, we may be able to grace the bleachers for fifteen cents a game, two games for a quarter. We heartily approve this heroic action of the brotherhood; it is a step in the right direction.

WISH you Happy Mid-year!

AS USUAL.

A PROFESSOR of Pol. Econ. I.
 Remarked ere the mid-years begun,
 "I will try, I am sure,
 Each student to sewer
 In the manner I always have done."

UP in New Hampshire a corpse travels on a passenger ticket, and thus would have a right to carry baggage. However, as the gentleman has already passed in his checks, how is he going to claim that baggage?

AT THE THEATRE.

JACK. — Let's go out to the foyer.
 IRISHMAN (*overhearing him*). — A foire is it? Great God! let me out.

WHY HE WASN'T KILLED.

CAPT. SPEAR. — And were you never wounded, Pat?

PAT. — Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight at Spottsylvania, a dirty reb lifted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell yez. He struck me right under me left breast.

CAPT. SPEAR. — But if it struck where you say, the ball must have gone through your heart and killed you.

PAT. — Oh, bedad, sor! me heart was in me mouth at the time.

NOTICE TO RESIDENTS OF HASTINGS HALL.

COMMUTERS' tickets on the North Avenue line are now ready.

THE proof of the Pudding is in the theatricals.
(This is a trifle early, but it's got to go.)



THE TRUE REASON.

SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY (*giving money to solemn-looking tramp*). — Is it your inability to get work, my good man, that causes your dejected air?

SOLEMN-LOOKING TRAMP (*preparing to light out*). — No, mum, it is my liability to git suthin' to do that keeps me all the time pensive and cast down.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, sucking the mucilage off a sheet of postage stamps, "what are you grinding?"

"My teeth," answered Lampy crossly, without looking up.

"Oh!" answered the Bird, sarcastically. "Wisdom teeth, I suppose?"

"No," answered the Jester testily; "Pol. Econ. I., and the mill grinds slowly. Satisfied now?"

"Oh, I say, Lampy," said the Ibis pleasantly, "have you heard about the organ in the chapel?"

"Has n't been trying to find a key to suit the Locke, has it?" asked Lampy wearily.

"No; the pipes froze and the Plummer professor had to go up and thaw them out," carolled the Bird triumphantly.

"Oh, put on the soft stop and give us a rest!" said the Jester severely; but the Ibis did not mind being sat on.

"Saw a friend of yours yesterday," he added. "You know,—the girl up at the telephone office."

"Is that so?" asked Lampy dryly.

"Yes; I said 'Hello!' to her, but she only answered, 'What number, please?' so I left her. But Lampy," he said seriously, "Old Father Time and his sickle cut all of us down sooner or later."

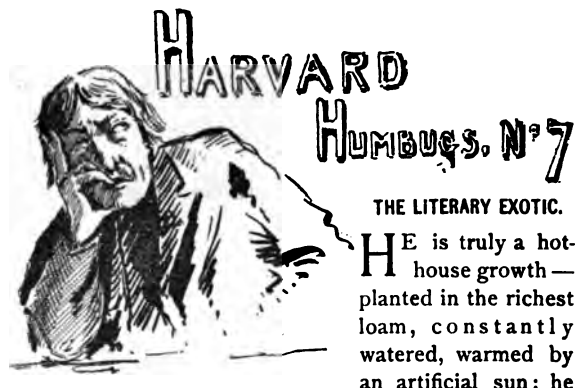
"Mower or less," answered Lampy.

"In fact, he's quite a sick-list all by himself," chirped the Ibis in high spirits.



UTINAM!

NOW the little Profs. of Fine Arts,
 Profs. of Latin, Profs. of English,
 Profs. of History and Pol. E.
 Gird them up their little loins,
 Dive into their little booklets,
 Burrow in their ancient lectures,
 Till they make out three-hour papers,
 Fit to please the grinds and bookworms,
 Fit to pass the swipes and toadies,
 Fit to slump the sports and specials;
 Then they rest them from their labors,
 And across their flabby features
 Spreads a smile of satisfaction.
 Then they wait the time for marking:
 Marking A's to grinds and bookworms,
 Slender A's to slender bookworms,
 Marking B's and C's to toadies,
 Marking D's and E's to specials,
 Nice fat E's for nice fat Juniors,
 And the drooling D's for Seniors,
 Thus they pass their time in pleasaunce.
 Would I were a small professor!
 Would they had to write me blue-books!



THE LITERARY EXOTIC.

HE is truly a hot-house growth—planted in the richest loam, constantly watered, warmed by an artificial sun; he is the pride of the green-house—all watch him, wait on him, tend him; the head-gardener himself never passes him without stopping to prune or tie up, to flip away an insect, to pick off a scale of dry bark, or to stand and gloat over his budding twigs; he is shown to all the visitors to be wondered at and praised, and on state occasions he is stood on the lawn, half wrapped in straw, for the guests to say "Oh, my!" over; and then—then some wanton wretch throws a brick through his glass dwelling and mashes him, or Patrick leaves the door open of a cold day and freezes him, and all is over. Alas for the time that has been spent upon him, the love that has gone out to him, the money that he has cost,—he will never bear the wonderful mango-apple they expected of him!

This is the cynical way in which, at the close of my college course, I look upon the saplings whose now withered stock, then green in the English Department's nurseries, so awed me at the beginning of it;

for there was a time when I worshipped without hesitation the wonderful fellow who knew so clearly why Shelley wrote and what Browning meant, — to whom transmigration, transubstantiation, transmogrification, and astral projection were bagatelles, and life no riddle; I had not then learned that great terms and great names and great books can be made to trip gracefully even from the tongues of the shallow and unreflecting, — and these sprouts were all palms to me; but now when I see a flat-chested, hectic, pasty-faced boy moving along the street conscious of the Muses' patronage, it is with profound pity — he is so cruelly deceived, and will be so cruelly awakened! And when I see an English professor beaming upon one of these poor forced seedlings, so soon to shiver

blasted and barren in the cold winter of life, I turn away in wonder and sorrow to think that sensible men should waste so much patience over the hope of a mango-apple, where it would be possible to raise so many and such excellent potatoes!

CLIPPING FROM THE SPIDERVILLE
(MISSOURI) BUGLE.

MR. EDWIN SARA FLY is reported to be stuck on the Mo. lasses.

NOT THE SAME.

OLD GENT. — Are you in Harvard?
YOUNG GENT. — No, I'm in Hastings.



HE LEFT.

HE. — Nice night, is n't it?

SHE. — Yes, *good* night.]

HARVARD LAMPOON.



TRIOLETS.

WILL Phyllis defy
This heart of mine?

Vow and sigh
Will Phyllis defy?
She has her eye
On the dollar sign!
Will Phyllis defy
This heart of mine?

Will she say "yes,"
Or answer "no"?
Ah, could I guess!
Will she say "yes"?
Belinda or Bess
Might smile, I trow,
But will *she* say "yes,"
Or answer "no"?

AS IT IS IN CHICAGO.

SCROGGS. — And so you're engaged to be married?

GROGGS. — Yes; to Mrs. Quartia Hymenia. Most charming young widow, rich, beseeching eyes, faultless complexion, etc. — but how's this? You appear to know her.

SCROGGS. — Oh, just slightly! I was her third husband!

YE OLDE, OLDE STORIE WITH MODERNE IMPROVEMENTS.

OLD LADY (*to boys up in a tree*). — What be you boys a-stealing, hey?

BOYS. — No, madam, chestnuts.

OUR REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT.

REAL estate in Boston has risen considerably this week, and will be about three to six inches above the pavement all winter.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

PROCTOR. — Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Smith, but this must be stopped: men on probation are not allowed to take part in any athletic contest.



TONSorial COON. — Put some rum on your face, sir ?

AT YE SHRINE OF VENUS.

GODDESS, I adore a maid
Whom to wed me I'd persuade.
If thou'lt grant success to me
'Fore thy shrine shall myrtles be.
(*Ye Goddess stirreth not.*)

Paphian-worshipped goddess, thou,
Rosy-lipped, canst tell how
I may make this fair girl mine?
Roses then shall deck thy shrine.
(*Ye goddess remains immovable.*)

Cytherea, once again
I will vow, then cease this strain.
Goddess, here's a bag of gold,
Wilt thou now thy help withhold?
(*Ye delighted goddess vouchsafeth success.*)

I'll no more thy graces laud,
Venus, for thou art a fraud.
I'd a wager thou'dst forbear
Answering my humble prayer
Till I proffered gold. And yet,
Goddess, thanks, I've won my bet.

WITH THE FERVOR OF YOUTH.

THEY were innocent little cherubs, each with a firm belief in the superiority of his father's form of worship, and an aggressiveness in asserting it often found in older persons. The first, a low-church supporter, had been holding forth in true demagogic style the superior virtues of his church; the second said his church, which was neither high nor low, was the best, and backed his statement with overpowering arguments. The third was a stanch disciple of the high church; and when it came his turn, his face beamed as if inspired, and he cried, "We burn insect powder: there ain't no flies on *us*!"

ACCOUNTABLE.

JACK MATTHEWS. — How warm Miss Beaconhill was over that unlucky remark of yours the other evening.

HAROLD HASTINGS (*dejectedly*). — Yes, that's the reason she's been so cold lately, I suppose.

WHEN a man buys a *Boston Record* he becomes a missionary, simply because he is one cent out.

DUSTY CASEY, THE TRAMP. — What's the matter with putting it *in* my face ?

HISTORY A.

No. 2. — THE LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.



OW, Patrick O'Flynn was an Ulster lad,
Way up in the top of the Emerald Isle.

He was n't exactly what you could call bad,
For his actions were wholly deficient in guile;
Though a fight with shillalahs did make his heart glad,
And he drank too much usquebaugh once in a while.

One night he came home late from one of those wakes

They have up in Ulster when any one dies;

Where there's whiskey in rivers and rum punch in lakes,

And stiffs on the floor, lying thicker than flies.
It's peculiar effects that the usquebaugh makes,
And that night it took Patrick O'Flynn in the eyes.

For Pat had a vision; it made the third night
He'd seen the same thing after being at wakes.
His hair stood on end, his face turned greenish white,
For the room seemed filled full of fat lizards and snakes,

All creeping and crawling, or knotted up tight, —

You'd have thought that Pat had an attack of the shakes.

Next morning he woke with a terrible head,
And it still made him dizzy to think what he'd seen;

He did n't feel able to get out of bed,

But lay there and thought, and puffed his dudheen;

Yet every idea from his poor brain had fled,

And he could n't make out what that vision could mean.



"Begorra!" groaned Pat, "if all that was a dream,
Oi belave it 'ud kill me to see the real thing!"
Then all of a sudden he thought of the scheme
Which fame to the name of O'Flynn was to bring.
"Oi'll fool 'em! Oi'll kill ivery frog in the stream,
Ivery lizard and snake, if it takes me till spring!"

For many long years Patrick trotted the bogs,
Spying out snakes with the eye of a hawk.
He killed all of them, but the lizards and frogs
He supplied the French market, to pay for his work.
And besides, the glad Irishmen showed they were n't hogs,
For they made him a saint and the Bishop of Cork.





HE DREW THE LINE.

HITHERTO PATIENT BOARDER. — Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince-pie, I draw the line.

ROLLO AT THE MENAGERIE.

"IN this cage of Simiadae, Rollo," said Mr. George, as he made a philopena with half a peanut with a gray-whiskered monk suspended by its tail from the roof, "one who is acquainted with the method of capturing these animals finds the most instructive moral lesson in the whole menagerie. You must know, Rollo, that in Brazil public opinion prohibits the capture of these animals, as they are regarded as almost sacred by the ignorant inhabitants. In spite of this, the wily showman devised a means of overcoming this seemingly insuperable obstacle. The severity of the laws relating to treasonable publications enabled him to do this, and his scheme as perfected is truly Machiavellian. Do you get on to that word, Rollo? I advise you to incorporate it into your vocabulary for future use. His agents take a printing-press, in which a treasonable document is set up, to the woods where these apes live, strike off a few copies and then go away. This arouses the instinct of imitation in the monkeys, which descend from the trees and continue to print the treasonable documents. The police, who have in the mean time been warned by the showman's agents, now come in and arrest all the monkeys engaged in the work and take them to the prison. The agents then give bail for the monkeys, which are

handed over to them. Public opinion being as strong against the would-be subverters of the government as it is against capturing innocent apes, the agents have no difficulty in transporting their captives to their ship. Thus is the instinct of imitation inherent in the unfortunate apes played upon to work their ruin. We will now go on to the next cage."

OF COURSE.

STATIONER. — I have a very fine lot of versings and storyings in stock. Would n't you like to look at them?

CUSTOMER. — But are they good?

STATIONER. — Of course they are; anybody can Advocate them!

ALL RIGHT.

CRITIC (*dubiously to aspiring author*). — These two characters are too much in the shadow.

AUTHOR (*confidently*). — Yes; but they are rather shady parties, don't you know!

OUT in St. Louis a Miss Hammer has been married to a Mr. Edward Nehl. It is hoped that she will not hit the Nehl on the head too often.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

ALL the fast goers in Boston were out on the Mill Dam trying their comparative merits, when Jack Go-easy came out with a new horse which his fond father had just given to him. Jack thought it would be a good test of the horse's speed to race with the crowd, so he touched him with the whip. Off the trotter went at a break-neck speed, which soon brought him up to the rest of the racers. Jack was thoroughly in the spirit of the thing now, and pushed on the reins for all he was worth. The others might have been hitched to a tree, so slowly did they go in comparison to him.

Soon a policeman began to shout, "No fast driving allowed!" but as Jack paid no attention to him, he gave chase. Dogs, boys, and foot passengers soon joined in too, and Jack began to think how nice it was to go faster than everything else, and only urged his horse on the more. He had got very near to the end of the dam, when another policeman stepped out from a side street, rushed toward the horse, seized the bridle, and in a moment or two brought him to a standstill. The policeman was getting out his notebook to take Jack's name for illegal fast driving, when the culprit called out to him, with a well-simulated sigh of relief, "I am very much obliged to you for stopping my horse. I do not know what I should have done," and, tossing a silver dollar to the astonished copper, drove slowly on, leaving his pretended rescuer standing dumb in the middle of the road.



HOW SHOCKING!

AN advertisement lately appeared, headed "Iron Bedsteads and Bedding." We suppose the linen must be sheet iron.

SWEETNESS long drawn out — in the case of an old maid.

COOL as a cucumber — a pickle.

OLD JOHN.

WHO is so dear to Harvard men
 As shabby old John and his orange cart?
 Years he has been here, and now, as then,
 We all of us love his kindly heart.
 Be it rainy or dry, he may still be seen
 Shuffling over the college green;
 Or distributing oranges, golden-peeled,
 To the thirsty crowd on Jarvis Field.
 Whose bananas are ever so yellow?
 Who has apples one half so mellow?
 Or whose bright yams have the Harvard glow
 We loyal children admire so?
 We all shall look back from some future year
 To the pleasant time of college span,
 And see in our memory, fresh and clear,
 The figure of John, the orange man.

QUITE NATURAL.

WHEN Jack calls on Miss Beaconhille,
 He always brings her plenty
 Of flowers and Huyler's bonbons, which
 Most charm the maid of twenty.

And though Sir Jack have skinny arms,
 And legs as thin as pheasant's,
 How could one blame Miss Beaconhille,
 Who much admires his presents?



AS the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out
 the door.

COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

Opera Crush Hats,

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Leather Hat Boxes,

Umbrellas, Fur Caps,

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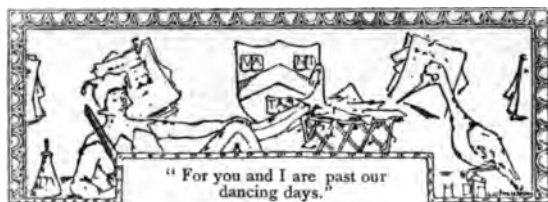
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THAYER, McNEIL & HODGKINS,
 47 TEMPLE PLACE - - - - - BOSTON.



SUBTLE GRIEF.

"AND your husband fell from the Eiffel Tower?"
 "Yes. How I wish it had been taller!"
 "Monster! You rejoice at his death?"
 "Sir! You insult me! I wanted him to live longer."—*Munsey's Week y.*

WITH EDGED IRONY.

MISS DAISY (to Mr. Charles, who has an envious rival in Mr. James). — Mr. James is just as witty as he can be; don't you think so, Mr. Charles?
 MR. CHARLES. — Yes, most people are! — *West Shore.*

THE widow had just said "No."
 "Life is a game," said Mr. Upson Downes reflectively. "I thought it was Draw, and I drew for a Queen; but it seems to be Euchre for me."
 "In that case," said the lady consolingly, "you will have to go it alone."
 "Yes; and what's worse," said Mr. Downes, "I can't take my partner's best card."
 "I always knew you were a horrid mercenary thing," remarked the widow, as she cut out of the room, and left Mr. Downes to shuffle sadly on his lonesome way. — *Puck.*

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374 Washington Street, opposite Bromfield, Boston, Mass.

HARVARD LAMPOON.



HAD N'T COME DOWN.

BURROUGHS (*handing Mrs. Flapjack a check at the breakfast-table*).—Has n't Robinson come down yet?

MRS. FLAPJACK.—No, sir; not for four weeks.—*Time*.

JARNEVCABE says he took to drink because he found that life was full of bitters.—*Puck*.



WHAT JOHN G. WHITTIER SAYS:
"I had THE TADELLA pens so kindly sent me the best I have used for a long time. Indeed, I think they are a great improvement upon any now in the market, and every writer who uses them will, like myself, heartily thank thee for them.
I am truly thy friend, John G. Whittier."

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NOT HIGHLY VALUED.

JACK MATTHEWS. — Unless you give me more than three dollars, you can't have those trousers. Why, you old rascal, your patron saint, Father Abraham, would have thought them almost too good for Sundays.

POCO. — Ach! So help me, gracious! Fader Abraham would n't haf efen viped off the Ark of the Covenant mit 'em!



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 30, 1890.

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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

Editorial on Athletics à la Crimson.

THE time has come for all the various athletic teams to begin training, and we urge every man who has an intention of trying to come out and try, — we really do. We also urge all the various captains to do as well as they can to turn out good teams. One of the great causes of Harvard's misfortunes in the past is that we have not been as fortunate as our opponents. Of course this is so, although we should hardly like to say that the contrary has not sometimes been the case. Now, one great evil which has existed, and which the *Crimson* has heard many complaints about, is that many men in college do not come out to try for the teams. This is pretty bad, but it has, nevertheless, its good points, for, if these men have a reason for not coming out, that is undoubtedly why they do not try. Another thing that the *Crimson* regrets is, that there does not exist that decided spirit which ought, we think, to exist. However, this will undoubtedly come in the near future. Hereafter, we look for increased activity in athletics.

THE Mid-years, of which so much has been said that would not look pretty in print, are here at last; and if any one doubts it, let him take a peep any of these cool, sarcastic evenings into the room of the Harvard student. A pitiful sight might meet his eye. He might see three or four young youths of the period, or rather exclamation point, with an expression about the mouth dangerous to behold, with head wrapped in a towel, and eyes only for the book

before them. He might hear muttered threats and tremble at the possible results to follow; he might wonder, perhaps, at the absorbed air and studious intensity which filled the room; and he might feel a thrill of pity for the youth before him, who possess such a thirst for knowledge. Observe, we say that he *might* see such a sight; but it's dollars to doughnuts he won't; for, if the room be that of a Harvard *student*, as we have said, he has done his grinding on the instalment plan, and knows it all. So the Mid-years, which seem so serious to us of the common herd, have no terrors for the Harvard student; and while we are bewailing our fate and running up a big gas bill, he, with a consciousness of his own superiority, takes advantage of our misfortunes, and spends his evening with the fair Cambridge maiden, — if he can find her.

WE believe it was Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich who remarked something to the effect that we only know winter has come by the snows. Whether he was writing by the job or by the day, his remark seems to be particularly appropriate to this part of the year, when to see four seasons in one day is no uncommon thing. We go over to breakfast in an ulster and a snow-storm, and when lunch comes we long for a cool breeze and a tennis suit; we carry around a cold which is rather too large a size for us, but which sticks to us with the constancy of a brother; we are undecided whether to wear our rubber boots or our russet shoes — all on account of this blessed climate and the balmy air of Cambridge.

FEELING that the Harvard Annex has hardly been given, in these pages, the consideration which it deserves. Lampy takes great pleasure in laying before his readers a little sketch which gives an insight into the inner life of the female portion of this University. He feels that he owes, perhaps, some sort of an apology to the girls for intruding upon their leisure hours, but it is refreshing to learn that the mental powers have not been wholly cultivated to the exclusion of the physical. The Annex is in a flourishing condition, so the statistics say; but they tell us nothing of that other side of college life which we so thoroughly enjoy; and if this little sketch arouses in the mind of any one that deeper interest for the Annex which all should feel, its artist will be happy; and Lampy will feel nothing but pride in having given it the world.

LAMPY'S PEOPLE'S LAWYER COLUMN.

(A LA BOSTON GLOBE.)

"COULD it be grand larceny to steal an upright piano?" I don't know. Sec. 2, page 3, Quail on Toast says in regard to such cases as this that the car company can levy or trustees to the extent of thirty cents. Write again.

"HE HAS LOST HIS PURSE."

ANNABEL. — Mamma, what does *Zonam perdidit* mean?

MRS. LEE. — Hush, my dear. It means "she is getting fat."

DID IT ALL HIMSELF.

THE New York *Sun* has this gem: "A man known as Weinstein died without medical assistance at 4 Rivington Street, yesterday."

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL.

"NO, sir," said the new senator from Maine, as he sat down in the new restaurant, "I don't like all this fancy business, with your big bill of fare, and these nigger waiters in dress suits standing round. 'Tain't that I mind 'em at all, but a man can't get a decent meal in a place like this, with all these fancy fixin's; that's what I object to. What I want, sir, is a good, substantial meal, and I intend to get it. Here, waiter, bring me a piece o' custard pie an' cup o' coffee!"

SO many reports having been circulated of late in regard to the high living, etc., here at Cambridge, we take this means of assuring fond parents, guardians, and bondsmen that high living here is cheap. The higher you live the cheaper it is.



STRAIGHT FORWARD.

HE. — I think I shall have to raise a beard.

SHE. — Oh, no, Mr. Hollings.

HE. — Well, I shall raise a larger mustache anyway.

SHE. — Oh, don't! I like you ever so much better with your plain face.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, meekly, while a large tear rolled down his cheek and made a special report upon the hearth, "this is n't what I call horse-play!"

"What is n't?" asked the Jester, languidly.

"Filly 'leven!" chirped the Bird, triumphantly.

"Well, it is n't a very solid groundwork, that's a fact," answered the Jester, trying hard to smile.

"We do our best," answered the Ibis. "There are seven or eight moral he-rows there every time."

"Oh, I say, Ibis!" said Lampy, changing the subject, "what do you think of Miss Roseleaf?"

"Deep," replied the Ibis, briefly, "very deep."

"That's what I thought at the last Brookline Assembly, when I took her down to supper," assented the Jester.

"Pretty hard work getting any, was n't it?" asked the Ibis.

"Yes, it was," replied the Jester. "Never worked so hard in my life. I told her I would do anything for her, when I brought her the food, but she said that didn't go down. But it did, though," added the Jester, with a wink.

"They say that serpent she wears on her neck does n't hurt her, because it has such a soft snap," mused the Ibis.

"Well," said Lampy, waiving the repartee, "I've got to go, so I'll leave you all alone in your glory."

"Thank you!" shrieked the Bird, gleefully.



THE GRIND.

UPON his humble pallet lay a grind at break of day,
And his dreams were full of pictures which had
chased the night away;
For he saw two eyes whose glances pierced his inmost nature
through,
And as he slept he murmured, *ὡς ἐγὼ, ὡς φίλει σύ.*

So he tossed in fitful slumber, though the sun was bright
without;

For the glamour of those features put all other thoughts to
rout.

And his tongue kept still repeating, incoherently and low,
What was Attic Greek for Byron's *ζῶν μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

And he looked into the future through the vision on his bed,
And his thin lips smiled with pleasure at the horoscope he
read;

For he saw a little cottage, just large enough for two,
And he muttered, ere awaking, "*Amo te, et amas tu.*"

Then the sunlight through the window fell upon his sleep-
ing face,

And the beatific visions of his slumberings gave place

To a dull and cold reality, and all his lips could say,
As he hastened to the lecture-room, was, "Eheu, eheu, me!"

And his classmates looked upon him as he sat in silence
there,

And they wondered at his awkwardness, and laughed about
his hair.

"How sour he looks!" one whispered, with a look of deep
disdain;

"His poetic soul is delving in Sanscrit roots, that's plain."

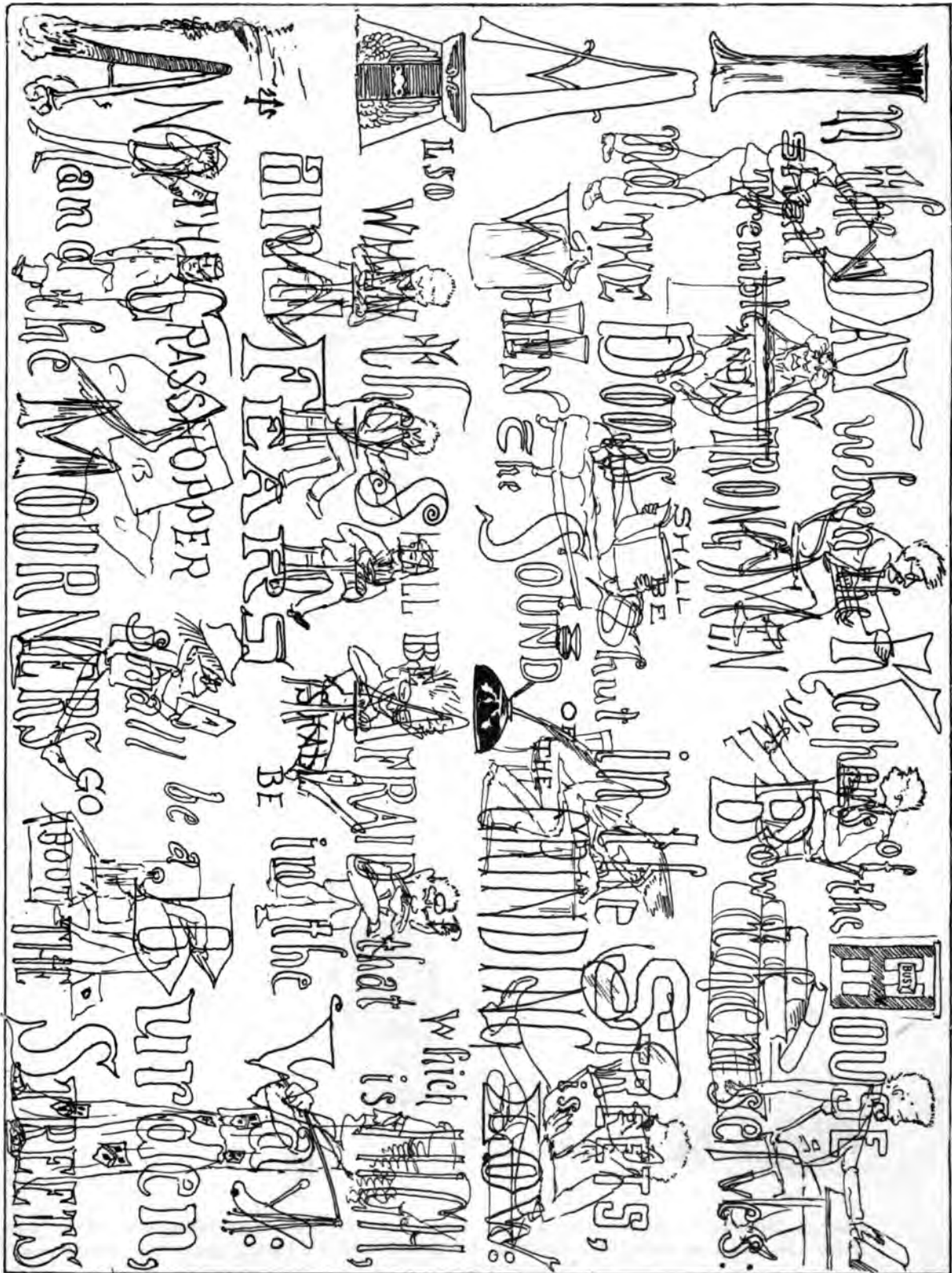


COULD N'T UNDERSTAND IT.

TANSY, '93. — The LAMPOON does n't look into its box at
Foster's very often, does it?

PICKLES, '93. — Yes; why?

TANSY, '93. — I put some jokes in it about a month ago,
and they have n't been published yet.



LAMPY'S MID-YEAR TEXT.

ECCLIASIASTES XII. 3-5.



Harvard Humbugs, No. VIII.

THE ADVENTURER.

HE came from a small town in Vermont not famed for wealth, yet hardly had he been a fortnight in Cambridge, when he threw off the slough that first enveloped him, and emerged in the dark purples and golds of the mature butterfly. Strangely enough, however, his lavish hand did not open the door of the society set to him, and he shrunk back slavishly from rude rebuffs which would have maddened most men. He would nod and laugh familiarly, but his uneasy green eyes would

droop before the cold clear gaze of a crew man, and he had a nervous shrinking, in spite of his assurance, like the cringing of a cur dog before a mastiff. His ambitions to be a society leader, however, outlasted but a fortnight of reverses; and when he changed his company he did so as thoroughly as he did suddenly. One never saw him much about the streets in Cambridge now, but, accompanied by two or three sodden, blubber-faced boys, one might meet him on the late car, or see him shambling to the Holly Tree at about ten in the morning. This lasted all the fall. Then winter came on, hard and cheerless, and with the first cold he seemed to change and metamorphose. His sallow face was livid, his hair hung down long and damp on his forehead, his sinister eyes glinted fitfully, like a torpid snake's; and when he sat by a table or desk they went staring intently off into nothing, while his long fingers drummed meaninglessly. His clothes grew creased and shabby. His silver-headed cane and gold pins disappeared, then his watch (for he pulled a bunch of keys out of his pocket absently



A CAUSE FOR SILENCE.

MABEL. (*to Maud, who has just looked through Mabel's MSS.*).— You did n't know I was an authoress, Maud?

MAUD. — No; and if you take my advice, you won't let anybody else either.



WINTER SPORTS AT THE ANNEX.

instead of it, one day at Latin). He was seen seldom and more seldom by daytime or in public, and his appearance grew worse and worse. His clothes shrunk upon him, his hat-band was frayed and glossy, and his whole air was that of a young tree dying in its spring-time from some canker at heart. At times he would display some dashing bit of finery with a poor ostentation of fashion, but it only emphasized his decay. His companions grew more flabby and more vicious-looking, and they, too, though they grew fat on it, had this seedy, woe-begone carriage of his. Men stopped speaking to him on the street.

He came up to my room one day, — he had been there once or twice before, — and, after a long preliminary fidgeting and shuffling, and the smoking of several cigarettes, he asked me most humbly for the loan of ten dollars. I would have let him have it then — for I had not yet learned to tell a Jay from a Peacock — but I did not have it myself, and told him so. He said it was “no matter,” with an air of deep dejection, that he “only wanted it for a couple of days,” and shuffled uneasily out. About two weeks afterwards I was over in the gymnasium, when, in the row of lockers behind me, I heard a quick exclamation,

a scuffle, and the sound of people running; and on hurrying to the spot I found the little janitor holding a limp figure by the collar, before an open locker which had just been pilfered. I got one glimpse of his face; it was all withered now, like that of an old man, and had no more expression than a mummy’s. I did not follow him to the police court to see the end: it was too pitiful. They told me afterwards that his father was a country parson, barely able to support this boy, and that all his little savings, hoarded together to buy for him a name and an education at Harvard, had melted away on the green cloth of a roulette wheel.

SOLD.

GOONEY, '89, stood by the tank in the Grand Museum. “Chuck in a quarter and see us get it,” said one of the mermaids. Gooney “chucked” a quarter, and then was guyed to death by the crowd as the fair bather said, “We ’ll git it when they empty the tank.”

CAUGHT by itself — A plumb-line.

BEFORE THE FIRE.

DEEP-CUSHIONED I sit
 Before my fire,
 And watch the flames flit
 And seem to expire;
 Then higher and higher
 They rise in their glee,
 Nor seem to tire
 Of laughing at me.
 So I tune the strings of my light guitar
 To the ballad of Scottish Lochinvar,
 Or, sweeter still for their southern note,
 Sing how Henrique swam the moat
 To the side of his fair Dolores.
 Up rose the mighty Torres,
 And swore by Granada's tallest tower
 Her lover should not survive an hour.
 But he died with the boast on his lips,
 By the steel of her valiant lover,
 Just as the note from my finger tips
 In a moment more is over.
 And my fire is ever dancing,
 Lightly leaping, gayly prancing,
 Smiling at the sweet Dolores,
 Frowning at the boastful Torres,
 While I sit in my deep-cushioned chair.



OUT OF PLACE.

CONSIDERABLE amusement was caused by a student from Groton a few days ago. He got into a Park Square car, walked up to the front of the car, opened the slot in the door, dropped a nickel on the front platform, and sat down with a smile of contentment on his face, which was quickly dispelled by a look of amazement when the conductor asked him for his fare. It took him ten minutes to realize that he was not riding in one of the bobtail cars of his native heath.

CONSOLING.

JACK MATTHEWS. — There goes Miss Uglifica.
 HAROLD HASTINGS. — Yes; but I don't think anybody would call her a *pretty* young lady. She has one consolation, however.

JACK MATTHEWS. — And that?

HAROLD HASTINGS. — She may live to be a pretty *old* one.

PARADOXICAL.

JODKINS, '93. — Does Mr. Hilton furnish your rooms?

SNODKINS, '93. — Yes, he furnishes the rooms; we furnish the rest.



A STUDY IN SPANISH.

THE great secret of Russian valor is, that there's so much "itch" to their names, it's no wonder they come up to the "scratch."

THEY GOT THERE, THOUGH.

AT a recent benefit a clipper quartet came out and sang, "I know thou wilt not slight my call," etc., and got hissed off the stage. The quartet then came out and sang, "How can I bear to leave thee?" About six of the audience yelled out that it did n't look as though they could.

"CULTURE" writes to know if it is good form to speak of two people with the same name as the Misters Brown or the Misses Smith. It is. But we advise you never to send an invitation "to the two J's Smith."

DE M——, what if China town is on Harrison Avenue? You must be a Democrat.

DRESS parade — The modern fashionable church.

ON THE BLUFF.

'T WAS on the bluff, fair Dian from on high
Alone could see our summer's friendship die —
A purposed one, not pure *bonne camaraderie*;
I'd cured her slang, dear little soul, and she
Some of my biggest faults had tried to modify.

'T was our last night; I'd asked her to put by
Platonic friendship for a closer tie,
But she had turned aside and hushed my plea —
'T was on the bluff.

All hope went from me in a weary sigh;
But then my little love, as, coming nigh,
Her laughing eyes flashed moonlight from the sea,
Laid her soft hand on mine and said to me:
"Ah, Jack dear! surely you can see that I
Was on the bluff."



NOT TO-DAY.

FIRST CHERUB. — Come on skating.

SECOND CHERUB. — Can't: fell in yesterday.

FIRST CHERUB. — Did n't you get frightened?

SECOND CHERUB. — No; kept cool.

IN THAYER.

WHEN the morning is cold and the embers are red,
 I love to lie snugly tucked up in my bed,
 And hear the St. Paul's men, alone or in pairs,
 Go stumbling by to matutinal prayers.
 I can hear as I lie there the organ's deep groan,
 As it loudly responds to the basses' full tone,
 And perhaps a clear trill as a boy tenor sings
 His ardent desire for heavenly things.
 Then I look at my embers, so glowing and red,
 And am glad I am snugly tucked up in my bed.

IF, in the balminess of the present weather, you are
 meditating about the heat and thermometer, take
 our advice, gentle Freshy, and don't buy any (ther-
 mometers) until next winter: they will be lower then.

THE bite of an adder — The bank clerk's lunch.

A STRIKE.

PATERFAMILIAS was giving Johnny Freshleigh,
 '93, some wholesome advice on the many oppor-
 tunities that were to be had at college, and that he
 ought to make the most of them, quoting, as a final
 word, the maxim of Cromwell: "Not only strike while
 the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking." And
 then Johnny struck his father for a cool hundred, not
 only making the metal hot, but his father too.

A CASE of hardware — A boy's pants.

A MAN of plane pretensions, who "does" his level
 best — The carpenter.

IT's a hazy day when the Freshman gets left.



IT HAS A GERMAN FLAVOR.

FIREMAN. — Say, Captain, what shall we do? This engine won't work.
 CAPTAIN. — You don't say so! well, let it play, then.

CONVIVIVUM.

RED in the grate the coals are glowing,
 Freely the punch from the bowl is flowing:
 The blue smoke is climbing the languorous air,
 And the breath of Havanas is everywhere;
 Whiskey and sherry, claret and brandy,
 With glistening glasses are standing handy;
 There is the anchovy paste, and here
 Is a pewter of foaming plebeian beer;
 Kennedy's crackers, and marmalade,
 And chicken sandwiches ready made;
 And the long clay pipes are plentiful in here,
 Filled with perique and flake Virginia;
 And yet my heart is filled with gloom,
 For it's all in somebody else's room.

MISS FRESHLEIGH. — I presume the tutors
 play a very prominent part at Harvard, don't
 they, Mr. Go-easy?

JACK GO-EASY, '90. — Yes, indeed; they are our
 tutelary deities, you see?

A LOAN "widdy" — The female pawnbroker.

A STEADY thinker — The prohibitionist.

IT's a wise current that knows its own wire.



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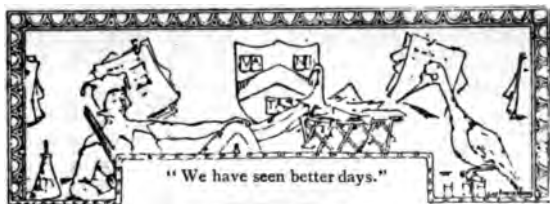
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A BAD BREAK.

"You've done a nice thing," said the editor of the Republican *Kazoo* to his foreman.
 "Done what?"
 "You've put my article on 'Why Wanamaker was Appointed' in the puzzle column." — *Puck*.

ON ONE CONDITION.

PROHIBITIONIST. — Sir, don't you believe in putting down whiskey?
 KENTUCKIAN. — Yes, if you can get it pure. — *Time*.

ALL the world's a stage — which explains why there are flies on it. — *Munsey's Weekly*.

BOSS. — This makes the third day now that you have n't shined my shoes.

CUFFY. — Dar's no blackin' in de house, sah.

BOSS. — Why did n't you tell me before?

CUFFY. — Bekase I was afecered you mout buy a box. — *Texas Siftings*.

NEWLY ACCEPTED SUITOR. — Well, Bobby, you will have a new uncle soon: I am your Aunt Mary's choice for a husband.

BOBBY (*surprised*). — Well, that's strange. I heard her tell mamma only yesterday that you were Hobson's choice. — *Life*.

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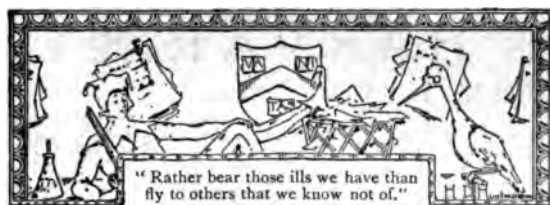
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"BUTTON, BUTTON."

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES. — My dear Miss Fulton, how lovely to see you here! Were parties *very different* in your day?

MISS ANN FULTON. — Well, somewhat. In my day the girls wore one-buttoned gloves, and dresses buttoned up to the neck; now they wear one-buttoned dresses and gloves buttoned up to the neck. — *Puck*.



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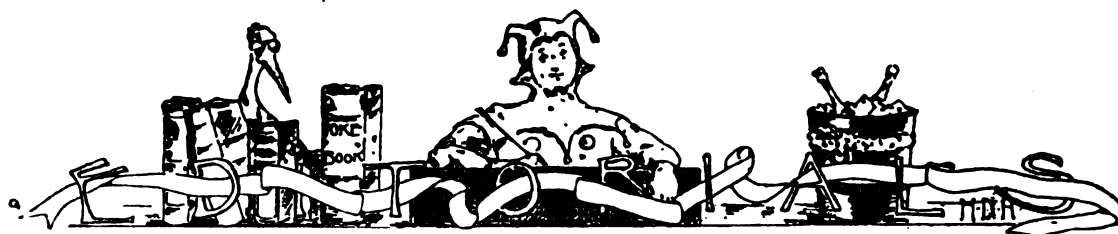


SHE WAS RIGHT.

MABEL. — Did you hear that Bessie Willis was married yesterday to Tom Guzzler?

MAUD. — Really? I thought she would be the last person to marry him.

MABEL. — Well, she was, was n't she?



The Harvard Lampoon.

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E. BURRAGE, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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WELL, the mid-years are over, thank goodness! and we have all resumed life in the good old-fashioned way. For the last two weeks the conventional towel has bound our Grecian brow like the fillet of old, the gas meter has been singing a dismal song up into the night's wee hours, and reminding us that time is money, and when at last we have retired, it has been only to dream of Fine Arts and Romance Philology. Then we arise the next morning, and sigh to think of the long, long hours before another night's repose; but with firm determination, and a cheerfulness which would have put Job to shame, we go over to the Library and glue our eyes on a book. But "that was then, and this is now"; life is again bright and cheerful, and everything is lovely. The thermometer is down to zero, and our coal is gone, as usual; but the exams. are all over, so "hoop her up!"

(If the above jubilee has a melancholy twang, know, O unsophisticated reader! that it takes a long time to get out a paper, and while we are writing the above our head is packed in ice, for we have two more exams. to come, and an eight-thousand-page thesis in History Bumpsteen due Saturday.)

WHILE Johnny Cornell and Eli Yale are having their little dispute, Lampy sits by and looks on, thankful indeed that for once the spleen of disap-

pointed athletes is not being lavished upon us. The Eli generally, Johnny, has a pretty long head when you mention athletics; and if he wants to paddle his own canoe without the pleasure of your company, he will probably do it. He is generally firm — we will not say stubborn — as a mule; and although you may kick like one, it will probably produce about as much effect on the Eli as a *Crimson* editorial does on us. Of course, Johnny, we don't want to meddle in your row at all, — for this is n't *our* funeral, — and we don't want to offer any advice, except when we are asked for it; but we should like to remark, in a very unobtrusive spirit, that there are girls in your school, and that girls *have* been known to row. "A word to the wise," Johnny, — *you* know!

THE first of this week we sent around some small valentines, which were n't meant to be jokes, although our subscribers hitherto seem to have regarded them as such. As these have been prepared with great care, we politely but firmly request an early answer. We have heard a little song, beginning, "Oh, won't you come up, come up?" and we have a little version of our own, entitled "Oh, won't you come down, come down?" If subscribers would kindly acquiesce, and send their little dues by mail, or leave them at Thurston's, they will escape some buckshot which is waiting for the delinquents. Pay early and avoid the rush — of the editors.

Mother Advocate and the *Crimson* are at it again, and the world stands by and holds its breath. The old woman, so the *Crimson* says, is growing crusty in her old age, and the old woman does n't answer back, but just waits until she gets another chance, and then goes at it again. Well, go it, everybody! anything for excitement.

STRIPES and cross-barred goods will be much worn for walking costumes this spring. — *N. Y. Herald*.

And the Sing-Sing convict sighs as he thinks of the old, old style, and wonders when the fashions will change.

NO CONFIDENCE IN THE WOMEN.

THERE is a certain theatre near here which has these patent chairback attached opera glasses. The proprietors show their trust in human nature by pasting the notice: "Our patrons are supposed to be gentlemen, and of course, will not carry off the glasses"; and then, as if they thought a lady might snag a pair, they post this in large letters: "\$5.00 fine for carrying off the glasses."

DURING SERVICE.

JOHNNY. — Would n't that fat lady in front make a fine haystack, mamma?

MAMMA. — Sh-h, my dear, why do you say that?

JOHNNY. — Did n't the minister just say that all flesh was grass?

HE WAS SPEAKING OF VESUVIUS.

"A H, Angelina," he said, as with the one hand he fondly fingered the sixteenth button of the maiden's sylph-shaped Newmarket, and with the other hand gently gesticulated the gestures of an orator, "have you ever seen those red and rubicund eruptions of nature, those glowing breakings forth of the inner world which arouse our thoughts and souls spontaneously to burst out with a cry to the Creator? Have you seen aught of these things and felt their power?"

"Yes, dearest Reginald," blushed the maiden, as she toyed with her engagement ring with a more than sisterly affection, "I have had the measles."

"O LORD! how you made me jump!" as the grasshopper remarked when he was first created.



NOT VERY APPRECIATIVE.

ARTIST. — Here's a little work that I have just finished; can't you suggest some appropriate title for it?

UNAPPRECIATIVE, BUT BUSINESS-LIKE FRIEND. — Why don't you call it "Watering the Stock; or, The Unindorsed Draft."



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, "what do you think of exams., anyway?"

"That's one of the questions I could n't answer," replied the Jester, who was playing solitaire on the beer-keg.

"Why *did* you get such a short cut on your hair?" asked the Bird, after a pause.

"To take a load off my mind," answered Lampy.

"I guess it is n't the first load you ever had," retorted the Ibis. "Funny about a barber, though, is n't it?" he mused: "the longer he cuts your hair the shorter he cuts it."

"How about a barber's pole being a clipping column?" began the Jester; but the Ibis interrupted him.

"Say, Lampy," he remarked, perching on the window-sill, "what do you think of this for a prize poem?"

"My empty brain has sprung a leak;
I cannot fillet like the Greek;
I'm not the man that Horace Ode;
My Pegasus no Roman Road;
'Mong all the maids no Cicero's —"

"Oh, come off!" cried Lampy, hitting him with a thumb tack.

"Why?" asked the Ibis, in a grieved tone; "don't you think I'm a fixture in poetry?"

"Yes; a gas fixture!" retorted the Jester.



A GAME OF CHESS.

SEE her head eagerly bending
Over the black and white squares!
No thought has she of befriending;
Only of ruin past mending
Brought upon me unawares.

"Don't take my queen, I implore, dear,—
Well, — that's a great stroke of art!
Now, that the game's nearly o'er, dear,
Which do you fancy the more, dear,
Winning my queen, or my heart?"

This much I ask of you, too, dear,
Hear the point thoroughly stated:
Pray, tell me what would you do, dear,
If it depended on you, dear,
Whether or not I were mated?"

"Oh, I should tell you, 'Be mated!'
Were not your fortune a wreck.
Check, check! There now, you are fated;
But for poverty I'm not created,
And you can't draw a big enough *cheque*."

NOT REAL SNAKES.

TOMPKINS always was asking questions, you know, and its mighty hard to squelch him, but he got fooled the other day finely. He got on a Washington Street car, went inside, and up at the front end he sees old Wheeler, with a big covered market-basket at his feet. He sits down beside him, of course, and begins talking away, as usual.

"Hollo, Wheeler! where you going? whadjer got in the basket?"

"Mongoose," says Wheeler, solemn as a judge.

"What's a mongoose?" asks Tompkins.

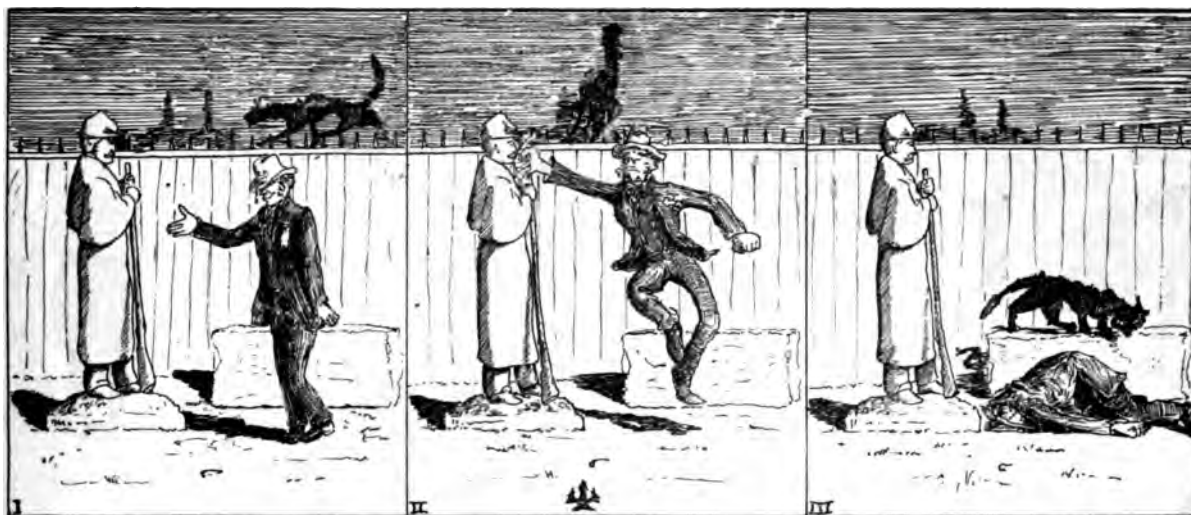
"A mongoose?" says Wheeler, slow and quiet like. "Is it possible you don't know what a mongoose is? Why it's a little animal about as big as a terrier, and it lives in India. It kills snakes there, by jumping on 'em."

"What do you want one for?" says Tompkins.

"I'll tell you," says Wheeler. "My brother Jim is all the time seeing snakes, and I thought this mongoose might finish 'em up, so I bought it to take home with me."

"But those are n't real snakes your brother sees, you know," says Tompkins.

"No," says Wheeler; "and this is n't a real mongoose, — d'ye see?"



A G.A.R. STLY JOKE.

LEFT OVER FROM HARPERS.

MISS ROSELEAF was convalescing. It was awfully stupid lying there all day, and time and again she told the nurse that "she was just as well as she ever was, and would not stay in that horrid room any longer." And then the old pain would come back into her poor little head and it would droop back on the pillow again, like the innocent little anemone which found only too late that one warm day did not mean that spring had come.

One day things were more stupid and her head was worse than ever. Nothing went right, and she felt abused.

The nurse sympathized with her patient, and suggested they try the mind cure, thinking it might amuse even her, if it did no good.

"You must look right in my eyes, Miss Edith, and try to give me the pain."

They looked at each other intently for some time.

"Do you feel the pain now?"

"No; it does not seem nearly so bad."

"And you feel it?"

"Yes; I think it is coming on."

The nurse was succeeding better than she expected, and before long found her own head aching terribly, while her patient was demanding her new volume of Browning.

Just then the maid came in with Edith's medicine, a vile compound not at all to that young woman's liking.

"Here is your medicine, Miss Edith, you will feel a great deal better after you have taken it."

"Oh, no! I feel perfectly well. You have taken the pain, so you take the medicine."

NOT A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

GEORGE WASHINGTON JACKSON. — Uncle 'Lijah, s'posin' you hed a bottle ob whiskey corked, shut wid a cork: how would you get at de whiskey widout pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?

UNCLE 'LIJAH. — Go 'long wid your foolish con'drums, chile! But, George, how would you, for suh'?

G. W. JACKSON. — Why, Uncle 'Lijah, just push in de cork!

PUZZLED.

SHE. — Won't you stay and take tea with us, Mr. Brown?

HE. — Well, thank you very much, but I have a f'rensic on my hands, and I am afraid I can't.

SHE. — Oh! I'm so sorry. I hope it is n't anything serious. Is it any one I know?

(Mr. Brown is completely mystified.)

THE EXTREME OF HATE.

JIM. — Going to the Spy's reception, Jack?

JACK. — Well, I think not, for I hate the family so much that if I had a *million* shirts I would n't waste a clean one on them!

IT is strange that a swallow does not make a summer, yet a grasshopper makes a good many springs.

OUT West a "cousin once removed" has rather a mortuary significance.

HISTORY A.

No. 3. — WILLIAM TELL.



I.

ESTLED in an Alpine valley,
Deep within a shady dell,
Lay the unpretentious chalet
Of a family named Tell.
The father's name was William G.;
His son, his pride and joy,
Was Arthur; a sweet child was he,—
A real Swiss Fauntleroy.

II.

Now, in Altdorf lived the bailiff,
Gessler, governor of Uri;
Straight each poor wretch went to jail if
He should rouse this tyrant's fury.
One day the news through Altdorf flew,
High in the square hung Gessler's hat,
And by a placard Altdorf knew
Folks should all doff *their* hats to that.



III.

Now, William was a milkman,
And, like others of that ilk,
That morn drove in with jar and can
To take around his milk.
He sees the crowd out in the street, —
"Ach, donnerblitz, what's that?"
Young Arthur hummed that ditty sweet:
"Where did you get that hat?"



IV.

"What, ho!" the tyrant cried aloud.
"Bring me yon varlets bold!"
His minions elbowed through the crowd
And did as they were told.
"Ha, slaves! dare ye my will despise?
Away with them to jail!
Know, each of ye, e'er night he dies,
I'll make these Switzers quail!"

V.

"Nay, hold! I've heard thou art no ill
Marksman with the bow;
Come, let us see thy vaunted skill,
And I will mercy show.
Thy target be that apple red
Thy brat has in his hand,
And thou shalt hit it from his head,
'Neath yon tree, from where you stand."

VI.

Herr Tell was soon in shooting trim,
With bow and arrows twain;
The chance was mighty slim for him,
This mediæval Ira Paine.
The brave boy grasped his apple tight,
As he stood at the tree's great root,
And cried, "Say, pa, please, just one bite,
While you are getting fixed to shoot?"



VII.

The anxious father smiled assent,
Then sharp the bowstring rang,
The bolt through Arthur's apple went
One inch above his bang.
The second bolt dropped on the ground —
"With what intent was that?"
Cried Gessler. Tell, with bow profound,
Replied, "To shoot that hat."



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

IT was at a martial funeral in Hoboken and the band was discoursing eloquent strains as the services were being finished.

At last the music stopped, — that is, all of it except the cornetist. He played one afterwards, all by himself, his instrument clinging to the same high note, while the people wondered what was coming next, and the band-master writhed in despair.

Still the cornetist kept on, although his breath was almost gone, and he had piped manfully for over a minute. His eyes began to bulge out, his cheeks weakened, and perspiration streamed down his face and wilted his collar. Then he gave up in despair, blew one last expiring toot as he took down his cornet, mopped his face with his handkerchief, and looked again at the sheet of music on his stand. "O Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" he groaned; "it was a horse-fly and I thought it was a note."

WHEN Papa Abraham delivered himself of his "Coming, oh, a-coming; coming a thousand strong," did he not indirectly refer to the justly famous Limburger?

TAYLOR-MADE — *The Boston Globe.*



LASTLY.

AND, lastly, fellow Oirishmen, let me urge yez niver to kape off hating our employers, those howlin' blagards o' wealth. Time was whin the poor son of Erin could tak' his glass of usquebaugh, and hav' money enough lift to buy another. But, by the soul of St. Patrick! such times are gone bye. Long ago, I remimber that Pat Mackoy said to Mike O'Brien, as he scanned him wid eyes red wid foive whiskeys, "Mike, where did yez git that red nose, Mike?"

"Smellin' ov your breath, Patsy," said Mike, with a wink.

But, alas! these rich men, these capitalists, thread us sons ov toil down to the ground, and hardly a pinny do they iver gave us. No more can Mike buy three glasses of usquebaugh at once! No more can Pat, wid his lovely red nose, kape up his position in society! The divil take our employers! May ivery *blessed* night that they live be *cursed*! May all the lizards and shnakes of Oireland torment thim! And whin they die, may they go sthraight to *that* place of damnation where whiskey niver gets cold! May the wurst ov tortures be inflicted upon thim — and may yez be there to see!

NO, Miss Annexa, Lampy does n't think that a lady should be considered an athlete, though she jumps at an offer.

AN OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE.

(MABEL, SOLILOQUIZING.)

A FIG for the sonnets and lyrics,
The flowers and Cupid-decked lace,
The oft-copied quatrains from Herrick,
Extolling one's "ruby-lipt face,"
The card which compares one to Venus,
And praises one's Dian-like grace!

If lovers the old-fashioned custom
Of Valentine's Day only knew,—
When each laddie stole in on his lassie,
Gazed into her eyes' liquid blue,
Then a kiss on her red lips imprinted—
Oh, that was a valentine true!

.

But there, just entering the doorway,
Comes Harold. I'll not make a sign
That I see him. A lace-covered billet
I suppose he will place 'fore my shrine.
He's at my side now — good gracious!
It's — an — *old-fashioned valentine*!



NOT A LARGE PRACTICE AS YET.

"How's young Quizby getting on in the law, Fred? Many clients yet?"

"Only one. The man had stolen a door-mat, and Quizby was defending him, and the poor chump got sent up for life. Quiz. never *was* cut out for a lawyer."



HARVARD HUMBUGS.

No. IX.—A GROUP OF FREAKS.

THE Freak is not only an interesting subject for observation, but one deserving careful and patient study—there are so many of him. For instance, there is the *Athletic Freak*, whose ambition it is to work every machine in the gymnasium industriously, in order to find out in which manner he would rather break a leg, — a success he does not attain to as often as others would wish. Industry untroubled by execration is his great characteristic. He goes on to the running-track and runs sprints in the opposite direction from that which everybody else pursues, and after having been knocked down and trampled on by half the University crew, he goes running just as cheerfully down-stairs, with an evident idea of decimating the Junior crew as they come up, — a sort of playful revenge which he gets the worst of, as they are ten to one and butt him into the wall, which, as visitors will remember, is made of a kind of sad, pale-yellow glazed brick. He now comes limping across the hall, and, breathless with haste and exertion, joins the Mott Haven team in its dumb-bell drill, till he is detected and hurled out. He then goes into individual research, — falling off ladders on to luckily convenient mattresses, colliding with passers-by while he flies about on the rings, dropping heavy bells on his feet, scorned, abused, and shouted at and trodden on to no purpose, till the gong sounds half past five; and even then his troubles are not over, for his curiosity tempts him to pull a little chain hanging from the ceiling of a small, cement-floored room; it is the cold shower!

The *Witty Freak* is first cousin to the other; he, too, has the family trait of persistence in the face of extreme popular dislike. Next to writing jocular letters to the *Crimson*, signed "93," or "A Harvard Man," he finds his keenest relish in the library. Once there, he merely passes from one huge jest to another. He begins at the "Query Slips," and, after having answered their questions as to the source of certain quotations, with "Mother Goose's Melodies," "Sweet Singer of Michigan," "John Q. Smith, B. C. 1794," etc., etc., he hangs up one himself, with a triumphant smile, reading, "Why is a Hen? p. 19228." Having surveyed his noble work with a chuckle, he then goes to the reading-room, gets down a volume of Carlyle, and begins to mark the margins to show to his grandchildren some day how, even when he was a Freshman, he had read and pondered. These remarks vary from incredulity to vehement disapproval; as, "(?),

(!), Oh!, Good!, How now?, Rot, Rubbish, Ass!, Rats!," etc., etc. After having indulged his love of argument, he takes out a volume of Chaucer, and, retiring to his room, for it is growing late, he painstakingly corrects in the margin all the errors of spelling in the "*Knight's Tale*," and returns it with a light heart, and a *mens sibi conscia recti*.

The *Oratorical Freak*, a brother of the half-blood, usually infests Union debates, where he continually rises to points of order, only to be ruled out by the speaker; but on great occasions, like foot-ball mass-meetings, he prepares with much labor a paper on the cultivation of turnips, and reads it through, without considering a moment the strain on his larynx.

There are also the *Mischievous Freak*, who defaces buildings; the *Scientific Freak*, who mixes gases in a reckless way and singes his eyebrows off; the *Religious Freak*, who is canvassing the beliefs of the College for the *Zion's Trumpet*; the *Inventive Freak*, who is always suggesting new fields for Harvard prosperity.

Why try to number them, when they are almost numberless? Why seek them out, when they are constantly obtruding themselves upon our notice? Because, even though it will lend no modesty to their demeanor, nor discouragement to their perverted energy, it is good to free one's mind of honest, whole-souled, hearty dislike and condemnation!

SCROGGS. — You look rather downcast, old man: anything of note happened to-day?

GROGGS. — Yes, mine for a thousand fell due, and I did not have a cent with which to pay it!

SOME one remarked a short time ago that the mid-years arouse a biased feeling. Alas! from the dampness of his towel-bound brow and the glare of his midnight oil, Lampy sorrowfully affirms that the examinations do arouse a "by us" feeling.


A LA LIFE.

NO QUESTION.

MISS FUTURA. — And do you think that young Lord N — is a man of sterling worth and character?

MRS. FUTURA. — Tut, tut, my dear! how can you ask such a question? His sterling worth is £1,000,000!





I LOVE THE USURER.

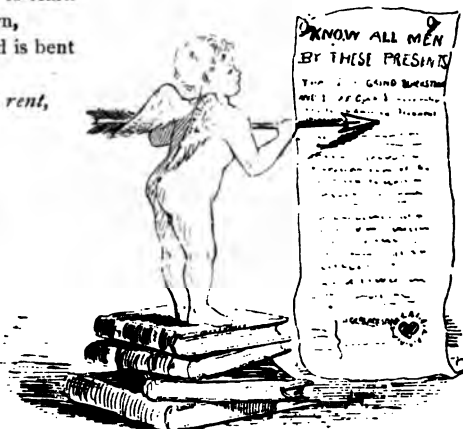
It is of the very nature and essence of fraud to elude all laws, and violate them in fact, without appearing to break them in form. — *Parsons on Contracts*, II., 769.

WITH patient eye again I trace
Back to the last-remembered place,
For thoughts have wandered, and I've read
A love-tale this half-hour, instead
Of what must some day bring me bread.

Heigho ! The more I strive to learn
How entry and ejectment turn,
The more my unwilling mind is bent
On *messuage* and *tenement*,
And *copyholds* and *tithes* and *rent*,

The plainer from each page I see
My Lady smiling out at me —
A face clear-cut as one which Greece
Would stamp upon a silver-piece,
Its gray eyes mocking at my peace !

O Love ! thou Usurer, who dost ask
Of me this Sisyphean task,
How shall I ever wring from thee
The wages of my constancy,
If thus thou spoil my work for me ?



AIRING HIS LATIN.

OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY. — How is the baby, Mr. Holworthy ?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY, '88. — Oh, he's sick with the grip, cries all night, and, as far as I am concerned, *requiescat in pace*.

OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY. — For shame, Mr. Holworthy ! would you wish your first-born to die ?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — Die, madam ? I do not comprehend. I merely remarked that my rest was in *pièces* !

A MORE DIFFICULT TASK.

JACK MATTHEWS (*after seeing his waiter*). — And what do you get to eat ? I suppose you have the "leavings."

WAITER NO. 27. — "Leavings," sah ? No sech easy work fer us, sah : it's "findings."

THE see level — About five feet five inches from ground.

OBJECT LESSON IN CHEM. A.

MAC MORIARTY (*to fellow-boarder and sufferer*). — What is the most striking example of the utter indestructibility of matter ?

SAL AMMONIAC (*briefly and sadly*). — Turkey at night — hashed chicken next morning.

NO GOOD !

TOM. — That dog no good ? Great Scott ! man, look at his points !

NED. — Yes, they're sticking out all over him.

WHEN people get on a tear they don't care a rip.

AN article hard to obtain — An A.



HE MEEK, SCAJACKQUADA CREEK.

A HINNY who brayed and piously prayed
Was the donkey, Scajackquada Creek;
You'd never suppose from the turn of his nose
That his nature was thoroughly meek.
But Scajackquada had long ago all the bad
Taken out of him by his fond wife,
Dear Mrs. Scajackquada, who had the knack
Of always abstaining from strife.

Now, Mrs. Scajackquada ne'er broke her back
Performing the household work,
But in tones sharp and flat, she said, "This and that
Must be done, and mind you don't shirk."
When her husband had heard this behest, not a word
Would he ever breathe forth in reply,
But he trotted around like a well-trained hound,
And tearfully choked down a sigh.

And the prettiest sight, on a midsummer's night,
That you ever could hope for to see
Is each little Scajack., astride of the back
Of his father, now shouting with glee.
And oft, as they ride, their mother with pride
Says, scratching her skin so sleek,
"Oh, a donkey who brays and piously prays,
Is my husband, Scajackquada Creek!"

NOT THE SAME.

FRENCH A, '93. — Yes, we have received your letter, and we take pleasure in stating (with the authority of the French department behind us) that "*je ne cache pas*" does not mean "I have no boodle, father."

"WHAT is mist?" asks an exchange. From our experience with humanity, we should say that it is generally an umbrella.

AN incongruous fact is that when a man has n't a red, he get's blue.

A HIGH-TONED (with apologies to Mr. B. Wendell) affair — A fife.

F ICTION founded on fact — A lady's bustle.

SOME fellows grow up — others down.

A HEADER — Absinthe.



COMEDY AND TRAGEDY; OR, THE APPLE-TREE AND THE SQUIRT-PUMP.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

MISS ROSEBUD had started, together with six of her intimate friends, a "newsboys' mission," as they were pleased to call it. Mrs. Rosebud had approved the design, and had commissioned Tompkins, the butler, to escort the young ladies to and from the far quarter of the North End, where the "mission" was located.

The first evening had gone off fairly well, owing to the superabundance of ice-cream which had been furnished, rather than to Miss Rosebud's delicate rendering of "Darby and Joan," and kindred selections. Everything promised well for the second evening, and a large crowd of hungry-looking boys were listening impatiently to a somewhat uncertain performance of the "Maiden's Prayer," by Miss Beaconhill, and thinking of, and discussing in subdued tones, the huge quantities of ice-cream they were going to dispose of later in the evening.

As the last strains of the piece were dying away (or, rather, dying out), two new boys came in, and, in a whisper of suppressed excitement, said something to those near the door. In a second there was a rush and a scramble for the stairs. Instinctively Miss Rosebud dashed after the fast-disappearing crowd, and caught the smallest one of them all, who had not been able to get out as fast as the others. With a slight tremor in her voice she said to him:—

"You can go in a moment, but tell me first what makes you all go out before the ice-cream?"

"John L. Sullivan is having a shave just round de corner, and we all wants to see him come out"; and he too was gone.

Three minutes later the lights had gone out, also, and seven dejected maidens were wending their homeward way, with the sedate Tompkins bringing up the rear.



CREW NOTES.

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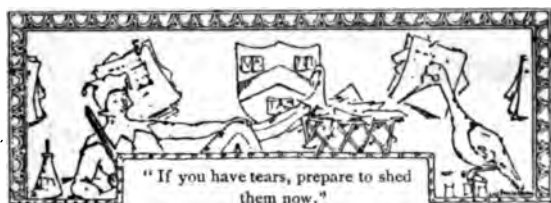
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SCENE: BLIND MAN WORKING A CRANK.

"Jack, what did you give that blind man a dime for, when you are so nigh broke yourself?"

"Do you think I'm going to let him see me walk away without giving him anything, and leave the impression that I am deaf, and have no appreciation of music." — *West Shore.*

CUSTOMER. — How is venison now?

BUTCHER. — Venison isn't deer, now.

CUSTOMER. — That's what I thought. Give me some veal. — *Puck.*



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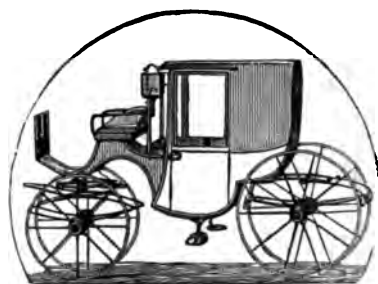
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HARVARD LAMPOON.

HOW TO RAISE BOYS.

Mrs. HOBBS (*parent of an infant terror, and several half-grown terrors*). — Well, Mr. Hobbs, since you are so dissatisfied with the way I am raising our darling Willie, maybe you will condescend to inform me how you would raise boys.

HOBBS. — Certainly, every boy ought to be kept in a hogshead and fed through the bung-hole until he is twelve years of age.

Mrs. HOBBS. — And when he reaches the age of twelve?

HOBBS. — Stop up the bung-hole. — *Time.*

IT LACKED IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. DE BOOM (*from Kansas City*). — An' you call that piece o' meat a beefsteak, eh?

WAITER. — Yes, sah.

Mr. DE BOOM. — Well, you jus' take it back; you hain't had time 'nuff to pound it with the hatchet yet, let alone fryin' it. — *Puck.*



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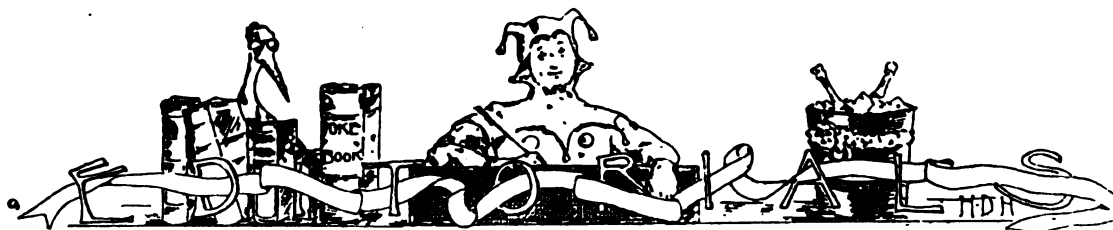




IN THE ART GALLERY.

SHE. — Do you believe in the archangels of Milton?

HE. — No; but I believe in the arch women of Brookline.



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 28, 1890.

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WITH this number we, the mighty host who will be known to posterity as the '90 Board, resign the sanctum key and retire into the background, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. We have done our little deeds and said our little says, and "cussed" our little curses, but we have turned out our regulation twenty numbers, and friends and relatives are cordially invited to step up and view the remains. How little the uninitiated, who have never taken a peep behind the scenes, know of the mighty and secret workings of the sanctum machinery! It all sounds so smoothly and runs off so easily, that the innocent Freshman imagines that jokes are the product of flippant and facetious minds, and come to the brilliant brains, whom you will find enumerated on the back of the index, like a divine inspiration; he even thinks an editor smiles at a joke. Ah, Snodkins! you little know of the sleepless nights we have passed trying to find for some ravishing sketch a joke which the self-sacrificing artist has kindly left our imagination to supply; you do not dream that those tender, heart-gushing verses, rich in pathos and warm in feeling, with which we have blessed your weary hours, were written when we owned only the ticket for our ulster, and the thermometer was so low that it would n't rise even in the presence of our honored president. Yes, we have passed through the valley of the shadow of

death and feared no evil, for the subscriptions were with us; and now we will make our farewell bow, step down and out, and "move on."

IN bidding good by to our esteemed Harvard contemporaries, we wish to congratulate them on the excellence of their sheets, and we feel that we can fairly say we have enjoyed them as much as any one. They are printed on good paper, they have come out on time, and the advertisements look as though they paid. In their respective fields they have no rivals in all Harvard University, and we bid them farewell with a lump in our throats and a receipted bill in our pocket.

HOORAY! the ice is broken! Two weeks ago we went into Mechanics' Hall to attend that indoor meeting of the Boston Athletic Association, and our lungs were fully aroused from their former state of lethargy. That Harvard carried off the prize it is, of course, unnecessary to state; we take that for granted. A New York man was heard to remark, "See Harvard; she can't help winning!" They carried us out, and after vigorous remedies had been tried we finally recovered; but it was a severe shock.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S paternal relation to this country has just been recognized by the stately and august authorities of this School for Scandal, and his memory has been accorded the most magnificent ovation that has taken place since the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Not only were recitations suspended,—and it is rumored that certain professors, whom we might mention did we not regard their names as sacred, died hard, and gave up the pleasure of hearing very entertaining discourses only after a severe struggle,—not only were these recitations suspended, but, wonder of wonders, the library was closed! This is doing things with a vengeance; and when the anniversary of Bunker Hill arrives we may expect to see the new gate locked and entrance refused to all those who cannot show their tickets. The Harvard Faculty never does things by halves.

DIFFERENT.

SPORT (*referring to a man who has just passed*). — Do you know who that is?

ANGLOMANIAC. — No.

SPORT. — That is the Belfast Spider.

ANGLOMANIAC (*enthusiastically*). — Noble pugilist!

SPORT (*quietly*). — He's from Belfast, Maine.

ANGLOMANIAC. — Miserable prize-fighter.

FACT.

PROFESSOR. — Gentlemen, my words are now proceeding out of my mouth with the velocity of a cannon ball.

BOGGSY (*to FOGGSY*). — Wonder if that's what is called "shooting off your mouth"!

DISAPPOINTED.

MRS. LINDEN. — But your milk never yields a particle of cream.

MILKMAN. — Ah, mum! The cream is so thick it falls to the bottom.

SHE. — O Mr. Breezy! I thought I knew all the slang there was, but I'm so disappointed. Tell me, what does it mean for a man to have a beautiful gilt-edged jag'n?

A RIPPING business — That of the rag sorter.

YES, X. Y. Z., the best way to root out moonlighters is to go on the still hunt.



ENERGETIC.

MRS. MULCAHEY. — Shure, an' I don't see how yez can have the inergy to walk round the counthry day after day.

TRAMP (*eying his dilapidated boots*). — Ah, mum, there's nary a man that puts more sole into his humble occupation than me.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, "I see the *Ninety Crimson* Board has retired."

"Well, what of it?" retorted the Jester; "that's the best thing to do when you get sleepy."

"I wish I was a keg of vinegar, and could dream of foam and mother," mused the Bird.

"If you ever are," returned the Jester, "I wish somebody would leave the bung-hole open and let you dry up."

"I wish you'd give me some beer and let me wet down," answered the Ibis, sarcastically.

"Oh, whet your appetite!" exclaimed Lampy, with great irony.

The Ibis ground his teeth on a newspaper file, and, but for this, all was quiet.

"Lampy," he said, finally, when he had overcome his feelings, "it's Lent."

"If you say anything about an umbrella," exclaimed the Jester, threatening, "there'll be some ribs broken somewhere."

"That's all right," answered the Ibis, confidently; "but, I say, though," he added, "do you realize that this is *Ninety's* last number?"

"Is that so?" asked Lampy, with a smile; "why don't they make it a *Ninetyclimax*?"

"They have," answered the Ibis, sadly.



A HAPPY SOLUTION.

'T WAS on the summer coast of Maine
I met a winsome maid, and fain
Were I to sing her praise, but shame
Withholds me, for these verses lame
Her subtle charms could ne'er explain;
And many a love-sick country swain
Carries her image in his brain.

But one word broke the spell, — her name, *Jemima Jenks*!

And while I pondered, filled with pain
That this should make her beauty vain,
An inspiration to me came:
I married her; — as *Mrs. Graham*

You scarcely now would know again *Jemima Jenks*.

CORRECT.

"MARRIAGE," said Prof. Goosegg, "is rapidly becoming a matter of business. The highest bidder takes the prettiest girl, the most aristocratic man marries the richest woman. Money is the tie which binds two souls together. Alas! that it is so! Alas! that riches govern love! Alas! that —"

"But you forget," interrupted Jack Mathews, "that marriage is but two for assent!"



APROPOS.

ANGLOMANIAC. — But, ah, me good fellah! you've given me back a Canada quarter.

AGENT. — Aw say, cully, that's all right: that's English, yer know!



"EVEN AFTER THE ICE WAS BROKEN THERE STILL REMAINED A SLIGHT COOLNESS BETWEEN THEM."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

Translated from the French of La Fontaine.

THE other day a wolf met a lamb, and took him to task for attempting to bleat in a tenor key.

"Your voice is as barren and unprofitable as the New England hills," said the wolf.

"But, like them, in a high state of cultivation," replied the lamb.

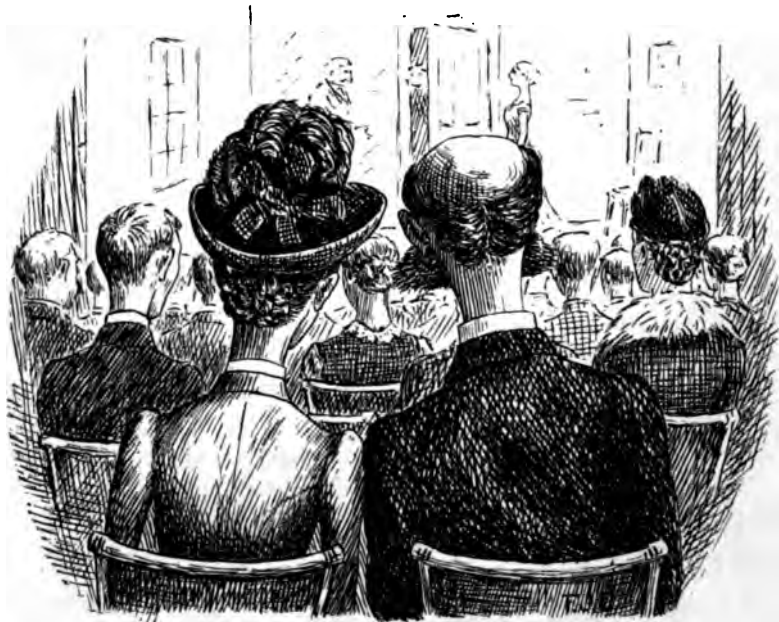
"It reminds me of the snorting of a sick horse," continued the wolf.

"Neigh," said the lamb.

"Or like the yowling of a tomcat," the wolf went on.

"Yes," said the lamb, "I always was a follower of the mews."

At this the wolf promptly fainted, while the lamb ran merrily away.



PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

A THEATRE STUDY.

"MY business is looking up," remarked the astronomer.



THE TENTH AND LAST.

APOLOGIA.

THERE is no one in the entire world who is not, in some corner of his heart, deceiving somebody; perhaps a professor, in a superficial and showy splutter of knowledge in a blue book; perhaps a tradesman, with a vague promise of early payment; perhaps a stranger, with a little swell of the chest, a swagger air, and a haughty look; perhaps a sweetheart, with false oaths and assumed virtues; perhaps — himself, with any one of the thousand self-deceits the devil tempts us with.

How many of the best of us have no pet delusion about ourselves hugged up to our hearts — some comfortable pharisaical gratitude that we are not like other men, that at least *our* "form," *our* manners, *our* piety, *our* morality, *our* wisdom, *our* wit, or *our* good judgment are at least unimpeachable? Who follows Socrates, and admits he knows nothing? — admits it, too, not as a mere phrase, with a mental wink and chuckle, but with real humility and honesty? Who abstains, even in his heart, from censuring and mocking at others?

As long as these weaknesses live in the human spirit, so long will satirists portray their most striking excesses, which are certainly nowhere more apparent than in a large community of very young men. The license of the satirist to criticise and condemn is granted him, as serving to the good of the greatest number; but he himself is no whit less vulnerable than the slimmest butt of his shafts, and he should hope for himself not only charity for his railing but correction for his offending.

These types that I have drawn were, as I said in my first sketch, those that impressed themselves upon me most vividly and most disagreeably during my college life. I hope I have dealt fairly with them, in spite of my prejudices.

It is said that if Lew Wallace had been Rider Haggard, "She" would have "Ben Hur."



A ROMAN PUNCH.

A FEW OF MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

REVISED FOR THE BENEFIT OF HARVARD COLLEGIANS.



Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The sports come back from town,
Some in rags,
But more in jags,
At which the Dean doth frown.

"Rich man, rich man, whither dost cavart?
"Up into my chamber to drink my rich old port."
"Shall I go with thee?" "No, thou swipe, not now;
When I am in need of swipes, then come thou."

(Apropos of those who flunk an Exam. in ten minutes.)

THE prince of sports, and several other men,
Went into the exam's and soon came out again.



Ha! ha! black sheep!
Have you any oats?
Yes, sir, all wild,
As my face denotes.
Some I've sowed in Gotham,
The York of great renown,
But most of all I've sowed them
In fair old Boston town.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
I am Cornell's rowing dog, -
Bow, wow, wow.

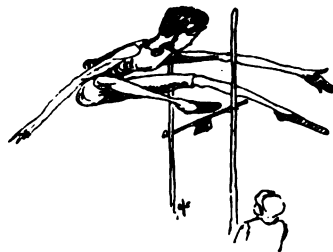
('90, Speaking.)

"Goosey, goosey, Freshman,
Whither do you wander,
Up the stairs to Uni. 5,
Into my lady's chamber?"



(Apropos of Fearing's high jumping.)

Richmond is nimble,
Richmond is quick,
Richmond jumped over the cross-bar stick.



('93, Speaking.)

"Up to see the Sec., because
I haven't been to lectures,
And I'm afraid he'll pull my leg
And make some compound fractures."

Scribble, scribble, grinding, my son John,
His Mid-Year marks he sees not with glee,
For one was a D and t'other was an E, -
Scribble, scribble, grinding, my son John.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does the Annex go?"
"You make me weary with your query,
Now, would n't you like to know?"



Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of a little Freshmun;
He must grind his bones until he's dead,
But if he gets E, why, "off with his head!"

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The devil take that clock;
For though it's twelve
I still must delve, -
Hickory, dickory, dock!





MARJORIE is seventeen,
Of dignified and stately mien;
Yet hearts undone
She holds within her gentle sway,
And smiles in glee that people say
She's twenty-one.

But summer roses droop and fade,
And there will come a time, fair maid,
When you, I ween,
Will sigh at time as others do,
And wish the world would reckon you
At seventeen.

APROPOS OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

I WAS lounging in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, one day, looking at the various pictures which represent scenes in American history. As I stood in front of a large oil-painting representing Cornwallis's surrender to Washington, up came old Uncle 'Lijah. Uncle 'Lijah gazed long and earnestly at the picture and then turned to me, and said, in a dry, philosophical tone, "Huh! Gen'al Cornwallis! never see sech nonsense! He done ought to be called Gen'al *Cobwallis*, for Gen'al Washington done shot all de corn off, and nuffin but de cob left!"

I GAVE myself away," began Smithkins the other day.

And then his unsympathizing friend remarked that it was n't much of a present after all.

FROM the crib to the grave — The average joke.

SHE KNEW.

TEACHER. — Can you think, my dear, of anybody who was noted for demanding an "Unconditional surrender?"

GRACIE SMITH (*whose father is hen-pecked*). — Yes, ma'am, my mother.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*trying to grow a mustache*). — Say, Tom, does it show at all?

TOM THAYER (*seriously*). — Well, yes, a little; but never mind, I don't think any one will notice it.

TOM. — Yes, that bond will be very difficult to redeem.

DICK. — What bond? U. S. 1901 4 per cents.

TOM. — No, Tuffy Smith, the vagabond.

DON'T make sarcastic remarks, Johnny, if you see the washing hanging out in the yard of Beck. What if the fellows *do* do their own washing? Don't sneer at poverty.

ALAS! How poor is Father Time's credit in this world! For all the inhabitants thereof take no note of Time.



SHE FORGOT.

HE (*sadly*). — Do you suppose we shall ever see each other again?

SHE (*softly*). — In heaven, I hope,—oh! I forgot, though: you are in Yale, aren't you?

A MODERN METAMORPHOSIS.

1880.

I LOOKED into eyes half hidden
 By a drooping, enchanting curl,
 And thought there was no one more lovely
 Than this ten-year-old barefoot girl.
 For she bade me a shy good-morning,
 As we met on the rustic road,
 With a shake of her clustering tresses,
 Which obeyed no society code.

As I gazed at those cheeks so dimpled, —
 Although I'm a lawyer grave, —
 I could not resist the impulse,
 So I stooped and a kiss I gave.
 And ever in Memory's dwelling
 Will live this barefoot miss,
 Her rustic beauty arousing
 The memory of that kiss.

1890.

I had *not* thought of metamorphosis
 When I wrote, ten years ago,
 Of the barefoot girl I admired,
 With cheeks of healthful glow.
 Alas, that I ever kissed her!
 For the cars, with their dusty whirl,
 One day brought her into the city,
 And she's now my type-writer girl!



UNACCOMMODATING.

GUSSIE DONKEIGH. — Aw, I say, fellah! won't you — aw — kindly wun and procuah me — aw — a pack of cigawettes?

TERRY MCGLAGGERTY (*one of the future great*). — Naw, I won't: dey don't sell coffin nails any more to kids under sixteen, like me an' you, see?

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A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

FIRST STRAYED REVELLER. — Tell y' what, Bob, I'm 'fraid to go home: in' wife sinell liquor on me, sure.

SECOND STRAYED REVELLER. — Hold y'r breath.

FIRST STRAYED REVELLER. — Can't do it, Bob, can't do it: it's too strong. — *Munsey's Weekly.*

A VALUABLE HAND.

"Yes," said the operator, "Suggsy is the only man on the line who, when he sees a thunder-bolt coming along, can mount the telegraph pole and cut the wire on each side of it and let it drop to the ground. He's saved our lives several times that way. — *Light.*

"I see you are growing bald; what do you attribute it to?"
"Hard study."

"Why do you study so hard?"

"Trying to solve the problem of making a living without work." — *West Shore.*

NEW REPORTER (from the Cornell School of Journalism to City Editor). — How shall I head this column article about the suppression of the organ grinders by the mayor?

CITY EDITOR. — Head it "Organic Composition in the Air." — *Every Other Week.*



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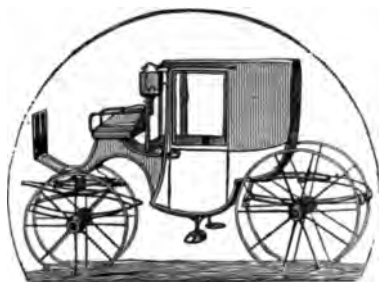
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AN EPITAPH.

The wrong way, all because he laughed,
Went down the deadly fish-bone.
And now he holds aloft a shaft
Of marble on his wish-bone.

R. K. M., in *Puck*.

"That's derved fine," said Farmer Squedunk, as he gazed up at the sign, "Teeth Extracted Without Pain — Gas Administered." "That's very pooty. I've got the blamedest, orneriest toothache ever was, but I read the papers, I do, and I know that derved gas trick: put you to bed, and turn on the gas. Next day there's an inquest, and a verdict: 'Another fool countryman gone.'" — *Puck*.



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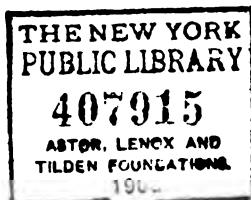
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LENTEN MARTYRDOM.

MISS DE FORREST. — I thought you were going to give up pleasures during Lent, but here you are smoking again.

MR. DIANON. — My dear Miss De Forrest, this is not a pleasure, but a duty which I owe to myself. I am trying to keep from swearing and slang and I make the struggle as hard as possible by smoking Jack Poorgote's cigars.



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THE annual shifting of the governing board of the LAMPOON from one class to another is over. The cap and bells fall from the shoulders of '90 upon those of '91, the bawble is passed along like the fabled Greek torch, the Ibis pecks querulously at the new visitors to the sanctum, the froth rises from the toby, and the little den, blue with smoke, murmurs busily with jokes and laughter: another volume has begun! Suc-

cess to our predecessors! They were worthy gentlemen, who labored for the love of their art and their college. May we never shame their memory!

IT is droll how the newspapers feel compelled to dwell upon the colleges, by the way. Their quarrels, real or imaginary; their hazing, fictitious or otherwise; their societies, manners and customs, are something which the "plain people" find as unfailling of interest as the life and habits of any other strange people, the Kalmuck Tartars, for instance. It is this curiosity that sends so many people up into the gallery at Memorial to see some men eat beef; that brings young and foolish virgins to simulate worship at vespers, or take constitucionals on North Avenue about five; that attracts crowds to every game or exhibition at Cambridge, and that makes newspaper exaggeration of trifles here and at our sister colleges so avidly devoured by the stupid public. We can expect nothing else, brothers, for we are marked men, and our detractors are legion; and, though we may groan when one paper devoted to sport prints a fiction about "the crimson's traditional hostility to the purple and white," and a pretentious folio labels a separate photograph of '92's crew "Harvard 'Varsity," let the memory of our conspicuousness of position keep us from undignified and useless controversy.

THE *Crimson* and Glee Club are at their annual *pas de divertissement*. We suggest that the Glee Club go into publishing a good college daily, and the *Crimson* editors, led by their silver-voiced ex-president, into the forming of a first-quality glee club. For while each seems to know every detail of the other's business absolutely, there is a general opinion that neither fully knows its own. Somebody has evidently "mixed those babies up." Will the Faculty or the S. P. C. C. interfere?

A CHICAGO man will blush a rosy red nowadays when he hears any one singing, "None but the brave deserve the Fair."

BLOOD WILL TELL.

"BEFORE I give you this piece of pie," said the benevolent lady to the travel-stained tramp, "you must say grace."

"Madam," said the tramp, sorrowfully, "I have suffered much, I have endured privations of every kind, but I cannot bring myself to submit to these restrictions upon food stuffs."

BREAK AWAY.

FIRST LINK. — I wish we could break away from this: I am positively worn out.

SECOND LINK. — Impossible: there is a watch near us; and besides, we are chained.

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

STRANGER. — Can you tell me where Austin Hall is?

H. H., '91. — Have you tried Leavitt & Pierce's? He might be there.

KNEW IT ALL.

FRESHLY, '93. — Yes, I travelled in Germany for a year, Prof. Hochzeit.

PROF. H. — Ach! und so you must know very mooch abowit Chermanee.

FRESHLY, '93. — Well, to tell the truth, Professor, I have learned more about German E in the mid-years than I did abroad.



LOST HIS CUE.

FIRST SOPRANO. — What made you miss that high C last night?

SECOND SOPRANO. — That idiot of a tenor forgot to squeeze me at the right time.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, who was sucking the paste brush, deep in thought, "can't high-toned people live in a tenor-ment?"

"Certainly," replied the Jester, mechanically; "so can low-down people live in a bass-ment, can't they?"

"Well," assented the Bird, "I suppose so. Speaking of celery beds, though," he added, "can you tell me why you are like a cigar?"

"Because I am on every one's lips, I suppose," answered Lampy, with a satisfied smile.

"Because you are so easily puffed up you make any one who is n't used to you sick," retorted the Ibis.

"Bier for one," said Lampy, producing two six-shooters, and ringing for an undertaker.

"That's all right," answered the Ibis, pulling out a tack with his claw and offering it to the Jester, "have an ale on me."

"I'll teach the young idea how to shoot off his mouth," muttered the Jester, threateningly.

"If you're teacher," cried the Bird, seizing the ink-bottle and firing it at Lampy's eye, "what has struck the pupil?"

However, as the ink had been purchased of the Co-operative Society, it came high and missed its aim. There was an affecting reconciliation, and white-winged peace floated in like dead codfish and perched upon the beer-keg.



"HAUNT ME NOT SO RUTHLESSLY."

EYES of blue, and golden hair,
 Deep vermilion, rich and rare,
 Of those closely loving lips,
 Pearly glow of finger tips,
 Cheeks of cream and cheeks of roses,
 O most delicate of noses,
 Ears like sea-shells on the sands,
 Dimples of those clasping hands,
 Bosom swelling full and free
 With a rounded chastity,
 Haunt me not so ruthlessly.
 O thou grandly framed brow,
 Others are not cruel as thou;
 Others always let me see
 Sweeter subtleties in thee;
 But thy presence doth displace
 Charm of every other face.
 Ever sweet and cruel to me,
 Haunt me not so ruthlessly.



A PUT-UP JOB.

SCRILLINS. — Heard about Henpeckledon? The poor fellow was the victim of a put-up job.

BILLINS. — You don't say so! Robbed?

SCRILLINS. — No; worse than that: he had to hang pictures for his wife.

SCENE IN FRONT OF MR. ROONEY'S
PRODUCE STALL.*Dramatis Personæ*: MR. ROONEY and MRS. CLANCY.

MR. ROONEY. — Good morn-
in' t' yez, Mrs. Clancy!
An' how does be the kid?

MRS. CLANCY (*enthusiastic*). —
Ah, the little rabbit! He's as fresh
and bloomin' as —

MR. ROONEY (*bracing*). — The
color an yer own cheeks, Mrs.
Clan —

MRS. CLANCY. — Ah! go an out
o' dthis, now. You're the one for
the blarney, though. But where did
ye git thim foine large pitathers?
An' were they dug near town,
mebbe?

MR. ROONEY (*contemptuously*).
— Naw! Thim ain't no pitathers!
Don't you know better than —

MRS. CLANCY (*irate*). — Arrah!
Can't Oi see wud me two eyes? an'

if I could n't d'ye t'ink —

MR. ROONEY (*forcibly*). — Thim do be cocoa-nuts.
Any one your age ought to —

MRS. CLANCY (*passionately*). — Get out o' dthis, ye
monkey-faced goo! Mockathauga! but yez can be
down an your knees a long time befoore yez iver'll
get the thrade av Mrs. Clancy ag'in. Ya! ye taffy-
eyed mick, d'ye t'ink Oi don't know pitathers, even
av they do hov phwhiskers an thim? [*Exit.*]

LAWYER STRANGE (*to his wife*). — When I die
you must have nothing but the inscription, "Here
lies an honest lawyer," put on my tombstone.

MRS. STRANGE. — But people won't know who you
are.

LAWYER STRANGE. — Oh, yes they will; they will
say, "Why, that's *strange*."

I N order to show how broadening and highly in-
structive is a common-school education of the
present day we append an extract from a Cape Cod
prize composition on Immigration, which reads as
follows: "An immigrant is a pheasant in Europe, who
knows little or nothing about life or government."

"I SEE I am likely to have a brush with the en-
emy," said the fox as he observed that the dogs
had struck his trail.

ONE FOR TWO.

FIRST WIT (*to conductor, as he feels in his pocket
for fare*). — Can one pay for two?

CONDUCTOR. — No dif. to me, so long as it's paid.
(*Youth presents a cent.*)

CONDUCTOR. — What's this?

YOUTH. — Why, that's one cent. You said that
one could pay for two.

(*Exit Wit and his friend, who perform rest of jour-
ney on foot.*)

JACOB KNICKENHAUSER. — Mein frient, you
can't buy dis suit ub town for five times as much.
CUSTOMER. — Good gracious! Is it as bad as all
that?



CRUSHED.

D'HORSEY, '93. — That off horse seems to interfere a
little, don't he?

DRIVER (*decisively*). — Guess he don't interfere with no
one but himself.



WET ENOUGH.

"Have you ever been in Venice?"

"No; you see, I live in Cambridge."

LAMPY AS A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

MOTHER *Advocate* was sick last Sunday, and asked Lampy to take her Sunday-school class. She didn't say what the matter with her was, but Lampy guessed she had just seen some criticisms of herself, which appeared in the *Crimson* the first part of the year. At any rate, she had a headache, and Lampy agreed to take the class of "bright young Freshmen," as she called them.

Promptly on the hour Lampy appeared at the Sunday school, and was ushered by the superintendent to his class of seven hopeful Freshmen. After a pleasant "good-morning" to the boys, Lampy took his seat, without wincing, upon a bent pin, and thereby scored one on the class. He cleverly extracted the pin unnoticed, and then put his first question.

"Who was the first man?" he asked, with a winning smile.

As no one seemed to know, it became evident that Lampy would have to answer the question himself. After deliberation, he informed the class that the

weight of authority was in favor of George Washington, as he was notoriously first in three points, and that three points seemed, so far, to be the record. He added that the late holiday by the college should have reminded the class of George Washington.

In order to make the lesson interesting, Lampy proposed to give a nickle to the boy who answered the next question correctly. At the unanimous request of the class, he kindly consented to make it a dime, as he had a Canadian one in his pocket. The class waited in breathless eagerness, while Lampy thought up the next question; finally it came.

"What was the promised land?" asked Lampy.

"Oklahoma!" yelled the bright boy at the head of the class.

"The new athletic field!" replied the aspirant for the Varsity nine, who had been surreptitiously reading "Play Ball" behind his coat until he heard the generous offer of the teacher.

The question was evidently a sticker, as no one else seemed to have an answer. When Lampy was sure

that the bids were all in, he mentally weighed with care the claims of the two claimants, and decided, on grounds of encouraging athletics, in favor of the new field. The dime was handed over, and, to Lampy's relief, the boy did n't notice its nationality.

The next question was announced to be a more general one. It was, "What do you know of the Bible?"

There was a long pause. Nobody seemed to know anything. Lampy was getting very nervous, for fear he would have to answer it himself. At last the bright boy remarked that they had n't had the Bible yet in English A, but that Prof. Hill was going to criticise it later in the year. Lampy promptly responded that he should n't think of anticipating Prof. Hill's instruction, and intimated that the learned professor would without doubt be able to find much to say on the subject.

He proposed to put one more question, on morals, and then dismiss the class: "What is the chief requisite for a good man?" he asked.

"Sand!" answered the class in chorus.

As there seemed to be unanimity of opinion, Lampy didn't deem it judicious to differ from the majority, and expressed much pleasure at the exhibition of knowledge. Then he arose, and thanking the class for their respectful attention, dismissed them. On his return to the sanctum, he was pleased to find that the Ibis fully indorsed his administration.



WELL TURNED.

SHE. — Dear me! My shoe is untied.

HE. — But surely you don't mind such a little thing as that.

THE MAIDEN AND THE LAW PILL.

SHE.

DO you ever, while in Cambridge, Mr. Blackstone, indulge in sparring and such fine athletic sports?

HE.

When two men fight, though each consent, yet each is liable. See any leading writer on the law of torts.

SHE.

I hear your cousin, Mr. Light-head, Mr. Blackstone, is just engaged; now is the story really true?

HE.

A contract with a lunatic is always voidable.

See 25 Queen's Bench Division, page 52.

SHE.

They say, but tell me, what do *you* think, Mr.

Blackstone, that seals on letters have been going out of late?

HE.

An instrument, when under seal, needs no consideration.

Meeson and Wellesby, Vol. II., page 68.

SHE.

What awful weather we've been having, Mr. Blackstone! Now don't you think it looks as though 't were going to pour?

HE.

The evidence, I think, is hardly satisfactory. Six Common Bench, new series, pages 3 and 4.

SHE.

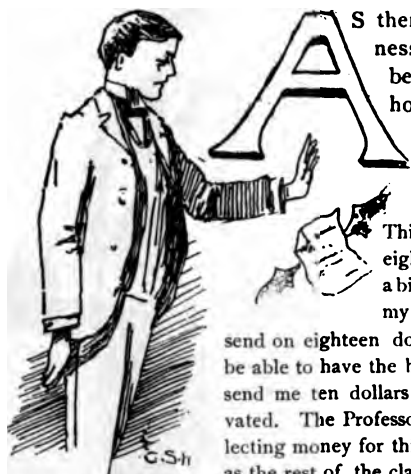
It's very late: I must be going, Mr. Blackstone. Remember you have promised that you'll call some day.

HE.

I am afraid that promise is a *nudum pactum*. Pollock on Contracts, page 121, note a.



JUST A FLYER.



There is considerable sameness in the letters we have been compelled to write home, asking for money, we welcome an innovation:—

MY DEAR FATHER,—

This morning, about half past eight, a balmy south wind blew a bill for eighteen dollars through my door. If you would kindly

send on eighteen dollars' worth of wind, I may be able to have the bill blown out again. Also, send me ten dollars to help have Delphi excavated. The Professor of my Greek course is collecting money for this purpose, and if I don't do as the rest of the class are doing—that is, subscribe—I'm not likely to C higher than D.

Ever your loving son,

MATTHEW WELD.

WHAT THEY NEED.

SQUIGGSBY.—Did you hear they were feeding the Freshman crew on sugar?

WIGGSBY.—No; what for?

SQUIGGSBY.—Oh, to get some sand into them, I suppose.

TOM.—What did Prof. X. give you in English A? B?

DICK.—Yes, the G. B.

CHICKENS are a sort of to-melancholia-inclined species, in that they often sit apart and brood.

A SLIGHT affair—Cutting one's acquaintance on the street.

SHAKING for drinks—The tremulous toper.

A MAHOGANY knocker—Peter Jackson.

EXPENSIVE.

SCENE: A Railway Station.

RUSTIC PARTY (to Chicago hustler).—What's the fare worth to Chicago?

CHICAGO HUSTLER.—My dear sir, millions could n't buy it.

EXCHANGE ECHOES.

MISS SEMPHRONY SNAGGS, of the Woman's Exchange Bureau, wishes to know the best way to retain a gentleman's affections. We have, heaven knows! but a small knowledge of love matters in any form, but should suggest that the best way to retain a gentleman's affections is never to return them.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

AMERICAN TOURIST (falling out of jaunting car).—Damnation!!!

WIFE (reprovingly).—Oh, don't swear so, my dear!

AMERICAN TOURIST (crawling).—I was only referring to the Irish race.

A BIT of irony—A laundered shirt.



A BAD SLIP.

GENTLEMAN.—I see by your cap that you are a veteran. How did you feel when they "let slip the dogs of war"?

"STONEWALL" CASSIDY (the vagrant).—I didn't see no "dogs of war." The dogs of peace they let slip nowadays are the ones I have to git from.



DE BLACKVILLE SOCIETY FOR DE
FURDERATION OB COLLEGE
EDUCATION.

MEETING THE FIRST.

(Brudder Jones in de Chair.)

ABIN' bin 'lected," said Brudder Jones, "to de important posishun ob president ob dis yere society, I rise, as de dry-goods seller does, to make a few remarks. 'What am dis yere society foundationed fur?' Dat is de fust qeshun I am axed by de 'sembled brudders. 'Fur de furderation ob college education among de people ob Blackville,' say I. An what good is dis yere?

"You all done remember de time when Quinladius Jason, dat colored gemman frum de Norf, war heah. You dun 'member dat de 'possum tracks war thick in de ole co'nfield, and dat each an' ebery one o' you war hankerin' arter a piece ob de rich an' tender 'possum flesh. Who war it, gemmen, dat shot de fust 'possum frum de tippermust top ob de hick'ry tree dat moonshine night when we went out huntin' wid de dogs? Who war it dat bagged de most 'possums dat 'ere night, and walked along wid a jubilee 'spreshun a-gleamin' in his eye? Who war it, brudders, dat, after de 'possum meat had dun been broiled on de coals and were a-simmering and a-sizzling befoh us war able to eat twice as much ob de flesh as any ob de odders? Who war it? Dis yere Quinladius Jason, it war. And who war he? He war a college-educated man, dat's what he war. He went to de college up at Princeton, dat's what he did; and *dat's* what college education did fur him.



"An' again, does you all 'member de watermelon season ob last yeah, when Mars Bole's melons were a'most ripe? when ebery one ob you war a 'sh-'sh-ing wid yer moufs, a-tinking ob de time when you might be a-lushin' in de melon patch on de fust moonshine night? An' do you 'member how dat 'ar ornery nigger, Cicero Sidwiggah, also frum de Norf, dun went into de melon patch one night befoh us, and got de ten best melons; — a-lushed dar' fur two hours widout gettin' de cramps, an' dareby made de rest ob us sick an' sad at heart? And who war dis yere Ci-

cero Sidwiggah? He war a college-educated man, dat's what he war. He went to de college up at Yale, dat's what he did; and *dat's* what college education did fur him."

Brudder Tompkins here offered a resolution of thanks to the president for the able manner in which he had presented the benefits of a college education to his fellow-citizens, and also moved that at the next meeting of the society it should then be deliberated upon how the blessings of a college education could be best secured to the inhabitants of Blackville and their posterity. Both of these resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote.

"It hab been resoluted an' pah'sed," said Brudder Jones, "dat we leave de furder consideration ob a college education till de next meetin' ob de society. Dar bein' no furder bizness befoh de house, we will now adjorn till two weeks frum to-day, after fust singin' de followin' song, written by Brudder Clark."

QUINLADIUS. (AIR: "Methusalem.")

Oh, a jumpin' dat is merry,
Like de hoppin' ob a berry,
Is de attitude ob eb'ry darky jigger;
But fahster den dis common cuss,
An' quicker den de hotel 'bus,
Could jump and run Quinladius,
De jolly college nigger!

CHORUS:

O Quinladius, Quinladius, Quinladius, O!
Quinladius, de jolly college nigger!

Oh, to dig wid axe an' crow-ba',
Or to dig wid spade and no bar,
Is de way ob a'most eb'ry darky digger:
But wid teef instead ob shovel, den,
Quinladius would be workin' when
He had a melon or a hen, —
Dis jolly college nigger!

CHORUS:

O Quinladius, Quinladius, Quinladius, O!
Quinladius, de jolly college nigger!

WHEN "Kajanka" comes back to Boston again the programme will bear the following: "Operaglasses and blushes to let in the lobby."

ANON-COMMITTAL answer — "Not guilty."

AN able spokesman — The accomplished bicyclist.



**NOT LUBIN'S.**

A WELL-DRESSED man drove up to the door of the Collateral Loan Company's office the other day, and as he was in a state of superinduced mental excitement, was assisted up the steps by the cabman and the colored porter. When he had arrived inside the office he removed his hat for the execution of a Lord Chesterfield bow, and signified a wish to see the president. The president was busy, and could not be interrupted, so the head bookkeeper tried to get him out, as he was disturbing every one by his remarks on the state of the weather and kindred topics. Finally the bookkeeper told him that he'd got into the wrong place, to which the man replied, —

"Shir, you labor under misapprehenshun. I know that thish ish the office of the Lateral Cologne Company jush as well as you do."

And then he kept right on waiting for the president.

[From the Sporttown Evening Grab and Gabber.]

MAYOR'S COURT.**A LONG LIST OF LOVERS OF LUSH.****TUMBLED INTO THE TUNNEL.**

THE Mayor's first case this morning was that of Alek Jonsan, who, while drunk yesterday afternoon, fell kerslap into the Union Street tunnel. He was picked up by officers Tough and Dougher and taken to the *city hospital*. He escaped bodily injury. His Honor docked him \$7.50, and he had to go back to the cells to await the arrival of a friend.

The old case of our school days turned up this morning. John and James Snodgrass, two Dutchmen up in the third ward, engaged in a fight in Hirtzler's saloon. John was drunk; John struck James, and James was struck by John. Officers Conroy and Sullivan collared the belligerents and landed them in the cooler; \$8.60 apiece.

Jasper Brown, plain drunk, paid \$8.60, and sneaked off.

Comely Murray, a well-dressed fellow, incarcerated for undue intoxication, paid for his lodging and bade adieu.

The other drunks were unable to pay the ransom, and were returned to the blackhole.

Mary Geachy, a woman with an appetite for booze, gratified her appetite last evening, and about 8.30

began to raise a racket on Cemetery Avenue, and was run in for safe-keeping. She deposited her timepiece, and was allowed to travel.

James Harmony, while beery, was bagged by Officer Beery, and locked up; \$8.60, and he glided.

OVERHEARD AT THE "COOP."

LIBSEY, '93. — Theme card, please.

CLERK. — One cent, sir. Anything more?

LIBSEY, '93. — No; Number 634.

PERFECTLY killing — A successful execution.

IN the dumps — The ash man.

**BUSINESS-LIKE.**

MR. HACHSTEIN. — Jacob! Jacob! how often haf I told you not to put an bay rum on your hair? You vill haf to get your hair cut too often.

JACOB. — Ach, fader! it is not bay rum, but some preperation which vil make me bald. Den I vill not haf to get mein hair cut.

MR. HACHSTEIN. — Ach, Jacob! you vill make a great man.

PROPHECIES FOR BILLY.

BILL was a bold moonlighter
 And he mooned in the Georgia hills,
 Where the cinnamon bark and the wail of the shark
 Were the only night-wandering thrills;
 When over the trees in the night-soughing breeze
 The bats sang their holiday chime;
 But the fly and the gnat were horribly flat,
 And the beetle was off on his time.

And Kate was the wife of his bosom,
 And cheerily lighted she,
 With her husband Bill at his Bourbon still,
 To the tune of the chickadee;
 And Ned was the nag that carried the swag,
 With his black Bellerophon rider,
 And Wiggle, Waggle, Wee, were the children three,
 Brought up upon whiskey and cider.

Now you know this family's story,
 And you know how they kept still,
 For the grave of the cop who came up to the top
 May be seen on a neighboring hill.
 And Billy is meant to be President
 In nineteen hundred and none,
 And Bellerophon and she, and Wiggle, Waggle, Wee,
 Will be there to see the fun.



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN (*just arrived*).—How many Irish people there seem to be in New York!

SECOND ENGLISHMAN (*just arrived*).—Well, do you know, I just heard some one say that it is called Manhattan Ireland.

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EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.

PASSENGER (*to street-car driver*).—That man who just got off the car is Prof. Vasthead. He's a wonderful man; he knows as much as any one in this country.

STREET-CAR DRIVER (*incredulously*).—Ah, come off! He jumped off the car on his two feet.—*Puck*.

"AWFUL accident at the museum."

"What was it?"

"The wild dog from Borneo got loose last night and ate up three quarters of the ossified man while he slept."

"Does the ossified man know it?"

"No; they're afraid to tell him."—*Life*.

GROCER.—What kind of tea did you ask for, madam?

CUSTOMER.—Five-o'clock tea, please. I hear that's the most stylish now.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

A MAN is certainly most financially embarrassed when he cannot look upon the face of a dollar.—*Light*.

McGOGGINS calls his room on the tenth floor a princely apartment, on account of its royal highness.—*Light*.



WHAT JOHN C. WHITTIER SAYS:
"I had THE TADELLA pens so kindly sent me the best I have used for a long time. Indeed, I think they are a great improvement upon any now in the market, and every writer who uses them will, like myself, heartily thank thee for them."
I am truly thy friend, John G. Whittier."

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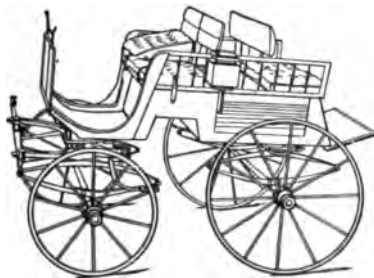
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WITH OUR ARMY IN MONTANA.

McCRACKEN. — Git anythin' in th' last mail, Jim?
HAWKINS. — Yes; me old uncle sent me a bathin'-suit.
McCRACKEN — I tell yer, them people East knows what we fellers needs. I got a pair of piller-shams from me mother. — *Judge*.

SCANDALOUS.

"WHAT is this ballot-box scandal out in Ohio?"
"I don't know; but I think it has been discovered that somebody voted for Foraker in the last election." — *Life*.

AN American girl in France, who wanted to save cable tolls, telegraphed to her father: "Marseilles Tuesday." — *Puck*.



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AT MEMORIAL.

FOND MOTHER. — Is n't it great?

DAUGHTER. — What, the hall?

FOND MOTHER. — No, stupid! Harry's appetite, of course.



CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 31, 1890.

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J. A. LOWELL, *Secretary*,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

LAMPY went to "a small Lenten dance" about a week ago. The hall was thronged, flowers bloomed in every corner, the throb of a great orchestra set hundreds of feet in rhythm, and there were terrapin and half-ducks and champagne, and — fie upon it! — secluded chairs in distant corners, behind wavy palms. Lampy had left off his bells; he had thrown aside the decoration given him by the Czar, his bawble yawned at home, staring at the ceiling, and, in a simple suit of Plymouth Rock sack-cloth with a passementerie of ashes, he came into these parlors of Belial with an unsuspecting and devout heart. Woe unto the righteous! Beck Hall drew aside as he passed, Manter sniffed, and even Hastings giggled the discreet giggle of the industrious swipe. Girls looked at him through their lorgnettes and frowned, Miss Roseleaf barely blinked her eyes when she passed him, and one matron cried very audibly to another, "Good heavens! what is that?" But to crown his misfortunes, he was besieged in a corner by a malicious little creature in pale blue, who overwhelmed him with polite sarcasms. When he got into his hack, where the Ibis was waiting for him with a cup of bouillon, he was quite limp. "She was the last straw, Ibis," he gasped. "And serves you quite right!" cried Ibis. "How often have I cautioned you not to toy with edged tulle? — Parker's driver."

TWO fits of the annual March agony are over.

That is to say, there is but one more winter meeting to come. We have fought our way through the same old crowd at the wicket, sat on the same damp plank with the square toes of last year's divinity student resolutely planted in our spine, climbed the same old toboggan-slide at the "South End" with our feminine incumbrance — beg pardon! ornament, — and seen the same weary old game of five long-legged phantoms in white jumping over a stick; we have once more had explained by the modest gentleman with the pretty smile and inaudible voice how when the ball goes up certain stock goes down; we have looked upon the boxing glove when it is red, and wished, as usual, that the weary wrestlers could finish their tiresome toil with a meat axe. Now the jaded struggle is almost over — the eyes are poulticed, the tar-jacket will soon be cast aside, and the snort of the anchor will no longer be heard in the land. We are very glad of it.

THOUGH this is the season of penance, self-sacrifice, fasting, and prayer, Harvard College seems singularly unaffected by it. The professor still clings to his hour examination, the bell on Harvard Hall rings with monotonous regularity seven hours per diem, the Cambridge citizen crowds the halls at lectures meant for Harvard students, our subscribers cling to their pocket-books, the *Holly Tree* does its usual iniquitous trade in eleven-o'clock eggs, the Ibis sticks to his beer, "and there is no health in us."

WE have it on the authority of Prof. Hart, that Calhoun's more violent remarks in favor of nullification were occasioned by the "strong nullification toast" he got at a public dinner. It was evidently something in the tipsy-pudding line.

ANOTHER interesting fact from the same source is that the idiom, "His name is mud," was first applied to Henry Clay when he got into the soup for the Presidency.

A GAME OF CARDS.



GAME of cards, I will confess,
Relieves *ennui* much more than chess;
But still the ministers gainsay
Its harmlessness; call those who play
"The instruments of wickedness."

When hearts are trumps, we can't repress
The thoughts of love which then possess
Our souls. Then, ardent, we essay
A game of cards.

But when two dames to love profess,
Call when the other's out, lay stress
Upon the card left "yesterday,"
Dame Grundy then might truly say,
That life is, under such *duresse*,
A game of cards.

JOKES FOR THE H. A. A.

TAKING advantage of a foul — The chicken thief.
The detective's motto — "Keep off the track."
The hen's motto — "Ready, set!"
The difference between a tug-of-war team and a team
of horses depends largely on the heaves.

HE DOESN'T COUNT.

THE ambitious young American poet who strove to
be "(Old) English you know," and who said
"Marry, an' 't is well," cannot be counted one way or
the other on the question recently started: "Is Mar-
riage a Failure?"

"HOW slowly the Snow covers the ground!" said
Pat Leathers, turning up his collar as he went
out from History 15.



ON THE TRAIL.

FIRST RAG PICKER. — What are you after, Old Swipes?
SECOND RAG PICKER. — Old wipes.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, vainly hunting in his pocket for a stray coin, "brevity may be the soul of wit, but it isn't very funny to be short."

"That's so!" echoed the Jester, heartily. "Say, Ibis," he added, after a pause, "did you get your forensic in?"

"No!" answered the Ibis, indignantly; "I handed in the *Advocate's Brief*, but he would n't take it."

"Why not?" asked Lampy, warmly.

"Because I referred to English D as a Baker's loaf," replied the Bird, sullenly.

"Well," said the Jester, "I have written my last forensic."

"So has everybody else," retorted the Ibis.

"And so," continued Lampy, waving the *repartee*, "I went over to ask him about my Commencement part."

"What did he say to you?" asked the Bird, with interest.

"Told me to go to Hill!" exclaimed the Jester.



CONTRIBUTOR. — We are sorry we cannot publish your jest, but the only point we could find to it was the period at the end.

A RAPID IMPROVEMENT.

"WELL, my son, do you belong to any of the college societies as yet?"

"No father, but we formed a club at our table last week, and every one who swears or says anything that would shock the most sensitive mind has to pay five cents every time."

"It pains me a little, my dear boy, to hear that any of your friends or even you, occasionally use such expressions, but I am truly pleased that you are trying to entirely break yourselves of the habit."

"Yes, father, I think we will succeed in doing so, for it has only cost me two fifteen so far this week, and last week it was four twenty-five."

BOSTON'S present attraction is in the shape of the dancers of the London Gaiety Company.



AT A SOIREE.

MISS GUSHLÈRE. — How torturing, how fearful the thought must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice!

MR. PRACLÈRE. — It's much more torturing when she don't know it.



ALK to me about justice," yelled Yazoo Jim. "Lynch law's nothin' to it! Why, down to Bloody Creek last year a fellow shot a hole through my shoulder and killed a blamed tenderfoot standin' behind me, and I'll be gol darned if the jury was n't goin' to string me up because they said it was through me the man got shot."

ARCHÆOLOGY AT HARVARD.

COMMITTEE-MAN, '91 (*button-holing victim*). — Hello! I was just looking for you. I want you to put your name down for five dollars for the Delphi fund, payable on the 1st of June. All these men have subscribed. (*Shows book.*)

VICTIM. — Well, I don't know. I have n't heard anything about it, except in a *Crimson* article. What's the fund for?

COMMITTEE-MAN. — To buy the village of Caprice, which is just over Delphi, so that they can dig for mummies and things in the buried city. It was destroyed in the last days of Pompeii, I believe, or somewhere around there, and now the archæologists over here want to get the site and speculate on the hidden treasures. Princeton and Yale have each collected nearly a thousand dollars, and we must beat them, of course, or there's no use going into the affair at all.

VICTIM. — Well, put me down for fifty cents, and perhaps I'll make it a dollar later on. Where is Delphi, anyway?

COMMITTEE-MAN. — I don't know. In Egypt, I guess, or Abyssinia, or one of those places. So long. Much obliged.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

HE. — It is really so warm here that I think I will go out and get a breath of air, if you will excuse me, Miss Bjones.

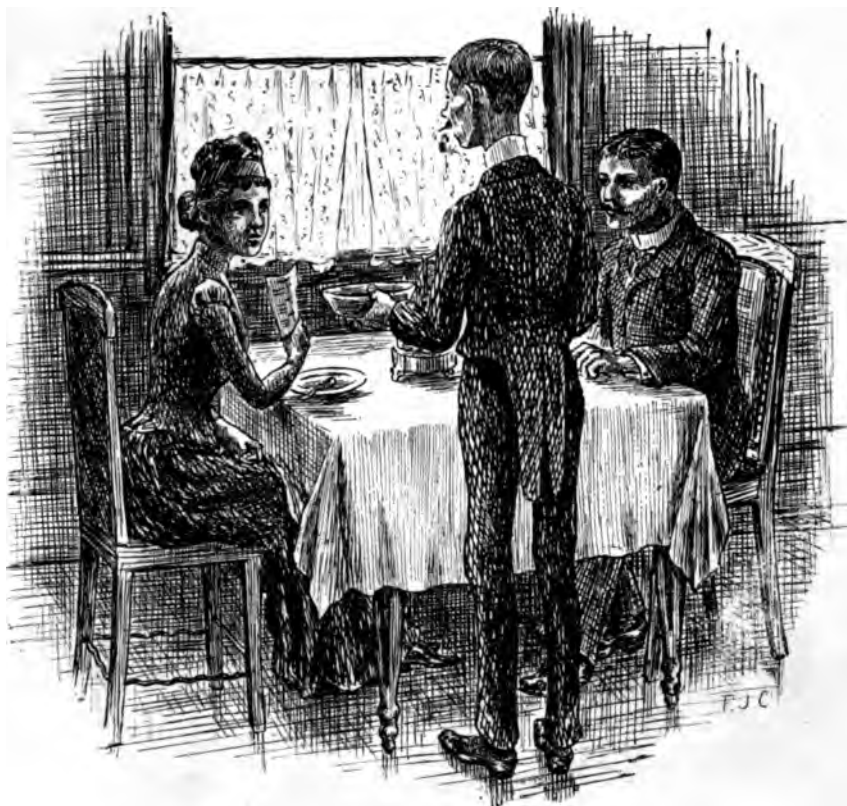
SHE (*on his return*). — Do you call *that* air, Mr. Bjohnson?

AH, THERE'S THE RUB!

OLD GENTLEMAN. — You say that while bathing your clothes were washed away and that you yourself was almost drowned. How painful it must have been!

TRAMP. — It warn't nothin' so painful as walking home in a barrel, sir.

A PRESSING engagement — A marriage proposal of the nineteenth century.



DEAD ON TO IT.

YOUNG HUSBAND (*from Chicago*). — Just see, my dear, how they try to mystify us with their French names! Here they've got "poissons." Now, why don't they put "soup," and be done with it.



ON THE AVENUE.

WHOSE is that trim little figure
 Tripping so lightly ahead?
 Surely that face is familiar,
 That bonnet, that sack of deep red.
 Edith's! Ah, favoring fortune!
 Edith's they are I can swear;
 None other than Edith's that carriage,
 None other than Edith's that hair.
 One instant, and I'll be beside her;
 I have but to quicken my pace —
 Now curses be on you, false fortune!
 It's all Edith, excepting the face.

OUR PUBLIC ENEMIES.

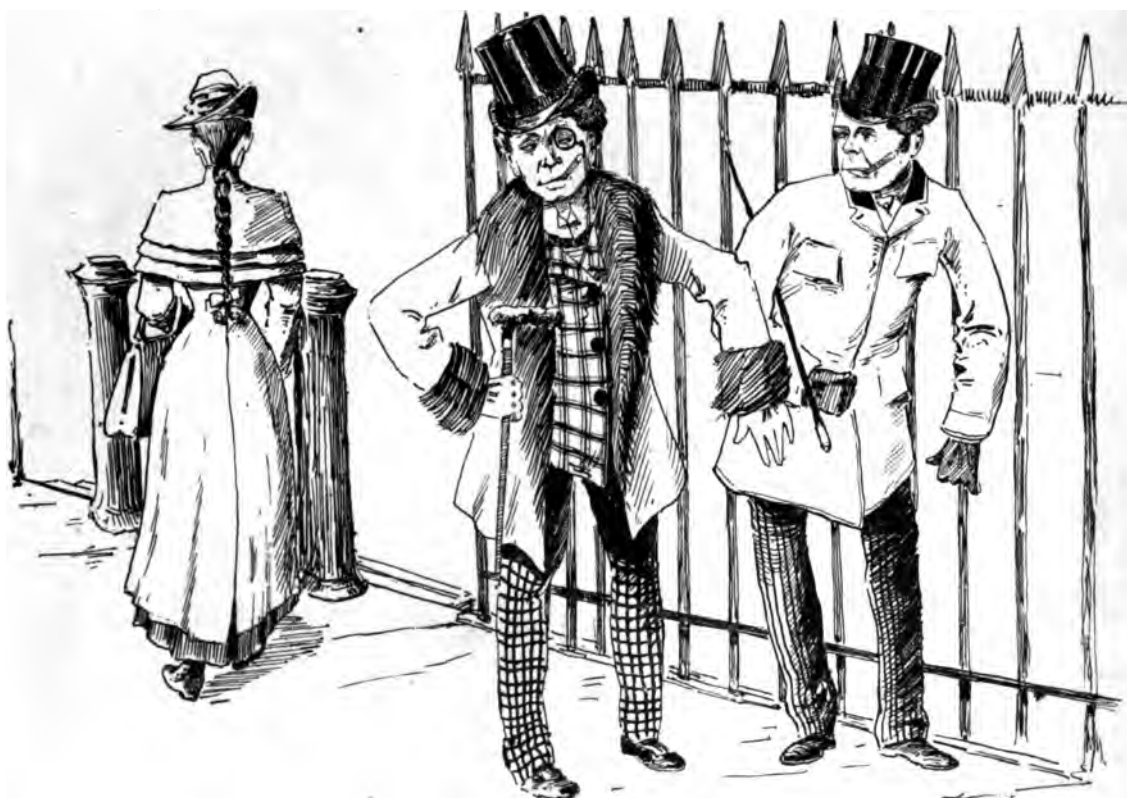
IN a list of conditions set forth in a Western station, Wells Fargo Express Company stated that they were "not responsible for any loss or damage by fire, the acts of *God* or of Indians, or any other public *enemies* of the government." Western colleges must be following in our footsteps, and abolishing Compulsory Chapel. (Fact.) !!!??

TOO MUCH TO ASK.

DELPHIC FIEND.—Should you like to subscribe to the Delphi fund?

WALTER THAYER, '93.—Look here! I have just given \$5.00 to the Bicycle Club; but I'll be hanged if I'll help support Greek letter societies like the Del Phi.

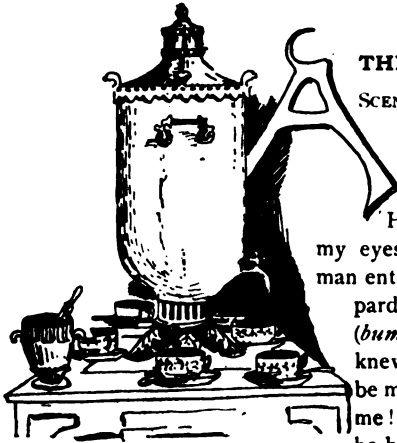
"NEVER touched me," claimed the waiter, as he extricated his thumb from the Memorial soup.



AT COLUMBIA.

FIRST GILLIE. — Are you trying for the nine?

SECOND GILLIE. — No, my dear fellah, for the f ur hundred.



THRILLING STORY.

SCENE: Brookline Coffee Party.

(He and She discovered waltzing to the inspiring strains of the Santiago.)

HE. — As I opened (*bump*) my eyes (*bump, bump*) I saw a man entering (*bump*) — I beg your pardon! — the open window (*bumpity, bump, bump*). I knew that it (*bump*) could not be my (*bump, bump*) — Excuse me! — (*bump*) chum, because he had said he was go (*bump*)

— I beg your — (*bump*) going to spend the night at (*bumpity, bump, bump*) home. I was a (*bump*) little frightened, and cried out with (*bump*) as much courage as I (*bumpity, bump*) — I beg — (*bump*) could muster — (*bump*) muster, "Who's there?" The man was so start — (*bump*) startled at the sound of my voice that he tumb — (*bumpity, bump*) tumbled backward out of the window (*bumpity, bump, bump, bump*). But the joke (*bump*) of it — I beg your par — (*bump*) pardon — all was, that it was my chum (*bump*) after all (*bump, bump*).

(The music stops with a bang.)

SHE. — What a lovely waltz! but, tell me, was your chum hurt?

(And then they join the mighty procession.)

LOGICAL.

HASTINGS HALL. — Yes, Miss Roseleaf, I think the next winter meeting will be unusually interesting.

MISS ROSELEAF. — O don't say that, Mr. Hall! I am trying so hard not to want to go, because then mamma will let me; for one may indulge in small pleasures even during Lent, don't you think so, Mr. Hall?

AT THE GAME.

YOU ask me why I got so red? Well, I'll tell you. I was flushed with success.

A LUCKY stroke — That is, when the crew wins.

TOUT BIEN.

THE cornetist laid aside his instrument and fell into a pensive mood. Said he compassionately to the music-stand: —

"You must be a hardened sinner, to be put continually behind the bars."

"I suppose," replied the music-stand, "that when you have been on a toot you always face the music."

"Not so much that," said the cornetist, "but I always maintain a stiff upper lip."

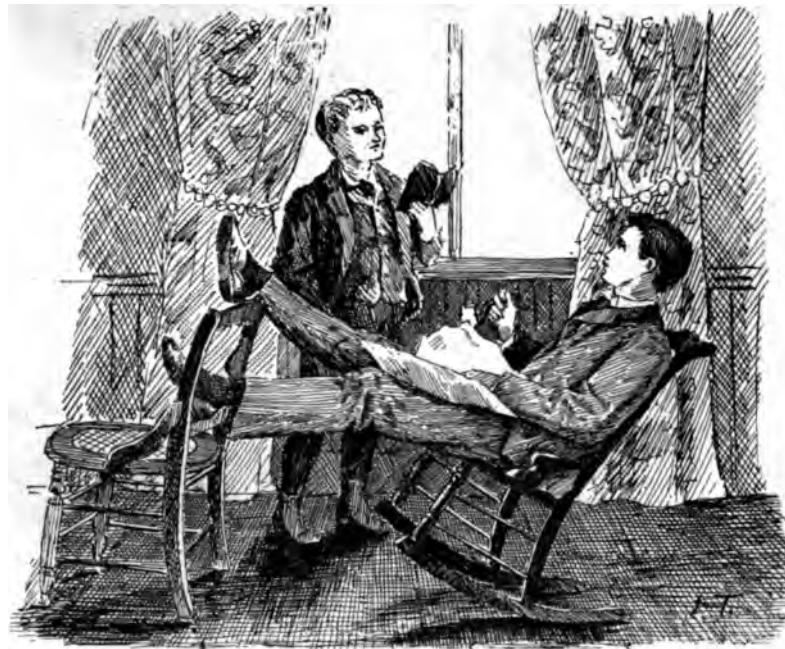
FATHER PAID.

PATERFAMILIAS. — But this fast life of yours: do you think it pays?

TOM FASTUN. — No, father, "it" don't pay, but I am very grateful that you do.

"CURIOUS, is n't it," said Punby "that a dumb-bell should be good for sound training?"

"THAT's the fellow I'm laying for," remarked the hen, as her owner came out with a pan of corn meal.



CLASSICAL.

JOHNNY (preparing for his preliminaries). — Cousin Jack, what does this mean: "*Fusique per herbam implentur veteris Buechi?*"

COUSIN JACK, '89. — Why, it means they lay around and sucked old wine through a straw.

"THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

THE fallen snow with mantle bright
 Now hides the earth in sparkling white,"
 The poet wrote, but paused too long;
 Then, roused from dreams by robin's song,
 Threw down the quill which he did wield,
 For a tennis game on Jarvis Field.

SHE MEANT WELL.

GOOD by Jack," said his fond mother, "I hope
 you will win the race, but try not to get in a
 heat."

E PLURIBUS Unum — Smith.

**HE SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.**

SHE. — Poor Harry is not feeling very well; he's troubled with sleeplessness.

HE. — Has he tried any remedies?

SHE. — Yes, but all to no account.

HE. — Why doesn't he try some of the History courses?

DE BLACKVILLE SOCIETY FOR DE FUR-
DERATION OB COLLEGE EDUCATION.



MEETING THE SECOND.

(Brudder Jones in de Chair.)

ORDER, gemmen," said Brudder Jones, as he threw a few melon rinds at some disorderly members, "am de fust law ob Heaven, an' if you 'ere noisy brudders don' come to order 'bout as quick as a chicken goes to roost, dere will be a foretaste ob de udder place right yere." The refractory members of the society, who had been disputing about a little game of matching pennies, were finally brought to order, and Brudder Jones continued: "De bizness befoh dis yere meetin' am de funder consideration ob college education, an' I wud like to ax some ob de 'sembled brudders to 'spress dere 'pinions on dis point. Brudder Weldkins, you hab de floor."

Brudder Weldkins, being thus addressed, brushed back the hoary locks from his brunette brow, and said "dat it war his 'pinion dat de best thing fur Blackville war to select some likely young black gemman, smart an' pert, 'an hab de society pay his expenses at some Norfen college, an' hab him den impart to his fellow-brudders de learnin' which he wud hab acquired. An' it war his 'pinion funder, dat it war best fur de brudders to send dis yere man, who might be selected, to de college up at Princeton, in preference to Yale or Hahvard, for de men at Princeton were sech gemmenly men — dey nebber lied, nor 'lowed any ob de graduates to play at de games ob foot-ball an' base ball — dat it war a pleasure to meet 'em. Dey war nature's noblemen, dat 's what dey war."

The sage remarks of Brudder Weldkins were loudly applauded, and at their conclusion the orator of the society, Mr. Hatrick Penry, arose to deliver himself of a few words: "Mr. President an' brudder Blackvilleites, it am natural fur man to indulge in de solutions ob hope, an' fur dis reason de people ob Blackville can specoolate on de future wid much congratulatory spirit. I fully agree wid Brudder Weldkins in his observations, and fundermore nominate fur dis yere posishun ob college man Brudder Cæsar Silewil, who is de best man fur de posishun. He am able to lush moh watermelons den any udder brudder; he hab told better lies den anybody else; an' he am dat good at takin' Mars Bole's chickens dat de very foxes envy him. Marc Antony had his Cleopatra, Gawge Washington dun had his cherry-tree, and de people ob Blackville will hab dere —"

"Cæsar Silewil! Cæsar Silewil!" shouted the other brudders. "Cæsar am de man!"

"Cæsar Silewil," said Brudder Jones, "it 'pears to be the general 'pinion dat you am de best man to be sent to college. Will you hab de goodness to stand up? Is it true dat you hab been able to eat moh melons den any ob de udder brudders?"

"It am, sah."

"An' hab you dun told better lies nor anybody else?"

"I hab, sah."

"An' hab you made de foxes jealous by your 'bility to steal chickens frum Mars Bole?"

"So dey say, sah."

"Den, Cæsar Silewil, you am a fit an' suitable pusson to go to Princeton College, an' you am hereby delegated to go to dat yere college at de 'spence ob de Blackville people, an' may de blessing ob Heaven an' Brudder Jones be wid you!"

Brudder Jones then said that the usual song would be omitted to-day, on account of the general sadness of the assembled brudders at Brudder Silewil's departure, and that further business would be postponed till the next meeting.



"STRANGE, is n't it," remarked Punby, as he was walking along Beacon Street, "that these numberless houses all have numbers?"

"That is a figure," said his friend, "that I do not understand."

"I FEEL sick at heart," said the rejected lover as he leaned upon the railing of the steamer.

"I'm with you," remarked a fellow-passenger, "only mine is further down."

A CRIMSON" article — The bloody shirt.

A BALL-ROOM MADRIGAL.



SING not of beauties of nature,
Of flowers which beautify
Some arborescent nook in the woodland,
Or the tints of the sunset sky.
But thoughts of a certain evening
To my throbbing brain now throng,
And e'en, as they throng, comes their echo,
This lightsome ball-room song.

Oh, when is a maiden more lovely,
Or when doth a subtler grace
Steal over her than when attired
In snowy-white tulle and lace?
When a perfume is wafted toward you
As you turn in the mazy dance, —
A perfume intoxicating
As the wines of Southern France.

Ah, well I remember one evening,
Which memory 'll ever hold dear,
When I listened to music entrancing,
And the lights of the chandelier

Shed a halo that seemed beatific
O'er the maids in the festooned hall,
And among them, dark-eyed and flushing,
Was Betina, the fairest of all.

As I danced with Betina that evening,
And drank in the violin's wine,
And wished that the dance were forever,
Once she lifted her eyes up to mine.
"A love of a dance," she whispered,
With a half-regretful sigh,
But, alas! as I felt my heart throbbing,
"A dance of love!" thought I.

HARD LUCK.

"POOR dumb man! How utterly devoid of interest must his life be, seeing that he hears nothing to speak of," soliloquizes Theodore Thoughtful.

OLD GENT. — Can you tell me which is the quickest way to get to the Dean's office?
YOUNG GENT (*promptly*). — Yes, sir, six E's straight.



THE DIFFICULTY.

SHE. — How nice it must be to live upon an income? Always to be sure of so much.
HE. — Oh, yes, that's all right; the difficulty, though, is about the outcome.

**A GOLDEN DEED.**

I LOOKED up and down
every alley,
I anxiously gazed at the
sky;
I listened to hear any footsteps,
But no one was then passing
by.

Then up on the tree I did
clamber,
And had just got my hands on
a sign,
When I heard a gruff voice say
below me,
"Come down here! That's
ten dollars' fine."

So I slipped my hand into my
pocket,
And dropped — well, it was n't
a dime!
Then I heard a mild voice say
below me:
"Don't hurry: it's all right
this time."

EVERY MAN HIS DUE.

"NO," said the Chicago man, "we are not grasping
at all, no indeed: all we want is a fair show."

"NO," said the Royal Bengal Tiger, as he smacked
his lips with a far-away look in his eyes, —
"no, one swallow does not make a spring, but when
I make a spring there is usually a swallow or two con-
nected with it."

RATHER DOUBTFUL.

THE HOSTESS (*in New York*). — Is your brother
married?

CHICAGO FRIEND (*just arrived*). — Yes, — that is
he was when I left.

AMBITIOUS.

PUT a nickel in the slot and get a cigar.
"Shure", said Pat, "I'm not as stingy as that;
here" (*dropping a dime*), "gimme two."

"YES," said the catcher, as the fielder for the fifth
time failed to throw the ball home, "this ball
may be said to have many shortcomings."

FIRST CLOCK. — I'm sick of this continual labor.
SECOND CLOCK. — So am I: let's strike!

IT ACHED.

FIRST TOOTH. — How are you, neighbor?
SECOND TOOTH. — Oh, alive and kicking.

"YOU give me a pain," said the window-sash to
the glazier, as he fitted in a glass.

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AN UNPARDONABLE OFFENCE.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY. — I hear Cully is goin' to be expelled from The Messenger Boys' Labor Union.

SECOND MESSENGER BOY. — What 's he done?

FIRST MESSENGER BOY. — He was caught runnin'. — *Puck*.

PROCRASTINATION.

FATHER. — You are six years old to-day, Tommy, and from now on you must try and be a better boy.

TOMMY. — Say, pa, what 's the matter with putting it off until I am seven or eight? — *Texas Siftings*.

AN ESTIMATE OF TRUE WORTH.

MR. PACKER (*showing some Eastern friends the studio and works of his son*). — That 's a hand-painted picture, done by my son. Not much talent, but an awful lot of nerve. — *Puck*.

HOUSEWIFE. — Why is it that you do not go to work?

TRAMP. — 'Taint toime yet.

HOUSEWIFE. — What are you waiting for?

TRAMP. — Labor Day, madam. — *Light*.



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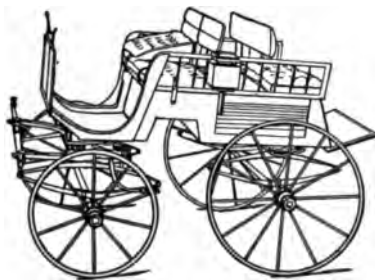
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THAT EXPLAINED IT.

TEACHER. — Come here, Tommy, and sit down.
TOMMY. — Don't want. I'd rather stand.
TEACHER. — Why, how is that, Tommy?
TOMMY. — Pa smashed his finger in the door this morning and I laughed. — *Echoes.*

IT SOUNDED BETTER.

ACTRESS (to interviewer). — So you want the facts of my life? Well, to begin with, I was born at Newark, New Jersey.
INTERVIEWER. — I guess I'll soften that down a little. I'll just say that you were born abroad. — *Light.*

FORCE OF HABIT.

DOCTOR (after the railroad accident). — Are you much hurt?
RAILROAD OFFICIAL (faintly). — I must positively decline to furnish any information! — *Puck.*



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Cristo, Perique, Turkish and North Carolina; new in flakes. Salamagundi, Club Mixture.





THEY HADN'T MET FOR A LONG TIME.

FLETCHER. — Hullo, Grimsby! How d' do? Feeling well? Wife living still?
GRIMSBY (*whose careworn expression allowed reference to "hen-pecked," sadly*).
— She's alive fast enough, but (*warmly*) Lord! man, she's never still!



CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 19, 1890.

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TIME for the wind-up, gentlemen.

On the left, with his sleeves rolled up, a red sash about his waist, and a crimson silk cap pushed back from the blond curls on his forehead, is young John Harvard, the popular favorite.

On the right is old Papa Faculty, the professional heavyweight scrapper. He wears an old gray blouse, a black silk skull-cap, and cowskin boots. He is not pretty, but he is experienced.

Are you ready?

Hold on! I claim foul for Johnny. Faculty's gloves are stuffed with plaster-of-paris hour examinations, and spotted with catch questions. There is a ring of tough proctors howling in his corner for him. He has also got spiked boots. This is quite unfair.

Messrs. referees and overseers, will you permit these advantages to be taken of one so young to the ring? O graduate spectators! will you stand such unsportsmanlike behavior?

What! No fair play? No honest sparring? Well, we shall go into the ring even so, for the A. B. cup, though the odds are forty to one against us; and we shall take our punishment cheerfully, and try to last it out till time is called, and the golden sheepskin of the Harvard Colchos' Strand is ours. The necessity of the game compels us.

AND it was the month of April.

The snows had melted. The ice went crumbling and dipping down the Charles and out to sea. The fogs rolled away from the dun meadows, and the green rushes pushed their tops above the water. Violets grew about the river banks. The sun shone out, hot and round; the sky was blue, and here and there was a bronze dragon-fly, circling over the mirrored surface of the stream.

Then there was a sound of many feet in Harvard Square, — of feet running, tramping, tripping, scuffling, shuffling, and scurrying; of feet in canvas shoes, rubber shoes, patent leathers, and boots. All bound one way, all hastening. And a column of dust rose up from the road, all the way down to the Weld Boat-house, and went nestling into the Little's Block windows.

And now all the river is alive with boats. The banks and sylvan glades echo with song. The rhythmic plash of oars scares the bittern from his pool; and the click of rowlocks sounds abroad like the shuttles of a mill.

And in the gray of evening two aged Port chucks drew from the river with a clam rake two grinds, who had tempted it in a brazen-beaked trirème. Their long hair was dank with ooze, they had fillets of watermelon rind about their brows, and as they wended their way home through the dark, the water in their boots gave out a melancholy noise, like the sorrowing of bullfrogs.

AT the last election in Massachusetts, a huge Hi-bernian who had not been well initiated into the mysteries of the Australian ballot by his "boss" entered the booth, and, having received his ballot, marched up to the desk, as he had seen others do before him. However, not being able to read much of the instructions, he was in perplexity as to what to do next. At last he made out the word "cross," and an idea seemed suddenly to strike him. With a smile of triumph, he stepped up to the ballot-box, made the sign of a cross over his brawny chest, and, dropping his unmarked ballot into the box, retired from the booth.

POETRY *vs.* LOVE.

THERE 's not a doubt, thine eyes
of blue
Surpass the heaven-kissed violet's
hue"—
Et cetera! 't was thus one day
I wrote a ten-page roundelay.
I asked her love, then, as my due.

She weighed the ode before my
view,

Exclaimed in accents harsh, but true—

"My love is lighter than your lay,
Beyond a doubt."

The moral 's plain, O you that woo,
Be sure your lines are short and few,
When verses *d'amour* you essay,—
A triolet or rondeau gay.

Your Chloe then will smile on you,
Beyond a doubt.

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

WHEN pa spans me, his voice is like thunder
and his hand like lightning," remarked
Johnnie, in an aggrieved tone.

"Yes," replied the older brother; "but is it true
that 'your' lightning never strikes twice in the same
place?"

THE AMERICAN SUNSET.

PAT (*hearing the sunset gun at Watertown*).—
Ach! what 's that?

ABSENT-MINDED AMERICAN. — Sunset.

PAT. — Begorra, this is a strange land; sure the
sun never makes sich a divil of a nies goin' down in
th' ole counthry.

ONE looking at Niagara naturally gets a falls
impression.



RELIGION A LA MODE.

SHE. — I cannot tolerate that Miss Nouvelle; her dresses are all badly made, she has no taste at all, and I'm
sure she paints, and dyes her hair.

HE. — How do you know this?

SHE. — Why, I sit only three rows behind her at church.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, who had just come over from Dane Hall, "I call this pretty warm weather for registers, don't you?"

"Yes," responded Lampy, with a yawn, "I wish somebody would shut 'em up."

"If any one tried to, I guess he'd find things made so hot for him that he'd be fired," retorted the Ibis.

"That's so," assented the Jester, pleasantly; "it would fare hard with the shutter if he should go it blind."

"What have you been doing during the recess?" asked the Bird, declining to notice the Jester's last remark.

"New York," answered Lampy, with a wink, "dinners, and —"

"Yes; I thought you looked stuffed up," retorted the Ibis.

"What?" said the Jester, handing a glass of beer to one of the dry exchanges, "I didn't catch the drift."

"That's what the man said who just escaped the snow-slide," answered the Ibis.



MEDICINE BOTTLE (*just returned from drug-gist*). — Well, well! would you believe it? I'm full again.

WHISKEY BOTTLE. — Pooh! that's nothing; I'm drunk every day.

THEIR IDEA OF THE GAME.

SHE fell back heavily upon his shoulder; but she was very pretty, so he did n't complain. Thus for a long time he held her, and enjoyed it. Finally she murmured, "Arthur, you should become a catcher." "Why so, Florence?" "Well, you make such a splendid back-stop." And then there arose such a sound as when a ball is struck by a bat for a home run.

NOT HERE.

CITIZEN (*pointing out College buildings*). — There's Matthews, Gray's, Weld, Thayer — VISITOR (*interrupting*). — Yes, but these are all dormitories; where do the students get their education?

CITIZEN. — Oh, in Boston, sir, in Boston.

AS THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FIRST GOD. — Wich is Booth?

SECOND GOD. — Why, de feller in de jay clothes, of curse; who'd ger s'pose?

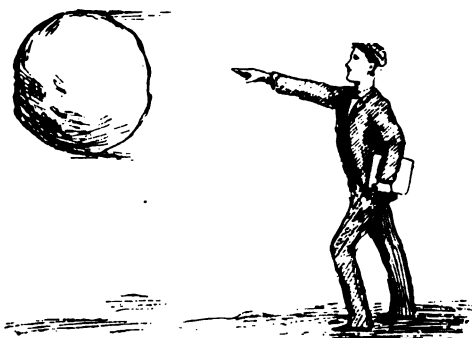
"WELL, never mind, old fellow, if you did lose a little; what's the odds?"

"Four to one, confound it! four to one."

"THE king's name is a tower of strength," said the man who won on king high.

RUNNING against Time — Life.

GENERALLY speaking — Women.



THE SIZE OF A BASE-BALL WHEN THROWN IN THE YARD, AS IT LOOKS TO THE FACULTY.

WE CAN DROOL TOO.

O H! the wind moans mournfully around me,
And the wind moans around my hand;
When will my scow come back to me
Loaded with Jersey sand?

I towed her forth as the morning yawned,
And the tide sneaked out from the land,
And my smile would be bright, and my hope be strong,
If she'd only come back with the sand.

But the stars sank down far off in the east,*
And the birdies retired to their nests,
And I just then concluded she'd never come in,
So I sadly pulled down my vest.

ALL BURN GEE TASSEL.

* First time on record.

FASHION IS A GOD.

ETHEL (*aged five, who is being put to bed, when her mother, in evening toilet, enters the room*).
— Are you going to bed, too, mamma?

MOTHER. — No, dear, I'm going to the opera.

ETHEL. — Are you going to dress after you get there?

WHEN Hoyt's latest play was in town, the public saw the advertisement frequently,

HOYT'S "A BRASS MONKEY."

So far Hoyt has been a "Rag Baby," "Hole in the Ground," "Tin Soldier," and about a dozen other things.

"WE left a blank instead of printing 'Mr.' on those boat-club tickets," said the secretary, "in case the lady in U 5 should wish to join."

IT is said that you can always tell a canvas-back duck by the bill (\$4.00 to \$6.00).

THE mark of genius — A.



MRS. MALADROIT (*looking over a book of autographs*). — Why is it, Mr. Triolet, that men of genius always write such a bad hand?

MR. TRIOLET (*a rising poet, deprecatingly*). — I don't know, I am sure. Do they?

MRS. MALADROIT (*vaguely feeling that she has made a blunder, hastens to rectify it*). — Oh! you write an excellent hand.

**EASILY REMEMBERED.**

FATHER. — I wish I could ever remember the name of our new man.

TOMMY. — His name is "Pat."; I saw it on his snow shovel.

**TO CLARA.**

(WITHOUT PERMISSION.)

THOU dear old Muse, whom poets invoke
Whenever work is to be done,
I don't ask help from other folk;
Sleep on! I'll sing my song alone.

My love's bright eyes are stars of light,
Her teeth are pearls, fresh from the ocean,
Her lovely hair is black as night,
She's mighty nice, — when she's a notion.

She doesn't want my love, she says,
For I am just one silly boy;
She'd rather have the eager
praise
And compliments of οἱ πολλοί.

So I must live at home without
her,
And to my mother prove a
fond son;
But write these few poor lines
about her,
An ardent Boswell; — she's
my Johnson.

**SOMETHING WRONG.**

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

HOLLIS. — I'm afraid Harry's in a pretty bad way.

HOLWORTHY. — Why, what's the matter?

HOLLIS. — It's terrible.

HOLWORTHY. — What do you mean?

HOLLIS. — My dear fellow, you could never guess.

HOLWORTHY. — Well, tell me; is he very ill?

HOLLIS. — I don't know, I'm afraid so; something is wrong. He received his tailor's bill Monday, and — and he paid it to-day.

A GENERAL TRUTH.

"STRANGE," mused Billy Blood, Jr., "but the more I contract debts the more I increase them."

KLEPTOMANIA is rated to be, by all odds, the most lucrative form of insanity.



OW often the editor of a comic paper gets stuck for material, and how often some one has to sit down, at the last minute, and grind out copy enough to fill up! There is one little strain, a bequest of the lamented Longfellow, that does service on nine out of ten occasions. It is the one beginning, "I shot an arrow into the air," etc. What a wide field for the imagination to roam in is the speculative one of where the arrow is going to fall, and what the result will be. Lampy has laid by one or two of these treasures for a rainy day, and, as it is raining while he writes this, he will give you one: —

I shot an arrow into the air,
It came to earth I knew not where;
But the following day I very soon found
That Harvard Square was the spot of ground.

As we may be pushed for matter another time, we can change that a little and get a whole new verse: —

I shot an arrow into the air,
It came to earth in Harvard Square,
And the very next day, at half past tin,*
I got a summons from the Secretary.†

If (as it might) it ever happens that the brilliant compilers of "Harvard's only," etc., have just returned from an exhaustive or tragic burlesque tour, and are in a hurry, we could ring in still another verse: —

I shot an arrow into the air,
It came to earth I knew not where;
I pulled the bowstring awfully hard,
And thought the arrow went out of the yard.

Then we tack on two lines to explain: —

But it did n't, — that was clearly seen,
For I got a summons from the Dean.

There is another way of filling up. For instance: you read in a comic paper, "One by one — 11." Now, it does n't take the practised mind over a minute to get an original joke out of that, to wit: "Two by two — 22." Or, again we read, "'Well, I'll be blown!' said the bass-horn, as its owner began to play on it"; and in a minute the vast possibilities of that joke flash

* Irish. † Poetic license.

across your mind. Think of going through a whole orchestral set; of course not all in the same issue, but whenever a squib is needed, a piece like that put in! Perhaps we see one like this: "Schooling whales were formerly in great abundance on this coast, but nowadays we seldom hear of anything but whaling schools." (Chiefly confined to high-school papers.) Sometimes one like this creeps in, intentionally, as a take-off on some advertisement: "When Macbeth ironically asked, 'Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?' he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with 'Hiccup's Celebrated Breakfast Tonic and Hair Restorer.'" (Rural weeklies.)

IN MEMORIAM.

ON hard wood seats we've squatted
By the hour, in fall and spring,
Watching our nine and 'leven a-tussling with the foe;
But naught we've ever wotted.
Can such utter misery bring
As did those dainty little feet belonging to the pretty girl
who sat right behind us at the last winter meeting, —
and I'm giving it to you straight.



OLD GENTLEMAN. — The man I wish for the place must be an adept at waiting patiently, for often only two or three people come on business during the week. Now, what qualifications have you for the place?

THOMAS BRIEF. — I am a young lawyer, and —

OLD GENTLEMAN. — Consider yourself engaged at once, sir!

PARADOXICAL.

PROHIBITION 's often said
The drinking man ne'er gets ahead;
But he who drinks, and paints all red
The town, is sure to get a head.

WHO INDEED.

"WHO gives a d—— anyway?" remarked Grinder,
as he strolled up to the desk to get his little
A+ in History 13.

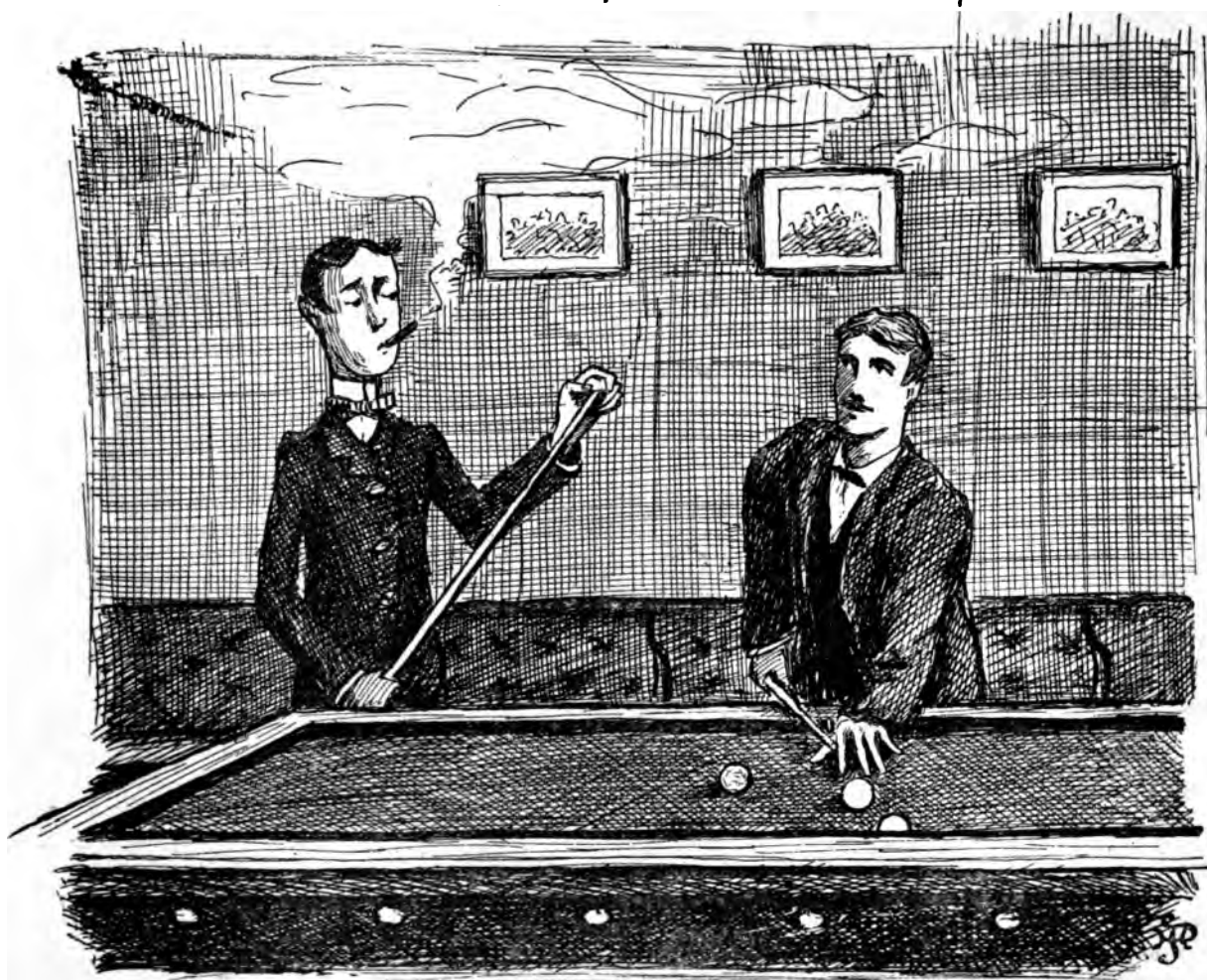
"I do," replied Prof. Hardheart, pleasantly, as he
gave him back a D — blue book.

WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT?

"WHAT a very polite old man!" said Miss Vassar,
as she was passing in front of Matthews, and
old John, somewhat "influenced," bowed profusely
and generously. "Is he always as obsequious as
that?"

"Not quite," replied Walter Hall, "in fact, he's
been decidedly stiff lately."

"I WISH," said poor little Tuffy, '93, "that all the
fellows would n't persist in calling me 'The week
sport.'"



OUT AND OUT.

HOLLIS (*running out*). — I'm out.

R. OASTED '93 (*who has paid for the last four games*). — So am I.



DE BLACKVILLE SOCIETY FOR
DE FURDERATION OB COL-
LEGE EDUCATION.

MEETING THE THIRD.

(Brudder Jones, de same old Brud-
der Jones, still in de Chair.)

"I am now six weeks, brud-
ders," remarked Brudder
Jones, as he rapped on
the desk with his clay
pipe, to call the members
of the society to order,
"since our 'steemed
brudder, Cæsar Silewell,
hab depahted fur de
halls ob learnin', at
dat yere Princeton
College; an' it gibs

me great pleasure to say dat I hab dis day receibed
frum de 'foresaid Cæsar Silewell a 'pistle which I ask
Brudder Weldkins to read."

"I beliebe it am Mr. Billum Shakespeare," said
Brudder Weldkins, as he put out his hand for the
letter in the same deliberate manner as he showed in
reaching for a Manhattan cocktail, "who once said,
'When dis yu see, recollect me,' and I 'spects it am
fur de purpose ob showing his knowledge ob Shake-
speare dat Cæsar hab 'scribed dis yere at de top ob
his letter." Here Brudder Weldkins gave his brun-
ette whiskers a twirl, and, with an ahem, read as
follows:—

DE-BEST-DAT-DE-TOWN-AFFORDS CLUB-HOUSE,
PRINCETON, April 10, 1890.

Dear Brudder Jones, an' de udder Brudders ob de Black-
ville Society:

It hab been a mighty long time since I hab left all you
'ere brudders in Blackville, an' I 'spects you been look-
in' fur a letter fur de laht six weeks. An' here she am.
When I got to Princeton by the cabs, I took a room in
de cheap paht ob de town, dat my spenses might be less;
an' I s'pose you all are stickin' yur eyes out, an' a-won-
derin' how I happen to be a-libin' in dis yere Club-house.
Well, dis am de reason:—

Yu 'member, Brudder Jones, dat yere letter ob recom-
mendation you gib me, which war as follows:—

To all dat it may concern:

Dis yere am to certify dat de bearer, Mr. Cæsar Silewell, am de rep-
resentative ob de Blackville people, an' he am able (1) to eat moh melons
den any ob de udder Blackville brudders; (2) to tell better lies nor any-
body else; (3) an' he am dat good at stealin' chickens dat de very foxes
envy him.

(Signed) BRUDDER JONES.

Well, when I arribed at Princeton, I stuck dat yere up on
my door, so dat de Princeton men might know who I war.
It had n't been dar more 'n fo' hours, when up comes a
young gemman.

"Is your name Silewell?" said he.

"It am, sah," replied I.

"And you make the very foxes jealous by your ability to
steal chickens?"

"So dey say, sah."

"You 're the man we've been looking for. Consider
yourself a member of the 'Varsity base-ball nine."

I had habdly recubbered frum de frustrations of dis visit,
when in comes anudder man.

"Is it true that you can tell better lies than anybody else?"

"So dey say, sah."

"You 're just the man we've been looking for. We want
you to serve on the Foot-ball Affidavit Committee."

Out he went, an' it wahnt moh den ten minutes befoh in
comes still anudder.

"Ah, have I the pleasure of addressing the celebrated
Mr. Cæsar Silewell?" said he; "the Silewell who is able to
eat so many melons?"

"You hab, sah," said I, a-wonderin' what war comin'
next.

"Well, Mr. Silewell, it affords me great pleasure to say,
that, as you have the supreme qualities of a Princeton society
man,—ability to eat,—you have been elected into the
Best-that-the-town-affords Club, and we would be highly
honored if you would take up your abode at the club-house."

"Fur de lan's sakes!" 'jaculated I; but befoh I could
recubber frum my 'stonishment, dis yere man war gone.
But what he said war true, an' here I am at de club-house,
a-libin' on de fat ob de land. I 'll gib yu furder informa-
tion in my next letter, an' wid my 'spects to de udder brud-
ders, I remain,

Yur 'fectionate brudder Blackvilleite,

✓ CÆSAR SILEWELL.

"Cæsar hab de germs of success in him," said
Brudder Jones, as he wiped away the tears of joy
from his rat-colored brow, and adjourned the meeting
until two weeks from that day.

HORSE-CAR GRATITUDE.

"HERE's a seat," said he,
As he upward popped,
Raising his hat with his hand.

"Many thanks," said she,
As she downward dropped;

"Really, I rather would stand."

"BEAR and forbear," quoth Ranchero Bill, as the
old grizzly and her quartet of cubs came lop-
ping down the trail.

A DIFFERENCE.



HE feathery flakes were fluttering down,
And as Miss Beaconhill glanced out,
And thought of Jack, who'd oft in town
And country driven her about
In gay-bellied sleigh, she murmured low,
In tones expectant, "Why, it's snow!"

But fortunes change as fortunes will,
And e'er three months had swiftly flown,
Poor Jack had lost his money. Still,
He thought Miss B. loved him. So grown
Quite bold, he soon proposed. But, oh!
For Jack! And now *he* groans, "It's no!"

INEXPLICABLE.

(SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO.)

I WONDER what Greeley meant when he said,
"Young man, go West!"
Must 'a' bin a darn'd phool, begorry! What wud
we's be doin' in China?

GOOD LUCK.

"PATTI seems to draw a full house every night,"
said Jack Goodfellow, as he and several of his
friends were seated about the table playing a little
game.

"Gad! he must be lucky," said his friend, who was
deeply absorbed in the game; "what did you say his
name was?"

THE following question was sent to us by a gentle-
man in Cambridge: "I have found in the
course of my reading, that one of the English poets
mentions 'that sweet confidence,' etc. Could he have
meant a sugar trust?"

No, we do not think so.

"DOES Prof. Henpeck deliver lectures now?"
"No, but I believe he has lectures delivered
to him."



VERY WELL NAMED.

SHE. — Why do you call your horse "Harvard," Mr. Holworthy?
HE. — Because of his free and open gate.

**THE TRUE REASON.**

MISS BEACONHILL. — I wonder what the philosophical reason is that men who mind their own business generally succeed?

JACK MATTHEWS. — Perhaps because there is so little competition in that line.

A NEW WAY OF APPROACH.

A BOSTON man entered a restaurant in Hoboken, the other day, took a seat, and glanced over the bill of fare. After mature deliberation, he ordered devilled turkey. Half an hour later the waiter returned with a tiny piece of cold turkey on a huge platter. The Boston man turned it over and examined it carefully, then tasted a little bit.

"Waiter," he cried, "I don't want this. I ordered devilled turkey."

"Excuse me, sah" (with a look that assured the man from the Hub that everything comes to him who waits), "but the debble's comin' in on another plate."

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

THERE is no significance in the fact that Athens and Sparta were just as far apart as Harvard and Yale.

"IN union there is strength," as the man said when he ordered a Pousse Café.

THE roll of the sea — Hard-tack.

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N. B. — Special discounts to Harvard Students.

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47 TEMPLE PLACE - - - - - BOSTON.

THE TWO BILLS.

FARMER'S WIFE. — What is your name?
 TRAMP. — Bill.
 FARMER'S WIFE. — Land! You ain't the Bill for the Promotion of Mendicancy that's been in all the papers lately, be you?
 TRAMP (*sadly*). — None; that was a chum of mine. He was killed before he reached the house. I'm Indigent Pension Bill. You'll always know me, 'cause I'll never pass. — *Puck*.

NEEDS THEM.

BOARDLY (*gnawing savagely*). — They say that some chickens have no teeth, Mrs. Hasher.
 MRS. HASHER. — Why, none of them have teeth!
 BOARDLY. — I was going to observe that this chicken *needs* a better set of teeth than I have got. — *Light*.

AN EXPERT'S ANSWER.

BOBBY. — Why do they have that big lantern in front of the engine, papa?
 PAPA (*with memories of the past*). — To warn travelling actors, Bobby. — *Texas Siftings*.



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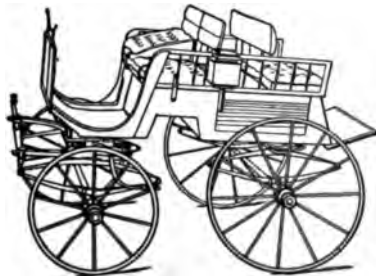
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"My dear," replied Mr. Tangle, "I think I'll give you a new silk hat and a spring overcoat for your husband, so that you won't be ashamed of him when he takes you out." — *Light*.

A MORE IMPORTANT CASE.

HACKMAN. — Is the doctor at home?
BRIDGET. — Yes, sir, he's out in the back yard killing a chicken.
HACKMAN. — Call 'im in: I've got bigger game. — *Puck*.

THE STEP-MOTHER'S RECEPTION.

FATHER. — Children, this is your new mamma.
TOMMY. — Are you going to beat her, too? — *Texas Siftings*.



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LA MUSIQUE A LA MODE.

ELSIE (*who has been once to the opera*). — What do people do between the acts, mamma?

MOTHER. — They talk.

ELSIE. — No; I mean between the acts.

A DIFFERENCE.



HE feathery flakes were fluttering
down,
And as Miss Beaconhill glanced
out,
And thought of Jack, who'd oft in
town
And country driven her about
In gay-bellied sleigh, she murmured low,
In tones expectant, "Why, it's snow!"
But fortunes change as fortunes will,
And e'er three months had swiftly flown,
For Jack had lost his money. Still,
He thought Miss B. loved him. So grown
Quite bold, he *was* proposed. But, oh!
For Jack! And now he groans, "It's no!"

INEXPLICABLE.

(WENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.)

I WONDER what Greeley meant when he said,
"Young man, go West!"
Must 'a' bin a darn'd phool, begorry! What wud
we's be doin' in China?

GOOD LUCK.

"PATTI seems to draw a full house every night,"
said Jack Goodfellow, as he and several of his
friends were seated about the table playing a little
game.

"Gad! he must be lucky," said his friend, who was
deeply absorbed in the game: "what did you say his
name was?"

THE following question was sent to us by a gentle-
man in Cambridge: "I have found in the
course of my reading, that one of the English poets
mentions 'that sweet confidence,' etc. Could he have
meant a sugar trust?"

No, we do not think so.

"DOES Prof. Henpeck deliver lectures now?"
"No, but I believe he has lectures delivered
to him."



VERY WELL NAMED.

SUP. — Why do you call your horse "Harvard," Mr. Holworthy?
HIL. — Because of his free and open gate.

**THE TRUE REASON.**

MISS BEACONHILL. — I wonder what the philosophical reason is that men who mind their own business generally succeed?

JACK MATTHEWS. — Perhaps because there is so little competition in that line.

A NEW WAY OF APPROACH.

A BOSTON man entered a restaurant in Hoboken, the other day, took a seat, and glanced over the bill of fare. After mature deliberation, he ordered devilled turkey. Half an hour later the waiter returned with a tiny piece of cold turkey on a huge platter. The Boston man turned it over and examined it carefully, then tasted a little bit.

"Waiter," he cried, "I don't want this. I ordered devilled turkey."

"Excuse me, sah" (with a look that assured the man from the Hub that everything comes to him who waits), "but the debble's comin' in on another plate."

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

THERE is no significance in the fact that Athens and Sparta were just as far apart as Harvard and Yale.

"IN union there is strength," as the man said when he ordered a Pousse Café.

THE roll of the sea — Hard-tack.

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THE TWO BILLS.

FARMER'S WIFE. — What is your name?
 TRAMP. — Bill.
 FARMER'S WIFE. — Land! You ain't the Bill for the Promotion of Mendicancy that's been in all the papers lately, be you?
 TRAMP (*sadly*). — Nomic; that was a chum of mine. He was killed before he reached the house. I'm Indigent Pension Bill. You'll always know me, 'cause I'll never pass. — *Puck*.

NEEDS THEM.

BOARDLY (*gnawing savagely*). — They say that some chickens have no teeth, Mrs. Hasher.
 MRS. HASHER. — Why, none of them have teeth!
 BOARDLY. — I was going to observe that this chicken *needs* a better set of teeth than I have got. — *Light*.

AN EXPERT'S ANSWER.

BOBBY. — Why do they have that big lantern in front of the engine, papa?
 PAPA (*with memories of the past*). — To warn travelling actors, Bobby. — *Texas Siftings*.



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 John G. Whittier."

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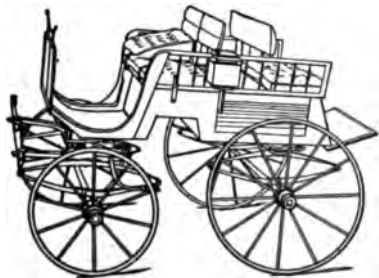
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A MORE IMPORTANT CASE.

HACKMAN. — Is the doctor at home?
BRIDGET. — Yes, sir, he's out in the back yard killing a chicken.
HACKMAN. — Call 'im in: I've got bigger game. — *Puck.*

THE STEP-MOTHER'S RECEPTION.

FATHER. — Children, this is your new mamma.
TOMMY. — Are you going to beat her, too? — *Texas Siftings.*



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LA MUSIQUE A LA MODE.

ELSIE (*who has been once to the opera*). — What do people do between the acts, mamma?

MOTHER. — They talk.

ELSIE. — No; I mean between the acts.



The Harvard Lampoon

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 30, 1890.

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J. A. LOWELL, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

THERE was a young saint named Anthony.

Daily he strove through the bleak winter, — while without his window-pane rose and fell the storm's surges, — toiling faithfully over his books, and looking ever toward the little black-lead image of the Holy Faculty for the blessings which devoutness to it brings. His name was high in the sacred precincts, and men spoke of him as one virtuous and learned.

So it was all the winter time.

But when the spring came back with warm, sweet breath, when with the sun's first ray sounded the pipes of little birds, when the green carpet of the grass unrolled its endless folds beneath our saint's feet, and the sunlight darted in little rays across his book as he sat beneath a tree, then he felt the weak yielding of the betrayal, — the surrender to pleasure, — the caress of Delilah, — and, though he knew the chill of the shears, he heeded not.

Nay, rather, he gloried in his downfall; for he kicked his book (a valuable work on Pol. Econ.) into the road, where a mucker found it, and sold it for seven cents, saying, profanely, that he did not care if even the devil had it.

Then he went into his inmost chamber, and came forth, like the prodigal, dressed in white linen, and

scarlet raiment of silk and flannel. And he cried out in exultation, "Whoop! Is n't the weather bully?" And he raised his arms above his head, and stretched them out in a sheer ecstasy of warmth and sunshine.

Since that time the gates of Paradise murmur with forebodings. The Holy Faculty, outraged that the dust should be allowed to accumulate on its little black image, averts its face. The coming lightnings flash across the heaven's yet untroubled azure. And Anthony? Lost to the world, he goes his downward way. Careless of the morrow, he pursues with eager cries a little bounding ball, as it flits across the net, or cheers the gladiators at their games. The thunderbolts may fall and consume him, fame and fortune may perish, — he cares not. And at night, when the air murmurs of gladness, and the glorious multitude of the stars might remind him of the blessed haven he is cutting himself off from, he sits stolidly by his open window on the broad cushion, drinking beer.

LAMPY left the Ibis in charge of the sanctum a fortnight ago and journeyed to New Haven. Marvel not, my readers. For many years he had been warm friends with his brother jester of the *Yale Record*. So, when the latter most genteelly bid him to dine, he accepted without more ado, regardless of the expensive fare, the coal-dust which sifts into one's hair between Boston and New Haven, and a bad chill which he had just caught somewhere in the neighborhood of an hour examination. The dinner was lovely; the wit was excellent; Elian hospitality outdid itself; and Lampy returned to Cambridge rosy at face and grateful at heart.

And the next day Ibis found in his dress-suit pockets three corks, five dozen hazel-nuts, a fork, two macaroons, and a salt-cellar.

A PLEURITIC ATTACK.

"YIS," said Mrs. O'Flynn, "poor ould Dinnis! He got cowlid in his chest, the docther said, and it wuz ploorality he doied av."



A TALE OF THE NORTH.

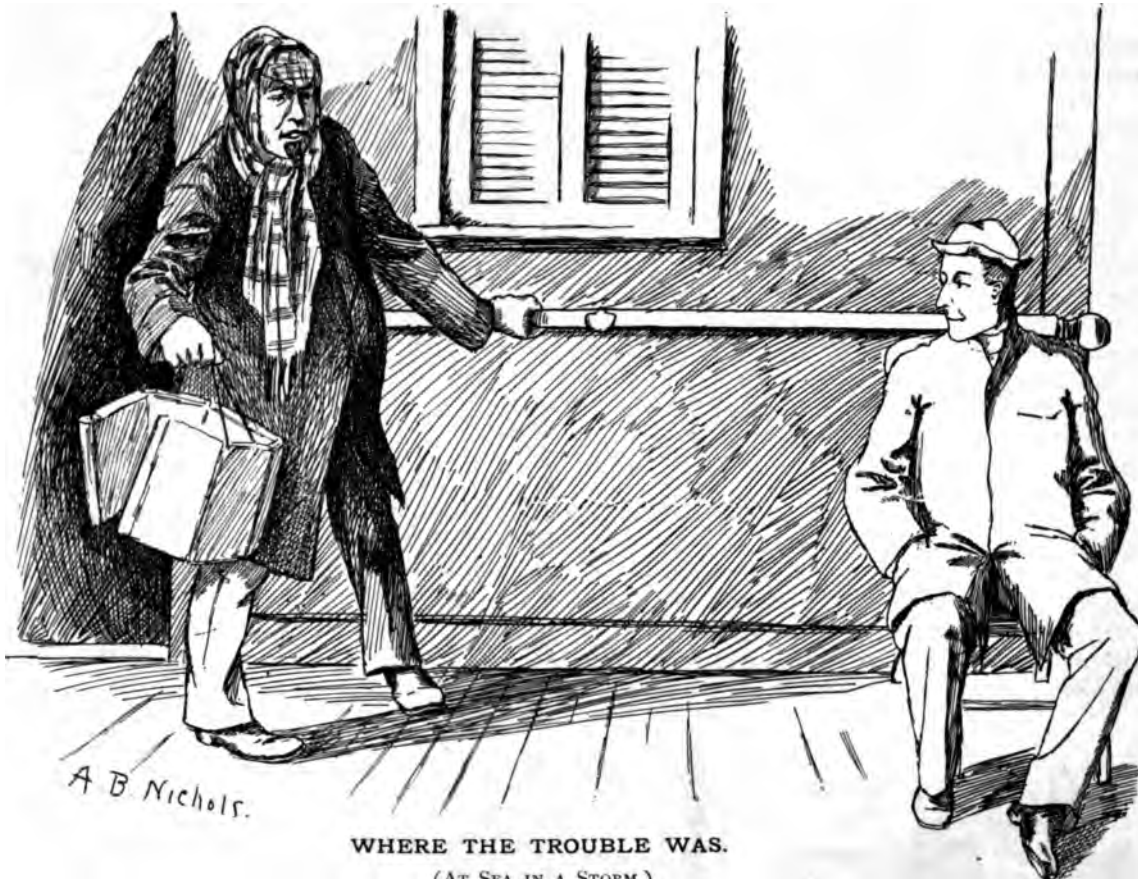
OOGOO-GO was an Esquimaux,
As the herewith appended jingle
will show;
He lived upon blubber
And salicised rubber;
And anything greasy would go,
you know,
With this jollipot Esquimaux.

One day he went out on a hunt
From his hut by the tousling sea,
With his bunga-knife blunt, and his
spear at the front,
And his bellicose umbowee.
And a narwhal crossed his path,
And encountered his warrior wrath;
And they fought a fight by the northern light

That was terrible-very-to-see,
But the beast uproarious came out victorious,
For he stuck his horn through the hunter forlorn,
Till he died in agony.

Now, the ignorant whale his
Burden ignited
At the light Borealis,
And now he is lighted,
Wherever he goes o'er the icy-flecked seas,
By the burning tallow and melted grease,
With an odor like double Limburger cheese.

And many a valiant sailor,
In the lonely northern whaler,
Saw the light in sight on some stormy night,
When the sea around his ship was white,
Till he thought the Flying Dutchman,
Or perhaps some other such man,
Was trying to give him a fright.



WHERE THE TROUBLE WAS.

(AT SEA IN A STORM.)

CHICAGO MAN. — By George! if the boat sinks we'll go down sure.

HOPEFUL MINISTER. — Never mind, my friend; remember that you will rise again.

CHICAGO MAN. — Yes; but I'll be down long enough to get drowned, that's what I'm kickin' about.



"BEAT the drums,
And sound the tocsin,
Here he comes,
The little coxswain,"

murmured the Ibis, as he sank into the window-seat, and watched the blue surges of the distant Charles.

"Well," admitted Lampy, "the coxswain may be little, but he has the whole crew at his feet."

"And let us hope," suavely returned the Bird, "that our crew may show their heels to some one besides their own coxswain."

"Our crew," said Lampy, in a slow, philosophical way, "is like a silk hat: it gets ruffled if it is stroked the wrong way."

"And, like a hat," rejoined the Ibis, solemnly, "its place is the head."

The Jester sighed, and sadly pondered how often the "everything-in-its-place" rule had been broken during the last few years, and a tear might have been seen on his coat sleeve.

"Never mind," he murmured, "let her rip."

"Why don't you have it mended?" sympathetically inquired the Ibis. "Too expensive?"

"Oh, no!" returned Lampy, lightly; "I've footed bigger bills than that."

"Just what Mamie Tucker's father said when he kicked Billy Suitor out of the house last Friday," rejoined the Ibis.



[From one of our (Self) Esteemed Contemp(t)oraries.]

THE DEAD CAT SCANDAL!

'RAH FOR THE WRECKORD AND REFORM!!

THE BOARD OF HEALTH SHAMEFACED!!!

THE CAT TO BE REMOVED!!!!

APRIL 18, 1890.

AS all Bostonians hoped, the *Wreckord's* exposé of the Dead Cat Scandal has at last been successful in its results. As the *Wreckord* has said every day for the last fortnight, this matter was one which gravely concerned the health of every man, woman, and child in the vicinity. We feel that we have done a noble work, and we know that no paper in the country can get the bulge on us for patriotic, public-spirited reform.

The Dead Cat Scandal, as all readers of the *Wreckord* know, is as follows: On April 3, little Timmy O'Flynn was walking down Bainbridge Street, when suddenly he smelt a smell. Nothing daunted, the plucky little fellow darted into the area of No. 960, whence the odor proceeded, and perceived, in all its native hideousness, a Dead Cat. Timmy realized at once the extent of the danger to the neighborhood, and it took him but a moment to decide on the best plan for an abatement of the nuisance. He started off at the top of his speed, and, by a circuitous course, succeeded in arriving safely at the back door of the *Wreckord* office, his actions entirely unnoticed. He then told the whole story, in all its details, to our city editor, who wrote up the affair for that evening's *Wreckord*, and also made Timmy a reporter, at a dollar per column. No other journal would have had the courage thus to assail the city government. The *Wreckord*, however, by repeated warnings and appeals, has at last brought the Board of Health to a realization of its duty. At last our labors bear fruit. Mr. K. T. Brown, the gentlemanly and urbane clerk of the Board, has promised to send his cook, Bridget, early next week to remove the offensive and unhealthy carcass.

A crayon portrait of Bridget, Timmy, and the cat, drawn by our special artist, is on view at the office.

The feature of to-morrow's issue will be the opening of the contest for a \$3.00 accordion, the handsome instrument to be given to the cash girl in Jordan, Marsh's who receives the greatest number of votes before June 1.

THEY say the most popular dress in Chicago is the divorce suit.



THE ANNEX MAID.

HE was up on paleography,
Knew all about ethnography,
Considered plain geography
An elemental study;
She could lecture on philosophy,
She could criticise theosophy
With phrases which would ossify
A man who was n't ready.

She could analyze quaternions,
Knew the taste of old Falernians,
Could tell us why Hibernians
Formed an economic factor;
She was quite a lexicographer,
An amateur photographer,
Was known as a phonographer,
From Mozambique to Jacta.

She was versed in old Assyrian
And the dialect Illyrian,
Could identify the Tyrian
Effect on punctuation;
Knew the theory of philanthropy;
Told her hearers that misanthropy
Came through midnight lunches and
through pie,
But she failed in osculation.

RIPPLE FROM THE HARVARD ROWING CLUB.

NEWCOME, '93, took his first row in a single yesterday. His oar stuck in the water; and in his struggles to get it out, his foot went through the bottom of the boat. Mr. Newcome is to lecture before Zoölogy 2 to-morrow on "Catching Soft-Shell Crabs."

NOT IN LITERATURE OR ART, HOWEVER.

"GREAT Scott!" ejaculated little Peter, meditatively rubbing the spot just chastised by the muscular lady teacher. "I guess this is what pa calls a strongly realistic school."

COULDN'T KILL THEM.

ST. PETER (*at the gate*). — Well, who are you?
APPLICANT. — I'm Dr. —, of Boston.

ST. PETER. — Sorry we can't admit you, but there is absolutely nothing for you to do: you see, we are immortal.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — How much do you ask for those callas?

FLORIST. — Callous, is it! D'ye t'ink ye can tache me anything about horticulchre? Thim are the tinderest boolbs I hov.

**A DINNER PARTY.**

INNER is served!"

The words rang in my ear like an alarm clock. I had never been to a dinner party before. Miss Kilpatrick's name had been handed to me; so I gave her my arm, and we went down to dinner. When we were seated, I thought I

would spring an original joke. It was my first effort at conversation.

"Miss Kilpatrick," said I, "why is a French novel like an Irishman's hair?" As she did not answer, I continued, "Because it's more read than it ought to be." I glanced at my partner to watch the effect. The Lord help me! her hair was shining auburn.

Every one laughed, and I became very nervous. I saw a gentleman on the opposite side eying me critically. My hand stole up to my collar. Heavens! I had forgotten my necktie.

The waiter was carrying round the table plates of raw oysters. In my agony, I waved my hands above my head and struck his arm. It was a feeble blow, but one raw oyster left the plate, and stole down Miss Kilpatrick's neck. She was seized with hysterics.

This was no place for me. I could stand such agony no longer. I rose, and muttered something to my hostess, by way of apology. A mischievous young man began to clap loudly. "Speech! speech!" he cried; "Hear! hear!" The crowd of guests caught the contagious sound, and gave me round after round of applause. I grasped the back of my chair, and when the noise subsided, I said, in hollow tones: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have never been to a dinner party before, and, God willing, I will never go again."

Then I rushed out into the street, while the sounds of laughter still rang in my ears. I stole into a low restaurant, and ordered a mutton-chop and a mug of ale.

I was never intended for high society.

THE MYSTERIES OF JOURNALISM.

FIRST EDITOR OF CRIMSON.—Glorious news, old man! glorious news!

SECOND EDITOR OF CRIMSON.—What's that?

FIRST EDITOR OF CRIMSON.—Three new societies have been formed, two new clubs, and one literary union, and they are all to have rules, regulations, and by-laws. Glorious, is n't it?

THE ADVANTAGE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN.

FIRST STUDENT (*just passed exams.*)—I wish I knew more Latin. What does that inscription above the door on Memorial mean?

SECOND STUDENT (*just passed.*)—Oh, I can tell you that. (*Reading.*) Memorial eorum qui his in sedibus mortem pro patria oppetiverunt. (*Translating.*) In memory of those who met death—his in sedibus—in these seats. (*Fervently.*) Thank God! I am warned in time. I had heard that Memorial was not particularly good, but had no idea that it went as far as that!

THE CALAMITIES OF LIFE.

MRS. FINNIGAN.—What in the wur-r-ld's the matther wid yez this mornin'?

MRS. MURPHY.—Shure, an' it's purty hard on a poor woman like me to have so mony troubles all at wunce. Pat wuz run over this mornin', an' had three ribs broken, an' two arms, an' a leg; an' the man called round fur rint yisterday; an' Micky shpilt a whole bottle o' whusky, an'—an' (*weeping*)—it's twinty cints a quar-r-t.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

TEKELHEIMER.—Vere are you shtaying dis summer, Mr. Isaacstein?

ISAACSTEIN.—Down by Bath Beath.

TEKELHEIMER.—Is dere many Christians dere dis year?

ISAACSTEIN.—No, not a great many; dot is to say, not enough to make it deesagreeable.

A GRIEVOUS ERROR.

HERR ROMANTIG.—You must admit that you Americans are not at all musical; why, even your street bands are imported.

MR. MANHATTAN (*indignantly*).—You are mistaken, sir, quite mistaken: our German bands all come from the Bowery, every one of them.

WITH BOTH FEET.

"I SEE that another man was killed yesterday; but I'm afraid we can do nothing with these electric wires: they're beyond us."

"We can't, eh? Just wait till we get them under ground, and we'll walk all over them!"

JACK POORCATCH, '89, says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "noing by half."

A MAN of morbid tastes—The auctioneer.



TRUELLA'S TRIOLETS.

THE MONTHLY EDITOR.

ASKED for a rhyme,
But he sent me a sonnet,
With indifference sublime,
For I asked for a rhyme;
And I have n't the time
Or the patience to con it.
I asked for a rhyme,
But he sent me a sonnet.

THE CRIMSON EDITOR.

I ASKED for the news,
But he sent me an ad. !
Now, pray, what is the use
Of asking the news,

If a man will refuse,
Like a regular cad?
I asked for the news,
But he sent me an ad.

THE ADVOCATE EDITOR.

I ASKED what the men thought,
And he quoted the dean.
But that's not what I sought;
I asked what the *men* thought,
As I think that he ought
At the time to have seen.
I asked what the men thought,
And he quoted the dean.

THE LAMPOON EDITOR.

I HELD out my hand,
But he gave me a kiss;
You must quite understand
That I held out my hand,
Nor expected the sand
For a freedom like this.
I held out my hand,
But *he* gave me a kiss.

A BÂS LES CHAPEAUX.

AT THE THEATRE.

SHE. — Oh, dear, this is simply awful! I can't see
a single thing.

HE. — I'm a little better off: I can see a hat.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

YOUNG SPRINGLEY (*audaciously*). — How old
are you, Miss Breezy?

SHE (*sweetly*). — I was born on a Thursday. You
can calculate as well as I.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR HARVARD STUDENTS.

(*Sir Secretary to Freshman entering Office.*)

One, Two — "How do you do?"
Three, Four — "Shut that door!"
Five, Six — "Up to your tricks?"
Seven, Eight — "You've got to keep straight."
Nine, Ten — "You were seen in your den"
Eleven, Twelve — "Gambling like — well,
Thirteen, Fourteen — "T was seen through your curtain"
Fifteen, Sixteen — "By maids from the kitchen."
Seventeen, Eighteen — "The Dean's now waiting"
Nineteen, Twenty — "To sing you 'McGintey.'"

The Dean was in his parlor
Drinking cold milk-punch;
The President was likewise there,
Masticating lunch;
The maid was up-stairs, writing down
Her grandma's middle name.
They waited for the Freshman then,
And bounced him when he came.

There was a young Freshman whose watch was in hock;
He lived upon nothing but brandy and hock:
Brandy and hock were the chief of his diet,
And yet this young Freshman scarce ever was quiet.



HARVARD'S MODEL ATHLETES.

THE HIGH JUMPER.

[Found in the Temple at Delphi, 1893, A. D.]

COPHOCLES' RETURN OF ORESTES HASTINGS, '93, FROM A VACATION SPENT IN NEW YORK.

(Tauchnitz Edition.)

SCENE: Room 100 Beck Hall.

ORESTES H.:



T last once more in Harvard's
precincts I
Find myself again. Ah!
it doth grieve my heart
To think what "labors" I
must e'en endure
Before I see New York
again. Ah, ox-eyed Edith!
Fain would I again — but what these
sounds?

(Enter FIRST SEMI-CHORUS, carrying
bills.)

SEMI-CHORUS:
Is brave Orestes in?

ORESTES H.:
Ye gods! what shall I say?
καὶ μὴν — he's in. (Seeing bills.)
ὦ; alas; — ο / — α.

SEMI-CHORUS:
We fain would give him these.

ORESTES H.: (Reads one.)
Alas! Ah, woe is me!
My credit's gone —
My bills have come.

(Enter SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.)

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS:
Is King Orestes here,
Of the tribe of '93,
Son of the noble Hastings?

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS (pointing to O. H., hidden by hotel bill):
Yon is the mighty man.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS:
We have brought you notes
From the Office . . . (Word missing. { καὶ μὴν [Strophe.
Your adviser will meet you to-day
In U 20, at two of the clock,
And advise you as to the rest of your
Year's work.
(Metre defective — antistrophe wanting; probably some annotation.)

The Office will see you in private
At 2.45. The Dean will meet you —

ORESTES H. (madly):
πᾶσαι; ὦ μοι
Undone am I.
O mighty Jove!
O ox-eyed Edith!

(Stabbing himself with laundered collar, dies slowly to
logædic verse.)

> ; ~ ~ / — ~ / ~ ~ / — ~
Death comes upon me now! (Falls back.)

WHOLE CHORUS:

Ah me and lack-a-day! In vain
Have I from the Four Hundred's shore
Hastened with winged feet;
In vain sat I at the Council of
Cambridge Elders — the honored Faculty:
Orestes Hastings lies in Hades's grasp.

[Slowly exeunt.

(O. HASTINGS breathes again. Smokes cigarettes in honor
of Dionysius. Picks up banjo and sings.)

Maid of N. Y., ere we part,

ξὼν μοῦ σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

(Enter CHORUS OF ATHLETES, in base-ball attire.)

CHORUS:
Hasten, Orestes, hasten!
Yonder to Jarvis we journey
To play at ball — ο — ο
Do you be our umpire —
(Two rolls of parchment lost.)

CHORUS OF ATHLETES: (Evidently last scene.)
Oh — — — !
He who the chorus of Furies withstood
Has succumbed to the mere dif of opinion
Between the first and second nine — ο ο.

Ah! bathe the corse with fresh water,
And by the banks of the wine-colored Charles
Bury Orestes, and write — ο ο — — ο ο
"He umpired a Freshman game!"
"Such hath been the event of this affair."

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

DR. HOCUS (gruffly). — Madam, there is abso-
lutely no hope. Your child will die.

DR. POCUS (kindly). — I quite agree with all that
Dr. Hocus has said, but, with careful nursing, I think
the child will probably live.

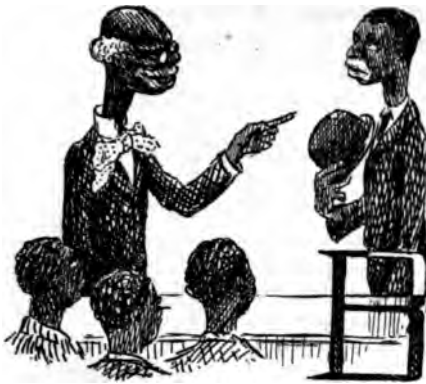
DR. BOLUS (timidly). — I am entirely in accord with
Dr. Hocus and Dr. Pocus, and I — I think — the —
the child — will — that is to say — will neither live nor
die.

A NATURAL SEQUENCE.

(NEAR NEW BOAT-HOUSE.)

HOLLIS. — Are you going swimming?
HOLWORTHY. — No, rowing.

HOLLIS. — Well, I was right, after all.



**DE BLACKVILLE'SOCIETY FOR DE FUR-
ERATION OB COL-
LEGE EDUCATION.**

MEETING THE FOURTH.

(*Brudder Jones in de Chair.*)

Y all dat's holy in de ribber Jordan! "ejaculated Brudder Jones, as he hastily rose from his seat, "what am you a-figitin' 'bout in yure seat an' a-lookin' out de window fur, Brudder Brownkins, yu ornery nigger, you? Can't yu look at a dog chasin' a chicken wifout a spirit ob fraternity arisin' in yure breast?"

"Not dat, — it am not dat," said Brudder Brownkins, disconnectedly; "it am Brudder Cæsar Silewell a-comin' up de road an' —"

"Fur de lan's sakes!" interrupted Brudder Jones; "dat am good news. He must hab cum back frum Princeton ahed ob time —" Here Brudder Jones was compelled to stop on account of the entrance of Cæsar Silewell, and the enthusiastic greetings which were showered upon him. "Welcome home, Cæsar!" shouted one. "It dun make my heart gud to see yu, Cæsar," said another.

"But, Brudder Silewell," said Brudder Jones, "what am it dat hab make you a-cum home befoh de end ob de term? Hab you dun been caught stealin' chickens an' a-been sent home? Ah, Cæsar! you'd a-bettah put dat yere chicken inside o' yure vest, an' let him dun gnaw out yure vitals, like de fox did wif de Spartan boy, den be caught."

"It am not dat," returned Cæsar, proudly heaving his chest, "aldo I hab been expelled, but not fur dat."

"What fur, den?" replied Brudder Jones. "Can it be dat you hab been playin' base-ball poorly, or dat you hab not lied as well as usual?"

"Not dat, not dat!" responded Cæsar, "but I dun bin expelled 'cause I becum religious, joined de Yung Men's Christian Association, an' stopped my lyin' fur de Affidavit Committee, my stealin' fur de base-ball nine, an' my eatin' fur de Club. I hab been converted, dat's what a-bin happenin' to me. I dun seed de error ob my ways, dat's what I dun. I hab givin up all dose yere crafty tricks and t'ings, an' dat's de reason I dun been expelled frum Princeton, but I am a converted man. I hab givin up all de t'ings ob de debbil, an' de Lord be praised fur his goodness!"

"De debbil be d——d fur his wickedness!" shouted Brudder Jones, as he angrily rose from his seat. "An' do you t'ink, Brudder Silewell, dat we dun sent

you up to Princeton to becum religious an' to Christian Association yureself? No, sah, we nebber sent you up fur no sech tings. We sent you up to Princeton to improve yure opportunities, dat's what we did; so dat when you dun cum back, de wery chickens would be afraid of yure voice, an' dat de melons wud quake at yure approach, an' dat we could always be sure ob havin' a representative to Congress frum Blackville who could lie wif de best of 'em. But what haf we now? An ungrateful, ornery, hymn-eating nigger, who hab neglected his studies —"

Here Brudder Jones was interrupted by the other brudders shouting, "Put him in de ash-pile!" "Thring him in de pond!" "To h—l wif Cæsar!" and other like expressive exclamations. But Brudder Jones, exposing his beautiful, white teeth in order to command silence, continued: —

"To you, Brudder no longer, but Mr. Cæsar Silewell, I hab nuffin moh to say; but here! don't you go yet," — as Cæsar started to go out, — "we hab a little moh business wif you yet befoh we am through. I will now say to de udder highly respected brudders ob dis yere society, dat dere will be a quiet tar-and-feader pahty to-night, in which all de brudders ob de society an' Mr. Cæsar Silewell will participate. Sech lubely tar and sech fine, prickly feaders," said Brudder Jones, as he gave Cæsar Silewell a significant glance, and adjourned the meeting till evening.

(For the report of the tar-and-feather party, being the fifth and last meeting of The Blackville Society, see the next number of the LAMPOON.)

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

KATE. — I think, perhaps, I'd better be afther a-lavin' yez, mum.

MISTRESS. — I should be sorry to have you go, Kate. We liked your cooking.

KATE. — But loikly yez would n't foind it handy to take in me old man. Oi 'm goin' to be married, mum.

MISTRESS. — Why, Kate, to whom?

KATE. — D'ye moind the wake Oi was at tin days ago? It's the widy-man o' the corpse axt me to marry him. He told me Oi was the very loif o' that wake.

AMEN!

GIRLHAITER. — I've noticed that women have a peculiar fondness for using the word "amen."

PUNSBY. — Nothing strange, for it's always the last word.

AMBIGUOUS, TO SAY THE LEAST.

LULU (*who has been very ill, and suddenly awakens*). — Am I in heaven, mamma?

MOTHER. — No, dear, we are still with you.

FASHION NOTES.



KNOWING that many of our dear friends are always on the lookout for new and tasty designs for costumes suitable for this time of year, we set our artistic editors to work recently to plan some outfits of an especially pleasing nature. After many hours of conscientious study on the avenue after church, they respectfully submit the result of their labors.

The first, a design for a tea-gown, we take pleasure in styling the "Antigone" (this was designed without models, it is unnecessary for us to state). The material is of subdued jealousy yellow *pâté de foie*

gras, cut *décollé* (accented especially for this occasion) front and back, and belted in with a sash of luscious Charles River blue. This makes the drapery fall in rich clusters from the waist, and the general effect is decidedly Grecian.

The second design is that of a natty walking costume, which we have called "Easter day in the morning." The material is of rich freshman green. The dress is made up of two parts, jacket and skirt, cut *à la princesse*, with Gretchen puffs shirred diagonally across the back, *à la Holly-tree*, with herring-bone stitches. The effect of this costume is extremely dazzling, and it can be worn only by blondettes.

We have found it very difficult to design a cloak which should be at once novel and not over-exciting, but we feel sure that our "Pierian" (so called because of its grand harmonic effects*) will be a great favorite. It is composed of one large piece of profoundly silent plaid, with two holes cut in it through which to put the arms. When worn under a waterproof, the effect is not at all displeasing to the eye, or discordant to the ear.

* Ad.



THEY ALL DO IT.

GEORGE JACKSON.—Did yu know dat dat 'ere Melissa Tompkins dun paints her cheeks?

CICERO HAMBLIN.—Fur de lan's sake, no! What makes you t'ink dat, chile?

GEORGE JACKSON.—I dun kissed her on de cheek, myself, an' when I got hum, mammy said, "Fur de lub of liberty, Gawge, what makes yur lips so red?"

HARVARD LAMPOON.

THE DEAR NEPHEW.



W E stood by the edge of the river,
I looked in her eyes so blue;
She said she 'd be mine forever,
And swore to be ever true.

I talked of our plans for the future,
Of our beautiful house in town,

And the number of presents I 'd give her,
Such jewels, and many a gown.

All at once I paused to consider;
She cast up her eyes: our looks met;
"But, Henry, you surely forget, dear,
That you 're only a law student yet."

The sun shone out bright in the heavens,
The brook sang a merry song.
"I've an uncle: he's rich and he's eighty;
Now, did I forget? Was I wrong?"

TOMMY.—What makes the world go round,
papa?

FATHER (*absent-mindedly*).—Champagne generally,
sometimes beer.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

JACOB (*who is being taught the business*).—Ach, vater, vat is de gwality of dese clotheses, und vat is de price?

FATHER.—Shust you mind dis, Schacob: de price depenz upon de gwality of a customer, und de gwality—vell, dat depenz upon de price at vich he vill take it.

TRUE TO HIS PURPOSE.

M. R. TOLSTOW (*to whom the jockey has just sold a vicious horse*).—But you told me he was an honest horse.

JOCKEY.—An' bedad, so he is, sor. He always threatened to throw me, an', sure, he never desaved me.

YOUNG Grub Grab, who boards over at Mrs. Make Hay's hostelry (as she calls it), says they have two beautiful, long-haired nymphs of labor, who dally with the food,—one red and the other black haired. He says every time they have hash it reminds him of Steady Gooro's *Rouge et Noir*.

JACK.—Oh, her hazel eyes are so bewitching!

TOM.—Why! How convenient! Her tears must be a kind of extract of witch-hazel.

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WOLVES.

TOURIST (*headed westward*).—Are there many wolves in Kansas?
 MOVER (*headed eastward*).—Heaps uv 'em, pardner!
 TOURIST.—How do you pronounce the name by which they are called, c-o-y-ote or ki-ote?
 MOVER.—Wal, some calls it one an' some the other; but them that have run up agin 'em much pronounces it real-estate agent. — *Munsy's Weekly*.

LAPSE OF MEMORY.

LAWYER STANLEY.—You'll have to sign your maiden name to the document, madam.
 MRS. HOOLEY.—Be gorry, we've hov been married thot long Oi forget it. Pfwhat was it, Pat?
 MR. HOOLEY.—Sure, Oi used t' be that attintive t' yure cousin Katie, Oi 'm forgettin' mesilf pfwhich one o' yez Oi married. — *Puck*.

HE MUST GO.

MRS. PRIM.—John, we must discharge that new music teacher.
 MR. PRIM.—Why so, Maria?
 MRS. PRIM.—I heard our girls say he has a delightful touch. — *Texas Siftings*.



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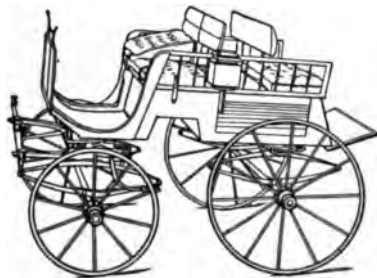
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JOHNSON. — It must cost you a good deal for housekeeping, Hawley, with your large family, and yet you always seem to have some money to spend. How do you manage it?

HAWLEY. — Oh, I can always find some change when I want it. I have six children, you know, and each of them has a little bank. — *Light.*

BUILT THAT WAY.

MR. DEAKIN. — Yo's smokin' dat butt clean down t' d' brush.
MR. COPECK. — Yo's lyin'. I jess lighted dat seegar, but mah teef sets so fer back I hab t' poke him pretty well in t' git a grip. — *Judge.*

H. I. STRION. — Did you see my imitation of Booth?

C. WRITICK. — Yes, the deep damnation of your taking off. — *Puck.*



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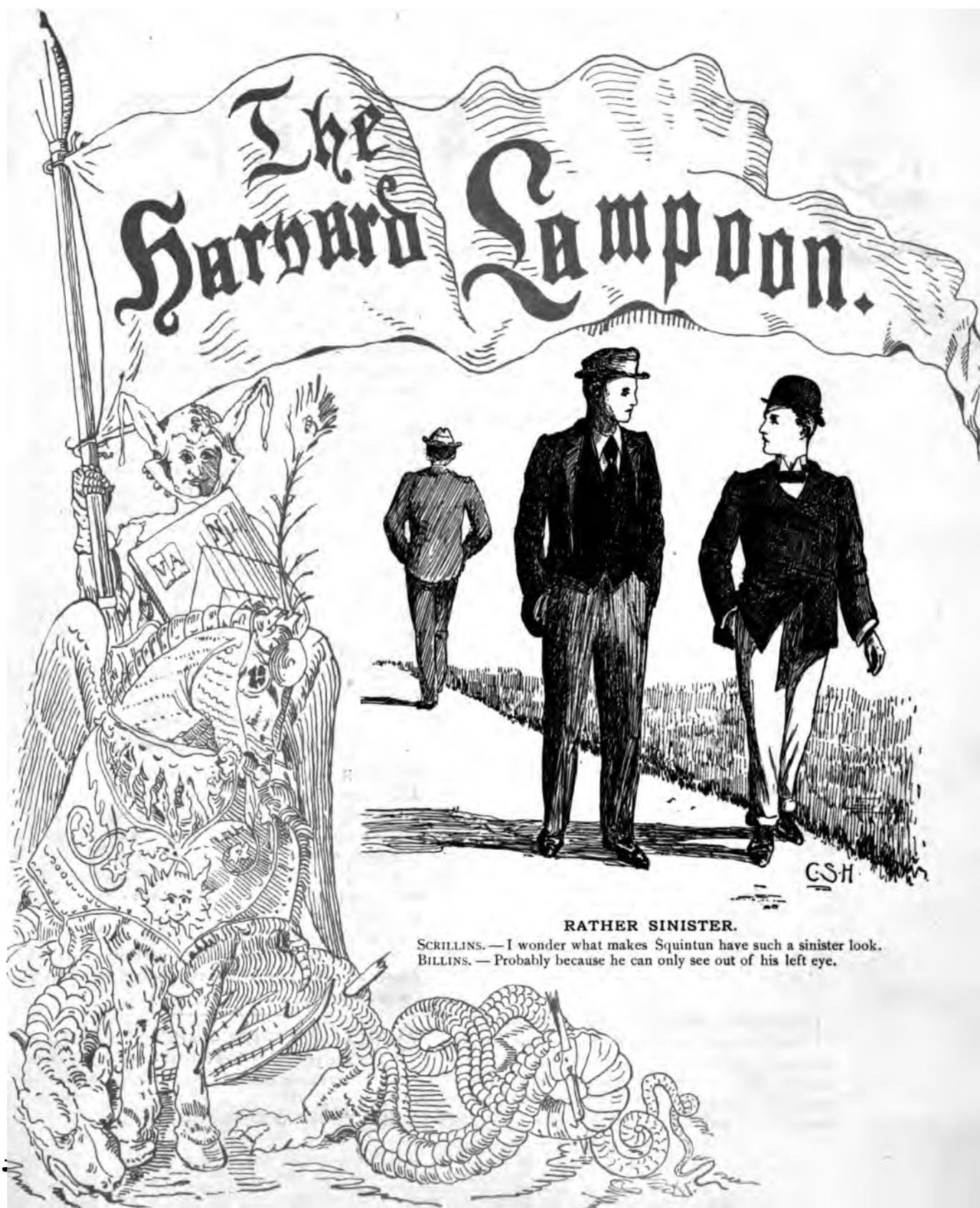
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RATHER SINISTER.

SCRILLINS. — I wonder what makes Squintun have such a sinister look.
BILLINS. — Probably because he can only see out of his left eye.



CAMBRIDGE, MAY 13, 1890.

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J. A. LOWELL, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

WHEN the loud trump of war resounds, then the fiery editorial flows swiftly from Lampy's heated stylus. When the minions of a foreign foe assault us, when the newspapers are harrying the "fast set," or when the Faculty has been chasing us into corners, then with a truculent swagger it is very easy to fill up the two short columns of the first page with good bold Saxon; but in the piping times of peace, when the newspapers cease from troubling and the Bursar is at rest, how very very difficult a task it is! Dr. Johnson once remarked that Dean Swift could have "written finely on a broomstick," had he chosen to do so. Doubtless; but how would not the Dean have suffered if his readers had had to endure fortnightly essays on the same broomstick written by a dozen other men through as many years? Out on this tiresome monotony of good-nature, and spring-time, and laziness!

"War! War! No Peace! Peace is to me a war!"

THE athletes are all quietly at work, all but the base-ball coach, who stands over by third base and howls aimlessly and continually at the timid red-legged chick on first to "come right along whenever his left eye winks," assuring him that "he never can catch you — he's cold waffles," and adding, in an explanatory

sort of way, that a base on balls any day in the week is quite the equal in commercial value of a good base-hit, and that a wild pitch is nothing more than a voluntary donation, which, from the pitcher's evident generosity, may be expected at any moment. This gentleman excepted, the busy athletic world is silent. The great boating men pull their silver blades through the green water, which falls off from them with a swirl of tinkling bubbles, the sprinter sprints fleetly down the springy cinder-path, the hurdler is hurdling, and the dull thud of the high jumper is heard in the land. But, though they are making so little fuss about their work, we are sure that business will get a correspondingly large share of their attention. And with all confidence, we predict success to the modest toilers of the Crimson!

THE sport-loving dwellers in Weld deserve the College's thanks for reviving the old custom of nightly open-air singing. It is a pleasure to hear their excellent resonant glees echoing through the dark when lamps are being lit. And the cries of "More! more!" from every part of the yard show how universally it is appreciated.

LAMPY'S PHILOSOPHY.

NEVER place so much confidence in your minister as to sleep during the sermon.

Don't try to waken sympathy when it is fast asleep.

It is a wide-spread belief that men value red noses, judging from the expense they are at to get them.

Never judge from the smiling countenance of the instructor that the examination is to be easy. "Men are deceivers ever."

Never pick water-lilies from a single shell.

Men of short memories and misers are alike: the former are always forgetting, and the latter are always for getting.

SCHLAFENHEIMER. — Ach! mein Gott, Fritz! Wat are you doing dere? Ach! der lieber Himmel! donnerwetter noch Mal, he is trinking water oud of a bier-mug.

(He is carried out unconscious.)

MY VIOLET.



PLUCKED from a knot of flowers
on her breast,
How dear thou art to me, sweet
violet!
What memories with thy faded petals rest,
What tender recollections, fair flow'ret,
Thou bringst to me.
Thy perfume faint a thousand thoughts re-
calls, —
Her tender eyes, her bright and gentle
smile;
Upon my ears soft rhythmic music falls,
As, gently fondling thee, musing the while,
Her face I see.

Withered and faded though thou art, dear flower,
Yet shall I safely keep and treasure thee,
A sweet reminder of that one short hour,
So long ago gone by, brought back to me
At sight of thee.

SUCH IS THE LOT OF MAN.

VOICE WITHIN. — Who's there?
V. WITHOUT. — It's I. Let me in!
V. WITHIN. — Who are you? Delphi Fund?
V. WITHOUT. — No.
V. WITHIN. — Varsity crew?
V. WITHOUT. — No.
V. WITHIN. — Sawin Memorial?
V. WITHOUT. — No.
V. WITHIN. — Freshman nine?
V. WITHOUT. — No.
V. WITHIN. — Cycling Association?
V. WITHOUT. — No.
V. WITHIN. — Well, I guess you can come in then.
[Enter FIEND.]
V. WITHOUT. — Ha! Mott Haven Training Table.

"**G**ET under that ball," yelled the captain, as the
batter knocked a high fly to centre field. "All
right!" replied the fielder, running forward and then
stopping, "I under-stand."



A VARIED DIET.

HE (*sympathetic*). — I am sorry to hear of the death of your dog. What was the matter with him?
SHE. — I am sure I don't know. Poor Fido was such a dear, and we did set everything by him.
HE. — Well, perhaps he ate some of it.



"WELL, Ibis?" remarked Lampy, pleasantly, as the Bird strolled in, attired in his new spring suit.

"Yes, thank you," replied the Ibis, politely, as he put his silk hat carefully on the closet shelf.

"Did you call?" asked Lampy, carelessly.

"Yes; and she saw me," responded the Ibis, settling himself comfortably on his perch.

"And she had a little flush," suggested the Jester.

"But I had a greater one," rejoined the Bird.

"And so your hand took hers," said Lampy, with a smile.

"Are you going to do any running this year?" asked Lampy, as soon as the Ibis recovered his composure.

"I suppose I shall run behind and run in debt," replied the Bird, with a sigh.

"And run *up* a bill at Billy Park's, and run *down* in consequence," added Lampy.

"Yes," mused the Ibis, reflectively, "the higher you live, the lower you get for it."

"In most places," responded Lampy, "the higher you live, the lower you *give* for it."

"Which," rejoined the Ibis, "is the same as saying that the hire gets higher as you get lower."

"Exactly," answered the Jester, "and the higher you raise the hire, the less likely the place is to be hired."

But the Ibis had disappeared through the telephone transmitter.



AT WASHINGTON.

MRS. CENATOR (*from top of the stairs*). — Why did n't you admit that gentleman, John?

BUTLER. — I just told him, ma'am, as we had n't any old clothes to sell.

MRS. CENATOR. — Dear me, how stupid of you! He was n't a pedler; that's the Turkish ambassador.

HE HAD PROBABLY BEEN AN EXCHANGE EDITOR.

MISS LEEKLY. — How cutting some of Mr. Punsby's remarks are!

MR. PUNSBY. — Yes, sheer nonsense, as it were.

"SO dark and yet so light," as the man said about his short ton of coal.



VERY TRUE.

HE. — Marriage must be awfully unsatisfactory.

SHE. — I don't see why.

HE. — Oh, it's nothing but a give away, and there's always a hitch in the programme.

DE BLACKVILLE SOCIETY FOR DE FUR-
DERATION OB COLLEGE EDUCATION.

MEETING THE LAST.

THE Blackville brudders made their way, on the evening of Cæsar Silewell's home-coming, to a sequestered field, in the centre of which a large kettle was placed, which soon was emitting a strong odor of burning tar. Brudder Jones now stepped forward, and, pointing at the cringing form of Cæsar Silewell, said to two stalwart Blackvilleites, "To quote de words ob de poet:—

" ' Grab him up tenderly,
Lift him wif care
Into de slenderly
Fashioned pot dere.' "

(We have the manuscript, but it bears the imprint of the boot-heel of our inexorable Comstock editor.)

melon-patch they all shuffled, singing as they went:—

" We hab tarred and feadered Cæsar,
We hab whisked away de cuss;
An' aldo' dere's feaders on *him*,
Dere are no flies on us."

HIS DIAGNOSIS.

" I TELL you what, it's hard luck poor old Pat is having," said Blinky, '92, the other day, after having sat out five other fellows. "You know he was in town the other night—ha! ha!—and caught a terrible cold coming out on the car platform, and it settled in his eyes so that he can't see. They've always been weak; and you know how a cold always takes hold of the weak spots in a fellow. It's funny, but I have an awful lot of colds, but they never affect me anywhere except in my head."

The east wind soughed softly down the chimney and made the blue flames wink in the fireplace.

VERY NATURAL.

MRS. QUERANT.—What a disagreeable man Dr. Poorquack is!

MR. QUERANT.—Small wonder, my dear, since he is always out of patients.

NO WONDER.

" I HEAR that Flimsey has been badly hurt." "Yes, I was afraid he would be some day. You know he's an anglo-maniac,—always drives on the left."

DOWN in the mouth—The larynx.



ANOTHER MEAN MAN.

[SCENE: *Two grave-diggers digging a grave.*]

MR. MULCAHEY.—Sure, Moike, an' it do not be often that us digs a double grave.

MR. ROONEY.—Yis, Dinny, but ould Skinner wor so dom mane that he would n't die before his wife fur to save grave-diggin'.

DIMINUTIVELETS.



HEN the little gripping germlet
Tackles every stripling wormlet;
When the ducklet in the brooklet
Sportles till the brawny cooklet
Cutteth off his little headlet
That his guestlings may be fedlet;
When the fearful springling poetlet
Getteth off his jingling notelet
From his raw and tingling throatlet;
When the dustling in the streetlet
Covers all our bustling feetlet;
When the girl her 16 footlet
Jams into a 14 bootlet, —
All my patiencelet is past-ed, —
Let this lingoling be blasted.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

ORGANO GRINDER was on trial, charged with having set a tenement on fire, in which twelve Italians were burned to death.

LAWYER. — Gentlemen of the jury, must we not charge the whole of this crime upon the prisoner?

PRISONER (*rises excitedly*). — Gentlemen, you must a not thinkee me alone a guiltee. You must a not chargee the hol-a-caust on a me.

Verdict, guilty.

"ARE you going to put me in the box?" asked the letter.

"Yes, for we are sure of your delivery."

Petit Journal pour rire. — The Crimson.



THE REASON.

(SCENE AT RAILWAY STATION, LONDON.)

MISS FASHION. — Let's not go first-class, papa.

MR. FASHION. — Why not?

MISS FASHION. — Well, it looks rather bad, that's all; you know, only dukes and Chicago people do it.

MARTIN THE SPORT BACK.

"She's my sweetheart,
I'm her beau."

POPULAR SONG.

[SEQUEL TO MARTIN THE QUARTERBACK. FROM ADVANCE SHEETS
OF THE ABDICATE.]



THE Freshmen had just had an English hour-exam., and Martin had made a dead flunk. He sauntered forth from the Romanesque portals of Sever, with a wofully down-in-the-mouth expression in his eyes. Dissipation had left its ravages upon his handsome face. This, together with his negligent attire, clearly showed that he had not been fulfilling the purposes of his residence at the University.

He debated whether he should go over to Foster's and get a sandwich, or go to his room and grind out an overdue French theme. He chose the latter. Feeling in his pocket for his cigarette box, his hand came in contact with a piece of crumpled paper. He pulled it out mechanically, and read:—

Annie Rooney wants you. Come if you are her Jo.
(Signed) BUCKSAW.

"What a fool I was," he muttered, as he hastened his steps. "I might have known it was a fake."

Only a few days had elapsed since the Freshman victory, and the reception tendered to the team by the Annie Rooney Opera Company. Martin had been made the hero of the day, but the dupe in a huge practical joke. His mind wandered back to this night, and visions of *Veuve Cliquot* and *Crème de Meuth* floated across his moist palate. He climbed the three weary flights to his room, opened the door, and stepped upon a square envelope. With beating heart he seized the missive, recognizing the feminine handwriting. He broke the seal and read:—

MR. MARTIN:

Sir,—Reports of your late conduct have just reached me. I hardly expected such behavior in you, Mr. Martin. Please consider all relations between us broken off, and be kind enough to return my letters and those tintypes.

MAY LAKESIDE.

Martin became frantic with anger.

"Some of that scoundrel, Erinburnt Berry's work, by the gods! I'll make him suffer, though!" he cried, as he slammed the door and hurried to seek his bitter rival.

He had no more than left the Hastings gate, when he saw a crowd of fellows, who passed for the best men in his class, coming up the street, Erinburnt Berry among them.

"Now is my time to knock out the insolent dog." And his face became purple with rage; the crimson mounted to his cheeks, green jealousy hovered in his eyes, and his blue blood boiled with passion, giving him a curious rainbow-like appearance.

He thrust the letter into Berry's face, and yelled, "Is that some of your doings, you pie-faced cad?"

Disdaining a reply, he landed out with his left on Berry's profile, following with an upper-cut which sent the fellow reeling through the crowd, a tangled mass of arms and legs.

"Hold on there, young man!" a tall gentleman with a convex forehead and scraggy beard yelled as he ran up to the *scène du combat*. "I'm this man's adviser and am bound to protect him: come to me if you want satisfaction."

"The refinement of insult!" Martin exclaimed.

"But we can appreciate true manhood!" the fellows shouted in unison, as they bore Martin off on their shoulders.

And the "dago piano" at the corner played the last strain of "She's my sweetheart."

A PLEASANT OCCUPATION.

REFORMER.—Just think of it! six hundred thousand girls in factories, dipping little sticks into sulphur, and wearing their lives out, for ninety cents a day!

MAN OF THE WORLD.—Oh, don't mind them! They like it. Every woman is a matchmaker; and these fortunate girls are paid for it.

SUMMER MARTYRDOM.

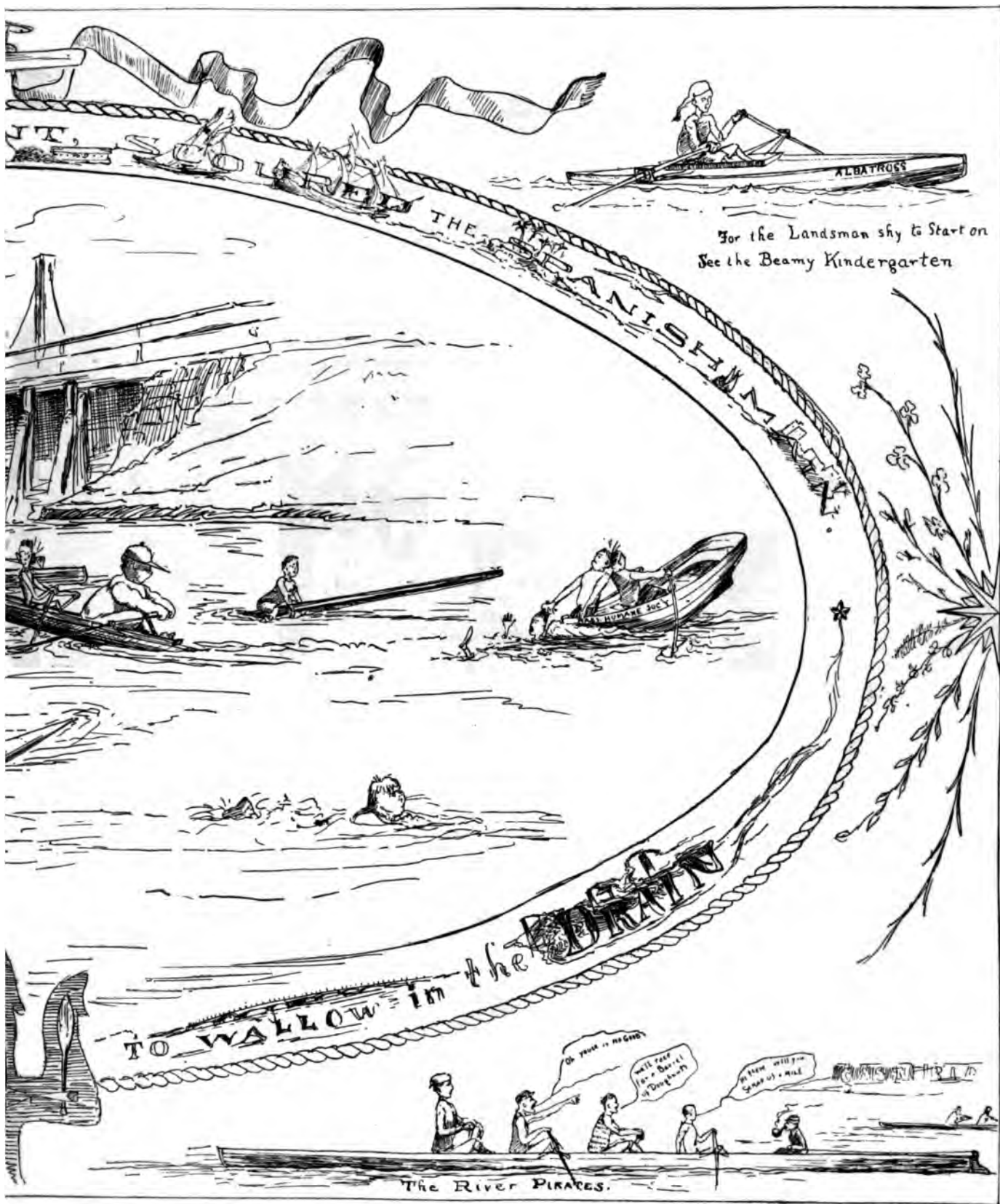
CLERK (at summer hotel).—The lady in No. 16 has been complaining about the chambermaid.

LANDLORD.—If No. 16 is n't satisfied, she'd better go. The trouble with these city people is they imagine they come here just for their own pleasure.

QUITE RIGHT.

IT is a fact which accords with the fitness of things, that when you whale a boy, he blubbers.

THE early bird catches the worm." Later in the day the leisurely moving sportsman gathers in the bird.



AQUATICS:



THE CRICKET ON HOLMES FIELD.

(AFTER WHITTIER.)



NE afternoon, some days ago,
while sportively inclined,
I wandered over Jarvis-ward
to see what I could find
Of interest in base-ball, and
the sports of every kind.

I stopped a moment, on the way, to look in
at the Gym.;

The weather's been so warm, of late, the
crowd's been pretty slim,

And only two lank specimens, from one of the back
States,

Were getting up their muscle, by pulling at the weights.

Down on the track some runners, chiefly dressed in shoes
and smiles,

Were lowering the records in the quarter and half miles.

Inside, upon the new green turf, in attitudes of grace,
There stood around a dozen men, who looked quite out of
place

And purposeless in being there; though as I nearer came
I saw that they were playing at a wondrous funny game.
They had three sticks stuck in the ground, and standing
there before

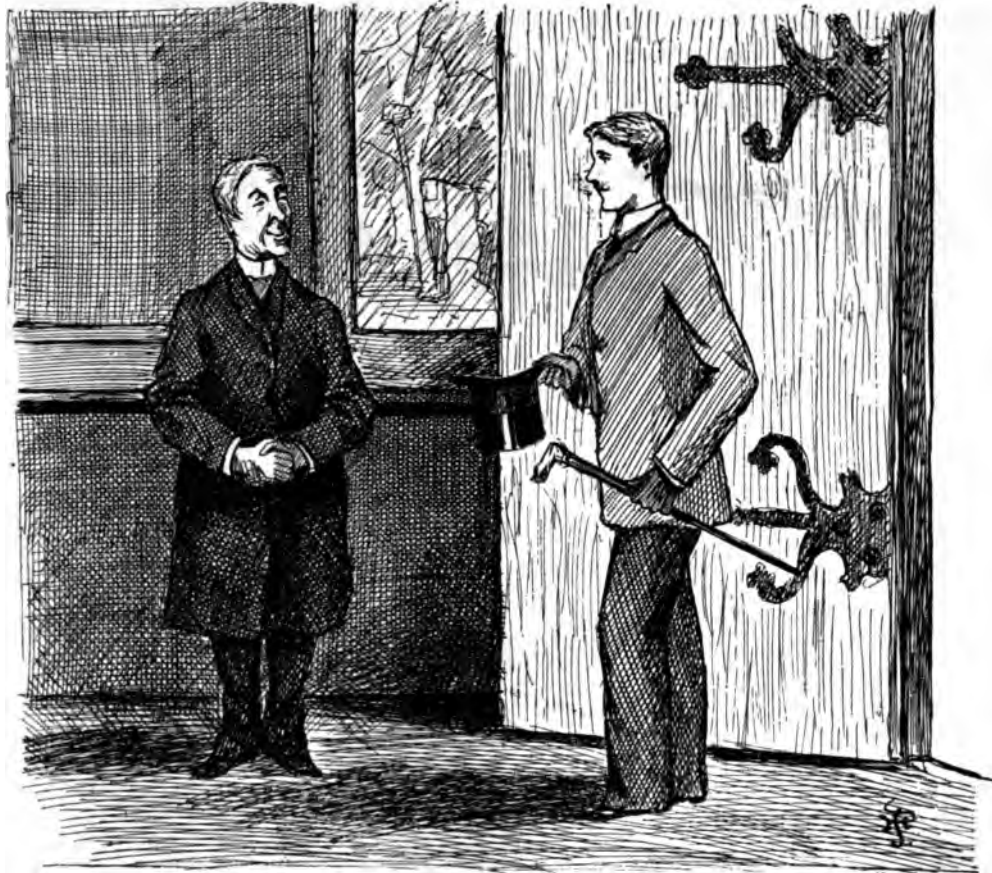
Them was Green, of '90, with a bat shaped something like
an oar.

In front of him were three more sticks, some sixty feet away,
And fielders scattered broadcast, where'er a man could play.
The pitcher stood beside these sticks and pitched the ball
at Green,

Who knocked as neat a two-base hit as I have ever seen.

And then he and another man just put in their best licks
In running back and forwards in the path between the sticks.
The two spectators of the game both murmured, "Played
indeed!"

While all the fielders chased the ball, which went at light-
ning speed.



LONG WINDED.

HOLWORTHY (*entering late*). — How long has Dr. Vox been preaching?

SEXTON. — Twenty two years, sir.

HOLWORTHY. — I guess I won't go in, then.

At last one of them picked it up and brought it in, and then
The pitcher took his place once more and Green his bat
again.

This time the ball was hardly thrown, but rolled along the
ground;

But just before it got to Green it gave a sudden bound.
He struck at it but missed it, and it hit his centre stick;
The two spectators murmured, "Bowled!" applauding thus
the trick.

So Green was out: the field changed sides, and first base
played at third, —

Which act they did each six balls pitched (to keep their
blood well stirred).

And thus the merry game went on: this man whiffed out,
this made a run;

And not since Bloody Monday night had I had half such
fun.

Still, I thought in my excitement of that heart disease of
mine,

And shuddered at the risk I'd run — and went to watch the
Nine.

ONE AHEAD OF HIM.

MR. POORWRIGHTER. — I've just written a
book.

MR. CRITICUS. — I've done more than that: I've
read it.

FIRST COLLAR. — Hello! what's the matter?

SECOND COLLAR. — Matter? I'm completely
done up.

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THE HIGH KICKER.

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47 TEMPLE PLACE - - - - - BOSTON.

A RAPID TRAGEDY.

A PENNSYLVANIA man got married on Monday and committed suicide on Tuesday, leaving seven children. — *Lawrence American*.
This sounds strange, but perhaps he married a widow with seven children. That would certainly account for his committing suicide. — *Light*.

HIS AUTHORITY.

"You mustn't hoe that corn with yer face to the east'ard," said Farmer Sparrowgrass to his hired man.
"Why not?" asked Bill.
"Because the old proverb says, 'Westward ho!'" — *Munsey's Weekly*.

A FRUGAL MIND.

IKENSTEIN. — Gif me vun ticked for dot Bloomington, young veller.
TICKET CLERK. — Bloomington, Illinois, or Bloomington, Indiana?
IKENSTEIN. — Gif me vicheffer vas der sheapest. — *Light*.

THE prettiest girl is the Queen of the May; but the furniture-mover is its King. — *Puck*.



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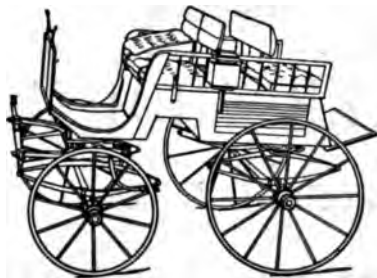
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MRS. STAGGERS. — What! the exclusive Mr. Montgomery married to a cash girl?

STAGGERS. — Yes; a girl with two millions of cash. — *Munsey's Weekly.*

LOUISVILLE ARCHITECT. — While all other buildings went down around it, the one I put up stood the storm.

BROWN. — That is easily accounted for: you builded better than you knew. — *Light.*

BOB INGERSOLL does not believe in Wyoming. In fact, Bob does not believe in any future state. — *Puck.*



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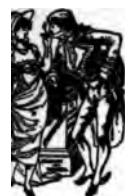
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WHAT INDEED!

OLDER SISTER (*who has been talking of the immortality of the soul*). — But you know, dear, it is only the body that they bury.

EFFIE. — Why, what becomes of the head?



The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 21, 1890.

Published biweekly during term time, by students of Harvard University.

Subscription per year (two volumes, twenty numbers), Two Dollars and a half. Single copies, Fifteen Cents. Back numbers also for sale. Subscriptions received at Thurston's or through the mail.

Contributions may be left at Foster's Cigar Store.

Address all communications to

J. A. LOWELL, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

FROM the eleventh vertebra of an extinct mammal, Cuvier constructed a complete and handsome reproduction, resembling the original, no doubt, very closely, — a curious animal, like a large, winged hog, with Drogheda whiskers.

From the eleventh inning of a modern class-game, Lampy has forecasted the memorable contest for supremacy between the classes of 1898 and 1899, thus going the earlier scientist one better. Here is the picture: —

At two o'clock, the boom of a large brass field-piece called the Seniors to Cambridge Common, where their heelers were assembled, clad from head to foot in tin armor. The Seniors were adorned with cow-bells hung about their necks, tin pans, and festoons of clanking chains. The Juniors had a few hundred Chinese gongs; and the steam whistle of the Brighton abattoir, detached from its resting-place and mounted on a barge, led their procession.

Behind the whistle, the Juniors marched in the following order: gong brigade, tin-horn brigade, watchmen's rattle brigade, kazoo brigade, and bomb brigade.

The Seniors boasted the chain gang, the pistol poppers, the fire-cracker fiends, the McGinties (each armed with grenades), and a park of artillery.

At 3.30 the crowds stood ominously facing each

other at the side lines of the ball field. The noise was inevitably great, but the excitement had not yet commenced, so that it did not exceed that of an ordinary 4th of July.

At 3.45 the Senior team bounded (this is literally correct, for they were encased from head to foot in thick rubber) across the ropes of the enclosure. Their coming was the signal for a cataclysm of sound from the Juniors. Notwithstanding this, the Seniors handled the ball with *sang froid*.

The Juniors, clad in complete divers' submarine costume minus breathing-pipe and lead shoes, seemed no more rattled by the doubly vile reception which greeted them, and the booming of the great guns was treated by them with sublime indifference.

The first five innings were indescribably grand. Cannon belched forth their sullen volleys; shells exploded in the diamond; gongs wailed and shrieked; bells clanged, and all Jarvis seemed like the lowest walk of the pit in conflict.

In the sixth, the Juniors secured a momentary advantage by bringing, just back of first base, an entire buzz-saw factory, drawn by eleven hundred horses, which they afterwards stampeded among the Seniors.

This was counteracted in the eighth by a bomb from the latter, which completely obliterated the home plate, and prevented the Juniors from scoring; while in their frantic searches for the spot where it had been, they were easily touched out.

The ninth was a tie: the air was black with flying sods, boots, cabbages, benches, and other missiles. The players looked like strange rooting animals, so grimy were they, and the spectators, less protected, were even more demoralized.

In the tenth, the Seniors won an easy victory. The brilliant idea having occurred to their marshals of shooting their guns with Dutch cheeses, this was done. The Juniors, mowed down by the well-aimed volleys, became demoralized and fled.

The celebration that night was magnificent. The Seniors burnt the buzz-saw factory and the hospital, and after using the abattoir whistle for their own purposes till they were tired of its sonorous note, they added its immense length as fuel to the flames.

How indescribably more thrilling than the tame game of ten years before! *This is base-ball!*

SEMPER IDEM.



TWO potato-bugs once sat upon
A green potato-vine;
Said Mr. Bug to fair Miss Bug,
"Wilt thou, my dear, be mine?
Your lips I do admire much,
Your eyes so bright and keen,
And oft have I protected you
From touch of Paris green."

Then proud Miss Bug to Mr. Bug
Thus spoke (her blood was blue):
"My father would not let me wed
A bug so low as you."
Replied disconsolate Sir Bug,
"No lady-bug, I ween,
Was e'er more cruel, and what's more,
I think your 'par' is green."

BASE-BALL NOTES.

OVER first's head — His cap.
A base act — Stealing second.
Home stretch — Sliding over the plate.
Ball-player's nightmare — B. A. A. Blazer.
Laborer's motto — Strike.
Something we are all familiar with — Three balls.
A gas centre — A coach.

REGARDFUL OF HIS HEALTH.

AMY *in love with Jack*. — Don't you think Jack
is working too hard at college?

CATHERINE (*Jack's sister*). — I never heard him
accused of overwork.

AMY. — Well, he told me he had to get everything
in a trot.

CATHERINE. — Jack's a donkey.



A GOOD REASON.

JACK KNOWGOOD (*throwing down the bat in despair*). — I think I shall have to join the Total Abstinence League
before long.

TOM AMICUS. — Why?

JACK KNOWGOOD. — I have n't touched a drop for a month.



"I HAVE just countermanded the order for that new spring suit," carolled the Ibis gayly, as he circled around the sanctum, and finally came to rest upon the spigot of the beer keg.

"What spring suit?" asked Lampy, lazily, as he looked up from a copy of the *Vie Parisienne*.

"Why, the one Ahustlin Jaily said he intends to bring against me for the feather duster I charged at Brine's last August in the moulting season," returned the Bird.

"How are the styles in spring clothes now?" queried the Jester. "Are they running to big checks?"

"After," groaned Ibis, as he endeavored to facilitate the flow of the beer; "they are running *after* big checks, you mean, and that is why I have taken refuge here."

"Well, what have you done about it?" inquired Lampy.

"I do wish you would n't use that word," said Ibis, looking anxiously through the letter slide.

"What word?" asked the Jester.

"Why, dun," returned the Bird. "I have just had a narrow escape from three of them, and naturally the word is distasteful to me."

"Just dip your beak into that foaming tankard and see how it tastes," interrupted Lampy, handing a mug to the Ibis.

"Always beakerecct and call it beaker," cackled the Bird, as he lightly hopped upon the window-sill, and made a descent to the ground by the spout.



A FABLE WITH A MORAL.

THERE was once an Aged Woman named Old Mother Advocate, who earned her Daily Bread by keeping a Variety store in a certain city of the East. In her younger days, she had been a Renowned Beauty, and her little shop had been filled with Admiring children who came to look upon her charms and to purchase, forsooth, some of the many appetizing Delicacies with which her shelves were loaded. But little by little, her Beauty faded, her voice lost its wonted ring, her cheeks their former color, and at last poor Old Mother Advocate became blind. After blindness had stricken this erstwhile estimable Dame, her shop was no longer the Mart of Trade that it had been. The old Mother was no longer able to Perceive that her bread was Stale, that the stor(ies) of Wine had become Musty, and that the once-sought-for Bonbons had lost their sweetness and were no longer Relished. She only Knew that less and less money was daily coming into her coffers, and musing sadly on These Things, she would oft address her faithful dog with the Crimson tail:—

"O dear old Daily, thou faithful dog with the Crimson tail, I am become old and Blind, and in my old age am stricken with loss of trade and great Sorrow. What am I to do?"

"Dear old Dame, thee hadst best call in the good old Doctors Bampoon and Bonthly, and see what they can do."

Forthwith went the poor old Dame to these celebrated Physicians, who told her that her troubles were caused by her Blindness, and hence her inability to know when her Store needed restocking. "Then, dear Doctors," pleaded Old Mother Advocate, "will you both Try to cure my Blindness?"

"We will," replied Doctors Bampoon and Bonthly, in a breath.

And they are trying now.

AN IDYL.

WHILE strolling down the village street,

I met a maid of face so sweet,

Whose dress was pretty and so neat,

I stopped: now, would n't you?

With gentle sigh did I entreat

That she me to a kiss would treat,

And thus my happiness complete.

She did: now, would n't you?

But turning round, with glance discreet,

Saw I her dad, with club to beat,

And as I wished not thus to meet,

I ran: now would n't you?



CLEAR skies that were are drear
 and drearier,
 My aching eyes are tired and tearier,
 When I think of the sweet and far
 superior,
 Beerier days which a cruel fate
 stops;
 When we shunned the wiles of the
 dread bacteria,
 And the questions which come from
 the penniless querier,
 In the most delightful, less inferior,
 Cheerier times of the evening
 pops.

TRUE EVEN UNTO DEATH.

REBECA ISAACSTEIN (*at bed of her dying husband*). — Ach, vader ist dying! vader ist dying!

MR. ISAACSTEIN. — Yes, Rebecca, I vill soon pee dead. But remember after I bin gone dat dose tree pair of fine gentleman's underwear war marked at cost price py mistake!

ONE WAY OF REVENGE.

PECKHAM (*at ticket office*). — Give me a ticket for the German opera, please.

CLERK. — Well, which opera shall it be? "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Meistersin —"

PECKHAM (*interrupting*). — Oh, I don't care about that; (*recollecting himself*) wait a moment! give me the longest: (*gleefully*) the ticket 's for my mother-in-law.

WHAT HE DID KNOW.

TEACHER (*wishing to find out about the Diet of Worms*). — What was the principal Diet of the Germans in 1521?

BOB COMMONSENSKINS. — I don't know what it was then, sir, but at the present day it is principally beer and sour-cROUT!

SHE NEVER WENT.

HE. — Do you ever go to the opera?

SHE. — No, I catch cold very easily.

MARRIED life too often begins with rosewood and mahogany and ends with pine.



VERY BITING.

FIRST FAIR BUD. — Do you know Miss Stuffer boasts that she is to have two men take her in to supper?

SECOND FAIR BUD. — She is very considerate. Every one knows that it is more than any *one* man can do to provide for her.



BY FRESHLEIGH NEWCOME, '93.

ON the hot and muggy morning,
When my lectures all were through,
I embarked, all danger scorning,
In a single shell so new.

Swift the tide ran toward the ocean,
Nor behind it did I stay,
Though I'd hoped — most foolish notion! —
To have gone the other way.

With the wind's and tide's assistance,
Easy 't was to row, I found;
But I'd now gone quite a distance,
How was I to turn around?

"Well, I'll try it. Slowly, — slowly, —
Rowing, — backing, — oh, take care!
While one oar is buried wholly,
One is rising in the air."

Out I fell into the water,
Kicking with my utmost force,
Climbing, like a nereid's daughter,
On a modern shell sea-horse;

Sitting there with shake and shiver,
Like a bird upon a branch,
Till the crew came up the river,
And, some way behind, the launch.

Hark! the letter slide — a letter!
What good news can this impart?
"Mr. Freshleigh Newcome, *Dr.*
Mending shell, \$10.00. HART."



SCINTILLATING REPORTEER.

"I WOULDN'T get mad if I were you, even if I were heated," remarked the blacksmith, good-humoredly, to the Damascus blade he was preparing.

"Who is, anyway?" replied the steel tranquilly; "I may at times get all-fired hot, but I never lose my temper."

ONE ON GUSLEIGH.

"DID you hear about Gusleigh? He forgot himself the other evening and made an awful break."

"I'll take your word for the 'break' part of it, fast enough, but I bet he did n't forget himself; he's too conceited."

FIRST BULLET. — What are you doing now?
SECOND BULLET. — Nothing: been fired.



A HARDER TASK.

SCROGGS. — Poor Pokerchippe seems to have hard work to keep the "wolf from the door."

GROGGS. — I fear it is not the wolf, but the tiger he needs to shun.



AT THE MET. MUSEUM.

MR. KNICKERBOCKER. — That No. 22 is "The Slaughter of the Innocents", is n't it fine?

MISS PORCINE. — Oh, that's tame, compared to the slaughter of the hogs in my father's packing establishment.

A HARROWING TALE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

IT was midnight; all was still. The sky was cloudy and the moon, which appeared every now and then through the gaps, shone pale and sombre upon the earth below.

Memorial Hall loomed up dark against the leaden background, seeming of almost monstrous size in the dim and weird light. All was still, outside and inside.

Suddenly, the moon, drifting across the heavens, emerged from behind the fleecy veil which had obscured its splendor, and shone forth in radiant gleam. It crossed the window.

A ray of light burst through and illumined one corner of the hall.

Just then a sound broke the profound silence, echoing again and again through the vast gallery.

A rat, lean and wasted, issued from a hole in the wall, and walked painfully toward the door. All at once he sprang forward, and bounded upon a table, where reposed a large piece of meat, left there, in all probability, the night before by some careless waiter.

He seized it eagerly, hesitated, took a good bite, gave a gasp, and dropped to the floor — dead.

NOT THE POOR THING'S FAULT.

LET's give it a big mug."

"What's the use? The pa and ma and nature have furnished one already."

LIFE at Harvard — The LAMPOON.

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN MONTANA.

"FELLER CITIZENS," said the candidate for mayor, as he stepped to the front of the platform, "I don' wanter seem to be hankerin' after this yere office, but I feel's if I hed a right to be 'lected, an' you fellers hev got to 'lect me. I've been prom-'nent in public affairs fur nigh onter eight yeers, now, — I've headed sixteen lynchin' parties, not to men-shun standin' the drinks fur more 'n haf uv 'em at my s'loon, — I've made the speeches at the openin' of the noo school-house and the Meth'dist church, an' I'm the man wot broke the faro bank that chap from the States set up here.

"When I wuz younger, an' more unstiddy, an' restless-like, I may have held up a few toorists an' done a leetle biz in the road-agency line, but lately, I've ben just ez straight ez a cinched mule, an' I'll shoot any man who says I hain't. I ain't a-goin' ter be public-sperrited all fur nuthin', an' you fellers wantar recollect thet if I don't yank this here 'lection, me an' my gang 'll clean out the hull town."

AT THE OPERA.

MRS. GUSHLY. — How that song carries me back to our home!

MR. GUSHLY (*coolly*). — How lucky! It will save three dollars for a carriage!

UNREASONABLE.

MANY Philadelphians are now objecting to the game of cricket, because they consider it a wicket sport.

THERE may be "sermons in stones," but don't imagine, friend, that there are "rocks in religion."

THE black art — Waiting on the table.

THE first type-setter — Adam.



SURE TO FOLLOW.

MINTLY. — What's the matter, old man? You look as if you had been hit by something.

FINTLY. — You've struck it. There was a big explosion at our house last night.

MINTLY. — What caused it.

FINTLY. — I came home loaded?

A NATURAL MISTAKE.



R. SMITHSON," said the Professor, up at the observatory, the other day, as he gazed wistfully through his telescope, "there are very peculiar atmospheric conditions in the neighborhood of the Charles River. I wish you would go down and investigate."

So Mr. Smithson armed himself with a barometer, a thermometer, a pipe, an umbrella, and other suitable paraphernalia, and hied him to the banks of the noble Charles. He had scarcely got his apparatus in position, when he noticed the same peculiar atmospheric conditions to which the Professor had called his attention. Above a neighboring point there first appeared a dense mist, and then, coming round the point, he beheld four well-defined water-spouts. His surprise at these phenomena was great, and when he heard tremendous shouts, as of people in the extremity of terror, he fell on his face and waited for the water-spouts to pass, if by chance they came his way. Gradually the shouting died away, and he looked up the river in the direction which the spouts had taken. In the distance he saw four crews resting on their oars. The Weld Boat Club scratch races were over.

ALWAYS EPIDEMIC.

"YES," said the doctor, "Johnnie is inclined to be consumptive, but there is no special need of alarm, as the symptoms show themselves only at meal-times."

A CHEST-PROTECTOR —
The baggage-master's check.

BLASTED ignorance — A laborer blown in the air.

A BATCH OF SPRING POEMS.

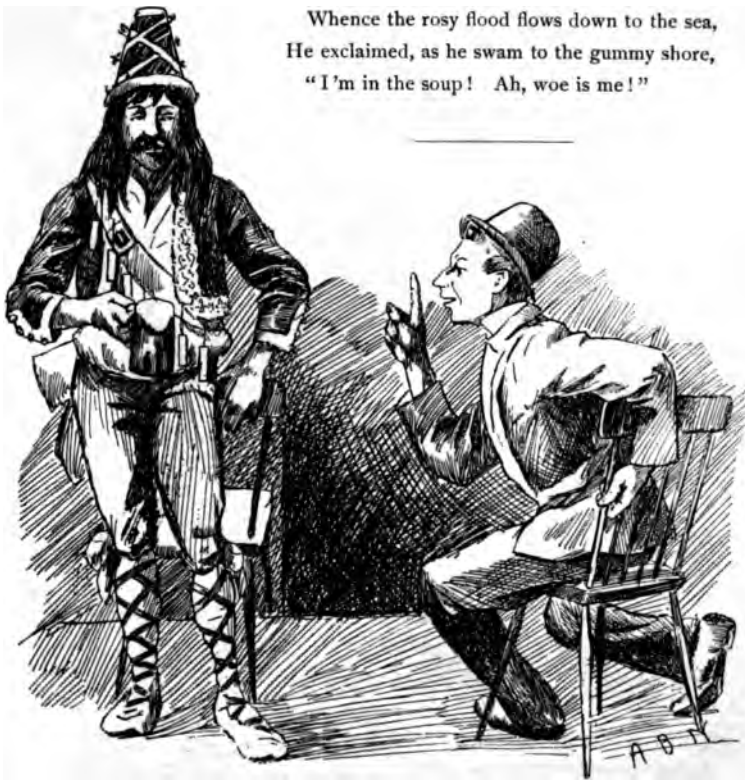
(FROM THE WASTE-BASKET.)

THE Northing sun has banished gloom,
And Nature's smile succeeds her frown,
The grass is green and the pear-trees bloom;
But ice goes up when coal goes down.

Hark to the thrush and the bobolink!
How gladly their flood of melody thrills!
And the iceman buys a gallon of ink,
To draw up the first of his summer bills.

Great honor now to Mr. Weld;
May flowers of spring bestrew his path!
When grinds go down to row in shells,
Full many needs must take a bath.

When the grind, upset by the Abattoir,
Whence the rosy flood flows down to the sea,
He exclaimed, as he swam to the gummy shore,
"I'm in the soup! Ah, woe is me!"



LIKE THUNDER.

(UNDER THE STAGE, AS A GREAT NOISE IS HEARD.)

LIMKINS. — Great Cæsar's ghost! what in thunder is that?

SPALATRO THE BANDIT. — Hush! The ballet from the Chicago Opera House is performing.

HARVARD LAMPOON.

IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT.

THE omission of a stop in the column of a local paper in making the following announcements failed to further the reputation of the gentleman of medicine: "Dr. Capsule has been appointed head physician of the Charity Hospital. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the extension of the old cemetery. Work will be commenced immediately."

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

ISAAC, JR. — Ach, fader! can I go to Chermanee dis summer?

ISAAC (*pater*). — Vat a foolish poy! ven you can go to Hoboken in haf an hour and get shust as gut bier dere.

WHAT MADE HIM CRY.

PATER. — So you won the palm at school to-day. What makes you cry then?

YOUNG HOPEFUL. — 'Cause teacher gave me her palm fifty times, and her palm ain't no cat's-paw, neither.

NOT YET.

SCRIGGS. — I don't know what to do; my wife is very ill.

GRIGGS. — Shall I fetch the doctor?

SCRIGGS. — No, not yet; there is still some hope.

CROSSING the bar — Drinks.



GOOD EVIDENCE.

ELSIE. — Is papa a self-made man, mamma?

MOTHER. — No, dear; why do you ask?

ELSIE. — Because you always say he has his own way about everything.

GOOD ADVICE.

ON THE "CITY OF PARIS."

PASSENGER (*who has been a little under the weather*). — Doctor, what can you recommend as a preventive of sea-sickness?

DOCTOR (*gruffly*). — Stay at home.

BY NO MEANS.

BLUDDY. — Do you approve of keeping beer, Major?

MAJOR BINTHERE. — Certainly not; drink it, young man, drink it!

IN THE ORIGINAL.

LATIN PROFESSOR. — What does *noli me tangere* mean?

SPORTER, '93 (*from back seat*). — You never touched me.

PATER (*irascibly*). — Do you ever give anything due reflection, sir?

JACK GOHOTLY. — Yes, sir, my bills.

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AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

MR. ADAMS. — You don't mean to say that you have to carry all your letters into town from the college?

MISS POUGHKEEPSIE. — Yes, indeed; they are so strict at Vassar, that they won't even allow a mail box on the grounds. — *Munsey's Weekly*.

AFTER THE PLAY.

SHE. — Shakespeare is simply marvellous.

YOUNG TALKLEY. — He is, indeed! Even the names he gives his minor characters have a deep significance. Look at Pistol, for instance. He was always loaded. — *Echoes*.

A TIMELY WORD.

MISS COONBY (at "the party"). — Why, Mr. Mokeby, yo's dressed up to kill.

MR. MOKEBY (feeling his pocket). — Golly! Dat jus' reminds me, Miss Juliet; I 'se done lef' my razzer to home! — *Puck*.

SHE. — There's that Englishman coming; he seems upset about something.

HE (from the ranch). — Very likely; I just told him a funny story, and said I would call again to-morrow to hear him laugh over it. — *Life*.



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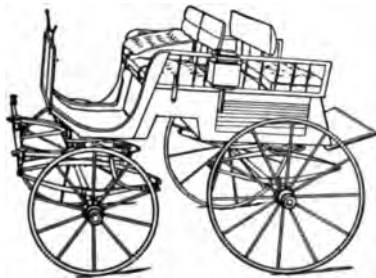
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MARCHING OVER THE KEYS.

TANGLE. — Maria, you're making a terrible noise on that piano. What is it you're trying to play?
MRS. TANGLE. — Why, it's the "March of the Old Brigade."
TANGLE. — March, is it! I thought it sounded like some body walking on the piano. — *Light.*

NOTHING FAST ABOUT IT.

"By Jove, the mail service is rank!" said Smithers. "The trains are slow, the deliveries are slow, and I'm jiggered if even the stamps will stick fast." — *Puck.*



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The Harvard Lampoon.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 29, 1890.

Published biweekly during term time, by students of Harvard University.

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AND so the Faculty has been abolished by the Overseers — the Faculty that Lampy used so often to draw as an amiable old dotard in pantalets, with a frilled lace cap tied over his silk tile; the Faculty that used to furnish him almost once a number with a mark for a gibe; the Faculty that used to abolish athletics and stop snow-balling in the yard; the Faculty whose merry five-o'clock teas were the theme of so much, almost funny, prose and verse; the Faculty abolished! At first Lampy was inclined to go out and celebrate the event fittingly with bonfires and riot; but the sight of a new night watchman, with a surly leaden eye and pewter mug, reminded him that proctors, and penalties, and exile, and all the old Siberian system, remain unchanged under a "Board of Control." Then he was bitten at heart, cursing the Overseers for their futile meddling; and as he threw up his window to let in the Ibis, and the night air, before retiring, the chorus of a Pudding song came softly up from the street, as if to echo his dearest thought —

"But why they forgot to abolish *themselves*,
Well, I never could quite understand."

THAT our ball nine should go down to New Haven and be beaten, need not cause them or their sup-

porters even a flutter. That is the regular thing to do, and it has not any relation, has this inevitable first game, with the rest of the series; for we have known Harvard nines who seemed at New Haven almost too stagnated to even complete their task of fanning the torrid atmosphere of Yale field for one afternoon, to come up here and take the next two games, under the more bracing ether of Holmes, entirely to the Queen's most fastidious taste. The first game is a sort of episode, it doesn't mean anything in particular; but we await the outcome of the next two with real interest.

THE *Yale News* recently published a forecast of the winners at the intercollegiate sports. With singular modesty, though it gave Yale first, it did not go nearly as far as it might have; so Lampy suggests this order as being quite as accurate, and vastly more comfortable for the *News's* readers: —

| | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|------------|
| 100-yards dash . . . | Yale, Princeton, | Harvard. |
| 220 " " . . . | Yale, Princeton, | Harvard. |
| 440 " " . . . | Yale, Princeton, | Harvard. |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile run . . . | Yale, Harvard, | Princeton. |
| 1 " " . . . | Yale, Amherst, | Harvard. |
| 1 " walk . . . | Yale, Columbia, | Harvard. |
| 120-yards hurdle . . . | Yale, Columbia, | Harvard. |
| 220 " " . . . | Yale, Columbia, | Harvard. |
| High jump . . . | Yale, Pennsylvania, | Harvard. |
| Broad " . . . | Yale, Columbia, | Harvard. |
| Pole vault . . . | Yale, Columbia, | Princeton. |
| Shot . . . | Yale, Princeton, | Harvard. |
| Hammer . . . | Yale, Princeton, | Harvard. |
| Tug-of-war . . . | Yale, Columbia, | Princeton. |

However, he wonders if any one on the *Yale News* ever heard of Themistocles, and how he won the chariot by the votes of all his rivals who had voted first for themselves. Harvard is not out of it at Mott Haven by any means.

THE NICETIES OF SPEECH.

"NO," said the chemist, as he wiped away the tears from his large blue eyes; "if a girl's hair is plaited, you can't with propriety say she has golden hair."

THE WAIL OF THE FIRST BASEMAN.



THE captain now doth blow at me,
The wild infielders throw at me,
The mad spectators go at me,
With words of execration;
The rushing batters dash at me,
Leaping with plunges rash at me,
Their sharpened shoe-plates gash at me,
But still I hold my station;
When balls come high I grasp at them,
Though balls come hot I clasp at them,
When pick-ups come I rasp at them
My hands in many places;
And when at last I come to bat,
They curse me as too bum to bat,
If I should fail, by gum! to bat
A hit to clear the bases.

STILL LOOKING.

FIRST FAIR BUD.—I can't understand why such a homely girl as Miss Poseur is so continually looking at herself in the mirror.

SECOND FAIR BUD.—Probably some one has called her beautiful, and she is trying hard to find some traces of it.

FUNNY TO THE END.

THE gentle White Caps pulled the rope and their victim swung in air. "Gentlemen," he gasped, "I can bear this suspense no longer." Then all was over.

AT THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

MRS. SKAILBRAKER (*who weighs 200*).—Why, that Antonio's a fool! If I had a chance to lose a pound of flesh, I wouldn't throw it away like that.



WHAT HE WANTED.

WAITER.—We hab hominy, cracked wheat, and oatmeal for breakfast, sah. What kind ob meal does you prefer?
HUNGRY STRANGER.—A square meal.



"LAMPY," said the Ibis, sorrowfully, choking a sob with great difficulty, "I'm in tears."

"So are the seats in Sever 11," retorted the Jester, sharply.

"Have'n't you heard?" moaned the Bird. "The Overseers have been abolishing more evils; it's the Faculty this time."

"Never mind," said Lampy, soothingly. "We still have the Faculty of Arts and Sciences."

"Let's make alliances with these new appliances," suggested the Ibis, in a more hopeful tone. "I am afraid," he added, "that the degrees this year will be like the boarding-house pie."

"How so?" queried the Jester.

"Not enough to go 'round," returned the Ibis, sadly. "Oh, say! Ibis," said Lampy, "have you heard the latest? All the members of the Free Wool Club have shut down on tutoring."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the Ibis. "What for?"

"Because they want to get their sheep-skins free," returned the Jester, in great glee.

"They'll be lucky if they ever get anything under this new system," returned the Ibis. "Do you know what will be the most important features at all these Faculty meetings?" he added.

"The President's," retorted Lampy, as a ring of smoke rested on his head like a halo.



THE GRAND-STAND PLAYER.

I WEAR as little as I can,
I never wear a sweater,
I keep my arms and shins quite bare,
To show my shape the better;
I'm always into all events
Where men will come to see me;
And yet the students have the gall
To laugh at me and gee me.

VERY INDEED!

IT was walking down Fifth Avenue, truly happy in the consciousness that innumerable pairs of eyes were fixed upon its smooth, unthinking face, and those new spring trousers just over from "Lunnon." As to dress and style there was absolutely no fault. In its hand was a small-sized tree, which it twirled with the dexterity of a drum-major, who has just received his salary. Of a sudden, the look on that youthful face changed from one of mere nothingness to one of joy; nay, rapture.

It quickened its pace, and a close observer might have discovered that it was watching a young lady, a very pretty young lady, who was a short distance ahead. Gradually it approached her, tree, trousers, and all.

It lifted its hat, and — "My Gawd, it's only my sistah, don't-cher-know, how very emb-arr-assing," and it sailed placidly down a side street.

IN PARIS.

ON THE BOULEVARD.

REGINALDE DE JACKE CHUMPLAY. — Weally, doncherknow, I do believe I've lost me way. (*Calling to man standing by.*) I say there, ah, my good fellah, doncherknow, its blawsted hard luck, but when a fellah's hyar, and cawnt speak a word, doncherknow — er — it's — er — weally now, do you — er — do you speak English, doncherknow?

FRENCHMAN. — Yes (*surprised*), do you?

SHE HAD CHANGED HER BOARDING PLACE.

POLICEMAN. — Good mornin', Bridget, an' are ye livin' in Commonwealth Avenoo shtill?

BRIDGET (*who had just got a new place*). — No; the location did'n't suit me: there wuz too many parveynoos in the shtreet. I'm shtoppin' now wid an owld Boston family, friends o' mine, on Beacon Hill, an' I feel betther now: I'm wid my equals.

HOLLIS. — Hello, old man! what are *you* up so early for?

HOLWORTHY. — I'm going to Brookline, and want to be back by night.

THOSE ANTECEDENTS.

JACK (*on the honeymoon*). — Do you remember when we first met, darling?

ELEANOR. — Let me think a moment, Jack, dear.

JACK. — Can't you think? It was at the Holborns' tea; I just stopped in for a moment entirely by chance, and there saw you, and fell in love at first sight, and to think that otherwise we might not have been married.

[*Dead silence for twenty minutes.*]

PARADOXICAL.

K NIFE. — Hello, old man! Pretty busy lately?

SCISSORS. — No, I've been cutting all my work.

O PENING spring goods — Showing rat-traps.

AN EARLY MORNING ADVENTURE.

I SPENT the evening with some friends,

A little wine and beer,

And I'm afraid that when I left,

My head was hardly clear.

I reached the house at half past three, —

Confound that blasted wine!

I found instead of thirteen steps

There now were forty-nine.

The top at last! I thought I'd try

To go down just for fun —

Bang! Thud! —!! —!!! those forty-nine

Had dwindled into one.



THE VICE MAXIMUM.

MISTRESS (*to servant, who is about to throw away an old lamp*). — What is the matter with that lamp, Bridget? Does it smoke?

BRIDGET. — I don't know nothin' 'bout whither it smokes or drinks; but it goes out noights, mum!



O TEMPORA!
O MORES!

BOU BECK HOLYOKE,
—may his shadow
grow,—

Awoke one night from out a sleep
of woe;
And, as he looked around the
moon-lit room,

Filled with stone beer-mugs and cigar perfume,
Saw he a Vision standing by his bed
Who, as he saw him gazing, straightway said,
"See thou this book: herein I write the name
Of him who by his industry wins fame."
Then Rabbi Holyoke, muttering swift a prayer,
Asked in a trembling voice, "Whose names are there?"
"Those," said the voice, in tones soft as a bell,—
"Those who have studied faithfully and well;
Those who win honor-marks of standing high."
"Stands my name there?" rang forth the Rabbi's cry.
"Nay," said the Vision, "'t is not thus with thee;
Thou canst do naught but win the lowest E."
"Then," cried the Rabbi's voice, low as some pipe,
"Write me as one who knows full well to swipe."
The Vision vanished. But the following night
Came he again in radiancy and light.
About Beck Holyoke grasped the book once more,
The cold sweat starting forth from every pore;
Then crossed his hands devoutly on his breast,
For lo! Beck Holyoke's name led all the rest.

SHE FLUTTERED JUST THE SAME.



NEVER hear that song," remarked an old actor at one of the entertainments given at the Forrest Home for retired actors, just after a young lady had kindly contributed "Were I a Bird of Air," "that I do not recall a performance in which I took part away back in '56. The play was one of the regular old-fashioned, lovey-dovey kind, in which a beautiful girl was shut up in a second-story room, with a balcony to it, in order to keep her out of the way of a penniless lover. The actress who took the part of the girl was very pretty, but must have weighed nearer to two hundred pounds than to one hundred, and I was her lover.

"One night as she, in her balcony, and I on the stage below, were breathing out our sighs of undying love,

and cursing the harsh fate which kept our yearning hearts apart, we were brought together by a most unexpected anti-climax. Leaning out over the railing of the balcony, the affectionate girl stretched out her arms lovingly towards me, and said in passionate accents, 'Would that I were a bird, love; then I should flutter lightly into thy arms, never to leave thee.' I was about to make an answer, showing affectionate appreciation of her wish, when the railing of the balcony gave an ominous crack. My two-hundred-pound sweetheart tried to recover herself, but in vain; the balcony gave way altogether, and its fair occupant 'fluttered lightly into my arms.'

"The heroine of this drama has since then married some other man, but the impression she made on me that night, time has never and never can efface."

A N awful gaul — That Frenchman!



MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.

STRANGER. — So you say there are two thousand students here?

CITIZEN. — I did n't say so at all. I said there were two thousand men.



IF THEY STICK.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — My dear Miss Roselcaf, you girls are like postage stamps.

MISS R. — Why, you foolish boy?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — Because you are necessary to the existence of the United States male.

HARD LUCK.

"HELLO, old man! what's the matter? You look so down in the mouth! Any bad news from home?"

"No."

"Did n't your check come?"

"No; that is n't it."

"Going to see the dean?"

"No, my dear fellow; far worse than that."

"Well, what in the world is it?"

"Why, I bet Billy Smith half a dollar that I would n't get above a C in Chemistry, and — confound it! — I got an A."

JUST AFTER.

OLD SALT. — How do you feel now?

SICK PASSENGER. — Oh, retched.

TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE music of thy voice to me
Is like the laughter of the sea, —
Be not coy, —

And whiter than the sweep of sand,
That lies along the ocean strand,
Are the dimples of thy hand, —

Smile thou on thy ardent boy.

Delicate as Triton's daughter,
Wreathing pearls beneath the water,

Be thou kind.

As the wind the water lipping,
Dew from lips of primrose sipping,
Shunning not to kiss the clover,
Yielding to an eager lover,

As the happy, happy wind
Be thou kind.



YOUTH of the golden hair,
Whence came that flower?
Thy Phyllis gave it thee
From her shady bower.

Say, dost thou love her?
Does she favor thee?
"What — the flower? I got that
In N. H. 3."

THAT WAS ENOUGH.

"**D**OES your wife play on any instrument?"
MARTYR (*grimly*). — The mouth organ, gad!
she's playing it all the time.

HE SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

DICK SLOWLY (*at the dime museum*). — And
look at these chickens and their duck mother.
How wonderful!

TOM FASTLY. — Not half so wonderful as some
snakes I once saw, which were the offspring of a bat.

EASTER SUNDAY.

TOMMY (*at church, indicating lady in front*). —
Is that lady praying, mamma?

MAMMA. — Yes, my dear. Why do you ask?

TOMMY. — I just heard her say, "It's not real lace,
I'm sure of it."

THE HEIGHT OF PRIDE.

FIRST CAP. — I would n't exchange my position,
even for a crown.

SECOND CAP. — No, indeed: we are above that.



AN INDUCEMENT, CERTAINLY.

"COME to our church: we've got a wonder in the way of a minister."

"How is that?"

"He's the only person I know of who, after he has said, 'I will not speak of these things,' goes on and does n't speak of them."



SO IT WAS.

STATIONER. — Impossible to charge it, sir; we can't keep running accounts in our business.

CUSTOMER. — Why so?

STATIONER. — Because our business is stationery.

A FEW STRAY REMARKS.

"I 'LL have it dead sure," as the scavenger remarked about a cat which had been disturbing his slumbers.

"It will be a regular cold snap," as the handcuffs ejaculated, just before they were put on the hands of the thief.

"I 've gone to the deuce," said the three spot, as he filled an inside straight.

"I am going to dew you," as the morning mist remarked to the flowers.

BOSTON ABROAD.

SCENE: *English Restaurant in Holland.*

WAITER. — Vat vill you have, mees?

MISS BEACONHILL. — Oh, I want some native dish, something distinctive of the country. Have you any of the rice of the Dutch Republic?

TIT FOR TAT.

BEFORE THE THEATRE.

PRETTY Nell bade me wait
Till she found her new bonnet,
Though she knew we 'd be late,
Pretty Nell bade me wait.
She was certain as fate
That she 'd soon happen on it,
Pretty Nell bade me wait
Till she found her new bonnet.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

There 's a man up behind
Whom I really must see,
If you would be so kind;
There 's a man up behind.
I *do hope* you won't mind,
'T is important to me;
There 's a man up behind
Whom I really must see.



LALAGE.

LIGHTLY whisper through your lips
When you speak of Lalage;
Painted butterfly that sips
Honey from the lily's lips
Is not delicate as she;

And her kindness keeps apace
With the beauties of her face —
Yesternight she smiled on me.

Tender as a fairy touch
Was the hand she gave to me;
Never woman's look was such,
Never promise meant so much
As the smile she gave to me;
The parting of her lips divine
Promised that she would be mine,
Mine unto eternity.

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

FIRST AMERICAN (*meeting friend*). — Say, is n't
that the Town Hall over there?

SECOND AMERICAN. — Yes.

FIRST AMERICAN. — That's what I thought; I just
met a fellow who said it was some hotel, and I knew
he was wrong.

WELL, HARDLY.

DO you do much in the athletic line, Mr. Smiles?
I suppose you jump some?"

"Well — um — a recitation or two now and then,
that's all."

THE WAY IT WAS.

ONE of the few survivors of Balaklava heard the
fateful command "charge!" ringing in his ears
forever afterwards. It virtually decided his profes-
sion. He became a plumber.



EDITOR. — Did you leave some of your *work* here with me?

POET. — No, one of my idyls.

TOO DEEP FOR THE HEARTS TO BEAR.

THE poet sang in choriambic measure,
 Dusk Cleopatra's charms and Anton's pleasure,
 Told Dido's love and Troy's stony heart,
 Saw fair Francesca from Ravenna part.
 Charmed his hearers stood, but left the hall
 When the bold bard began to wail McGinty's fall.

FROM AN UNKNOWN NOVEL, BY WALTER SCOTT.

"LITTLE did Felnock suspect, when he entered the castle, that he was to meet his doom. Little did he suspect that Heowald was waiting to strike him a death blow, — that within the castle was the man who had sworn to take his life. Little, I say, did he suspect all this; and his suspicions were true: Heowald was not there."

VERY SENSIBLE.

DABBS (*impressively*). — Do you realize the amount of money there is in this stock?
 JABBS. — I do if it goes up.

A PARADOX.

IT is strange, but when coal is sold, it goes both to the buyer and the cellar.

LAMPY'S KODAK.



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POSTAL NOTE.

AMELIE. — So your sister-in-law will soon visit you?
 MRS. JONES (*amazed*). — Yes; but how do you know she will?
 AMELIE. — Oh, my feller works in the post-office, and he read it on a postal card the other day. — *Texas Siftings*.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH IT.

"I don't like Wagner's music."
 "I inferred as much."
 "Indeed! How?"
 "Because you call the composer 'Wagner,' instead of 'Vogner.'" — *Puck*.

WANTED THEIR OTHER NAMES.

MRS. CUMSO. — Who were those friends you and Mr. Fangle had out last night?
 CUMSO (*mystified*). — Friends?
 MRS. CUMSO. — Yes; their first names are Thomas and Jeremiah. At least I heard you speak of them to Mr. Fangle very familiarly as Tom and Jerry. — *Munsey's Weekly*.



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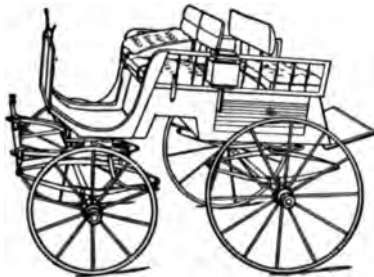
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HARVARD LAMPOON.

FLOSSY. — I don't care; I think Jack Townby is real mean!
ANNETTE. — Why, Flossy?
FLOSSY. — He wrote to me from Florida, saying he had shot an alligator seven feet long, and said when he shot another, he would have a pair of slippers made for me. — *Echoes.*

MUSICAL ITEM.

He (*enthusiastically*). — If I could always hold these little hands in mine.

SHE. — What good would that do you?

He. — Then you couldn't pound that piano any more. — *Texas Siftings.*



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CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 9, 1890.

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Address all communications to

J. A. LOWELL, *Secretary*,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

FRIDAY night, the 30th of May, when all the streets were echoing with the tread of homeward-bound veterans coming from Mount Auburn, Lampy and his board together with a genial friend from the *Yale Record* sat about the round table and dined, and as they thought of the morrow, their minds were troubled, and their trembling hands spilled the wine on the tablecloth.

NINE TO EIGHT.

And then the morrow came. On Holmes Field there were the thousand colors of parasols and hats drifted along that great horseshoe like a glowing bank of flowers, or rather like the shifting brilliants of a kaleidoscope, each new iridescence flashing fairer than the last.

THIRTY-TWO TO TWENTY-NINE.

And also in the great city of Manhattan to the oval of Berkeley the fairest of the fair came fluttering like a flock of gorgeous butterflies, some blue, some black and gold, some green, some white and lazuli, but most of all crimson; and these were fairer and larger than the others, and showed amongst them like firebugs among jays, or cardinals among the rabble on the Vatican's porch. And all day long the lithe-limbed fleet runners strove for the palm of victory, and the great cheers went booming up like distant cannonading.

On Holmes Field the cheers were no less grand. Volley succeeded volley, and as the sphere went whizzing through the ether from each successive Harvard batsman's willow the great crowd was one united voice.

THE TWO CUPS COME TO CAMBRIDGE.

For years Harvard had been busy inscribing her name on the old cup, commonly known as the Mott Haven Cup. Eight times out of fourteen she had borne it off in triumph, thrice had Columbia, twice had Yale, and Princeton but once. Now it shall stand in the trophy-room, a monument to Harvard's prowess, which we shall try to live up to. Not only is Cambridge now this massive bowl's resting-place, but for a year the new Berkeley Cup will stay here, too, and whoever it be that ultimately wins it, the first name carved on its side will be that of Harvard. For years Harvard had been trying to solve the mystery of the famous Stagg's curves; now they have done it, and the weary ball, after Dudley Dean had last smashed it, tried to escape by

HIDING IN THE LAW SCHOOL.

Alas for human frailty. All the joy of victory has turned into mourning over poor John Harvard's sad plight. But whatever student money or student regret can do to expiate the moral and remove the visible stains of Saturday night shall be done. Nobody has any idea that the painting of that severe bronze face was any more than the act of one or two irresponsibles, however unfortunate it may be that there should be even one or two of such a type in Cambridge. But to abolish athletics, as there is some talk of doing, on that account, would be like abolishing public office because an office-seeker shot the President. But the death of the spoils system would make office-holders less wolfish, and a system of student control over celebrations would make celebrations decenter. In closing this, his necessary fortnightly chatter, Lampy ventures to hope that in the future Harvard will continue in well-doing, and that she will demonstrate conclusively that she is

ONCE MORE TO THE FRONT.

A LA MODE.

THEY say a woman's "no" is "yes,"
And once 't was no delusion,
She answered "no" when she meant "yes,"
From shyness and confusion.

But now a woman's "no" is "no,"
Although she still has passion,
For now a woman answers "no"
Because it is the fashion.

ON TEMPERANCE.

DODGE. — A slave to the bottle! Who had the
bold-faced nerve to call me that? The wretch!
If I had him here I would wring his neck.

HODGE. — So it is n't true, then?

DODGE. — Certainly not: the keg is good enough
for me.

A BAD TRIP.

FRESHLEIGH (*as he declines a theatre invitation*). — No, Harry, I can't go to-night: I have
got perfect oceans of Greek and Latin to get over for
the examinations.

HARRY WELD, '92. — Well, Freshleigh, let me
wish you a Bohn voyage.

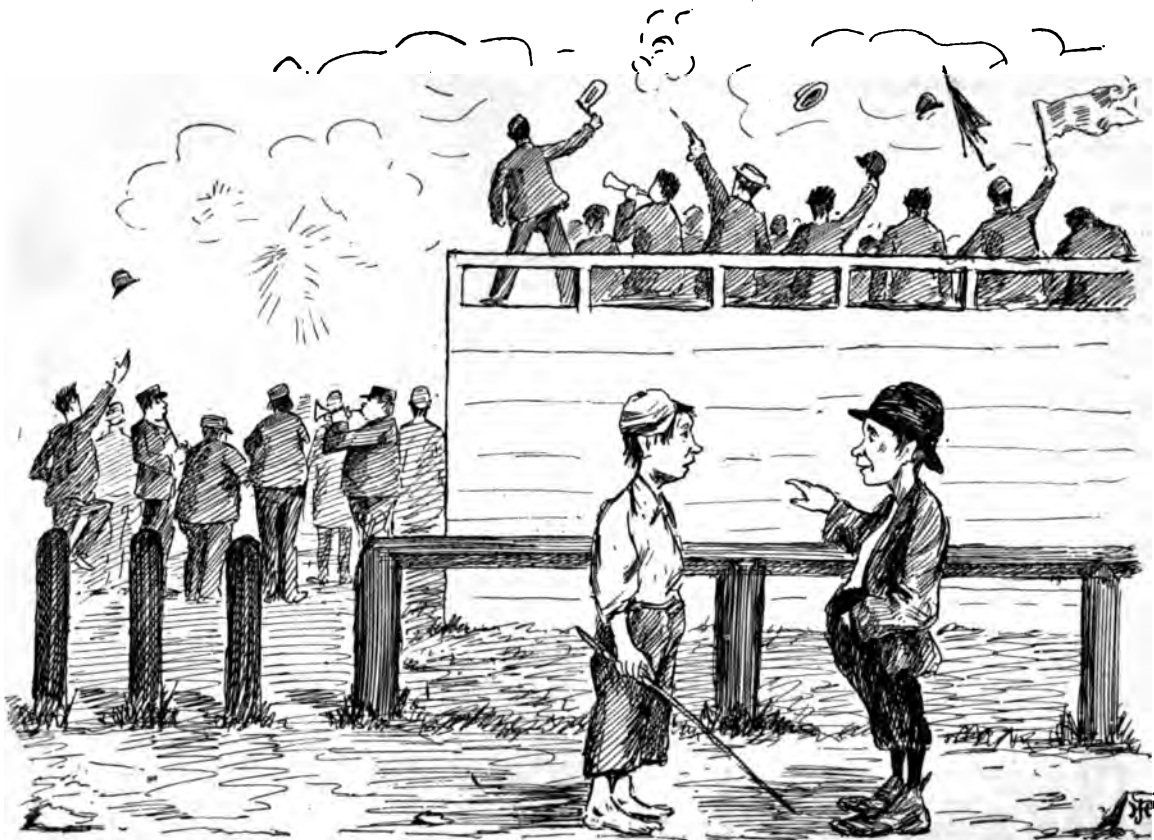
BUT HE DID.

BROWN. — I say, Jaggsy, I feel like a half-con-
verted Hindoo.

DROWN. — How's that?

BROWN. — Why, I don't know whether to rush the
jug-or-not.

"BATTER's out," sang the cook, as she slapped
down the last griddle-cake. "There are no flies
on this pitcher."



ON JARVIS.

FIRST MUCKER. — Say, is Barnum's come?

SECOND MUCKER. — Naw, de class games is bein' played.



"DOWNER 'mong the dead men? Not much!" ejaculated the Ibis, as he puffed a cigarette and lazily watched the twirling spheres of smoke. "I guess the Eli wished our nine would pack up its Duds and get out," responded the Ibis.

"That ball is n't the only thing that's been fired by the Dean and gone to the Law School," mused the Ibis, as he watched the Moorish slave toying with the gold pieces.

"How exciting it was!" said the Jester. "First, Joe Up and then Charley Down, and the Yale team playing Poole, and we making big runs."

"And all the time scoring points in New York," put in the Bird. "It was glorious!"

"No wonder we excel in track athletics," mused Lampy. "Have n't we walked the railroad ties enough to be experts?"

"Yes, we've both been there before," assented the Ibis; "but hereafter we will use only coaches."

"Hooray!" cried Lampy. "Nothing but horses and coaching parties."

"A coaching party!" gasped the Ibis. "I most forgot Phil. II."

And he wended his way to the "widder's."



RONDEL.

I WOULD not care to die,
Because a maid were cold.
Alas! I am not bold,
My courage is not high.

I do not long to lie
Beneath the graveyard mould,
I would not care to die,
Because a maid were cold.

I would much rather hie
To some far clime and old,
And there mid joys untold
I'd pine for her and sigh.

I would not care to *die*
Because a maid were cold.



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

SHE (*from Boston*). — I think Meyerbeer is splendid, don't you?

HE (*from Chicago*). — Ye-e-s, but Milwaukee's better.



SUCCESSFUL AT LAST.

HE. — Darling, will you be my wife?

SHE (*who is tired of his importunities*). — No! no!

HE (*triumphant*). — Hurrah! You will then. Two negatives make an affirmative.

THE LATEST.

HAYSEED (*in dime museum, to freak*). — What are you here fur?

FREAK. — I'm the man that always moves out of the end seat in the open car when any one else gets on.

HAYSEED. — Great Jehosophat! what do they pay you?

FREAK. — Thousand a week; same 's the rest.

HIS MOTTO.

LAXET. — How dissipated and generally exhausted poor Fastun looks. I wonder if his life is guided by any motto.

BOXET. — Yes: "Late to bed and early to ryes."

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

"THERE's fire down below," by the author of "We shall meet in the sweet by and by."

"I will see thee later, love," by the author of "Papa's footsteps."

SO THEY ARE.

JACK MATTHEWS. — After you've done and said all, Dick, these Jew dealers in second-hand clothing are sort of philanthropists.

HAROLD HASTINGS. — How do you make that out?

JACK MATTHEWS. — Why, they are always ready to relieve poor erring humanity of its abandoned habits.

A BAD OUTLOOK.

HARRY (*at the window*). — Will I be a man when I grow up?

MOTHER. — Yes, dear.

HARRY (*pointing to dude passing*). — Is he one?

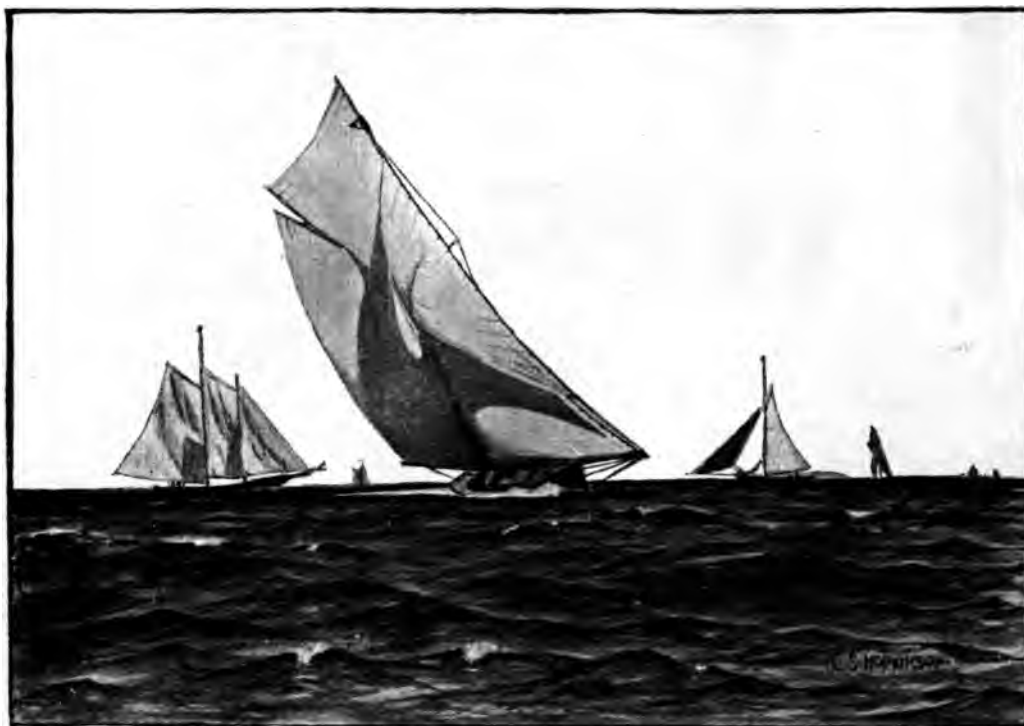
MOTHER. — Yes.

HARRY. — Say, mamma, *must* I be a man?

UNCERTAIN.

PROFESSOR. — Was Heine one of the Romantic School?

STUDENT. — I'm not sure about that, sir; he went to the University of Berlin.



THE FINISH.

NOW the bellying jib topsail
 Drags her on through the foam;
 Soon the cannon will boom out
 When the race is at an end;
 And we'll luff the weary racer in the wind,
 Watch the straining topmast bend
 With the weight of wind that presses her behind;
 And the swashing of the foam at her bows
 Tells us how her stern is cleaving.
 See the long wake she is leaving, —
 See! the line! the line at last! She has passed,
 And her gleaming canvas quivers from the race she sailed
 so fast.

TRULY A HEATHEN.

MAUD. — How can Clara love that Jack Matthews,
 who does absolutely nothing in this world?

EDITH. — Can't imagine, unless she belongs to the
 class of idle-worshippers.

SHE. — What an honest, open face he has!

HE. — Yes; I have noticed that his mouth is
 always open to reason.

A MAN of questionable habits — The census taker.

BALLAD OF THE WICKED NAHWITTI.

AN Indian bold and a warrior old
 Was Nahwitti, the bellicose Sioux.
 He would fight, when tight, with the greatest delight,
 He gloried in all kinds of murder by night,
 And he had a most puissant and strong appetite
 For a white man's scalp in a stew, —
 This internally sad, infernally bad,
 Reprehensible, scampish old Sioux.

An ugly old squaw, with a prominent jaw,
 Was the wife of this rascally Sioux.
 Each cheek she would streak with red paint, and her pique
 She would show, if a female a little more sleek,
 E'er appeared by a polychromatical freak,
 And would hammer her yellow and blue, —
 This sagacious, inhumanly gracious,
 Conceited, disgraceful old Sioux.

So Nahwitti and wife, that they might enjoy life,
 Then plotted with devilish glee
 With care to ensnare all the men to their lair
 That they could. So they advertised, "Good country fare
 And board, \$3 a week." And I'll swear
 That in ten days they'd got forty-three!
 They filled 'em with lead, and they killed 'em in bed,
 And then these two Sioux started off on a spree!

WHICH WAS HE?

COACHMAN.—Where shall I droive ye to-day,
Docthor?

DOCTOR.—To the hospital again: I am visiting
physician there now.

COACHMAN.—Well, sor, there 's nothin' loike a
stiddy job, ayther for man or for baste.

NOT THE SAME.

(AT PUBLIC LIBRARY.)

GIRL.—Have you the latest novels?

CLERK.—Yes.

GIRL (*after a moment*).—Please let me have Mr.
James Brown Potter of Texas.

ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

FIRST BARGAIN.—How do you like this new
place?

SECOND BARGAIN.—Not at all: it makes me feel
cheap to be here.

HER RIVAL.

I 'D heard him talk of "Polly,"
Till I was almost wild,
For he avowed he loved her,
And when I wept he smiled.

This most bewitching Polly,
Whoever could she be?
He had no right to love her,
For he was pledged to me.

At last I could n't stand it,
He 'd talked of "Poll" all day,
I said we 'd better part, and so
He laughing went away.

To-day I got a letter,
Oh, what a fool I've been!
His Polly is Economy,
And I am still his queen.



HE WAS A REPUBLICAN.

PROHIBITIONIST.—My good sir, what do you drink that whiskey for?

CONGRESSMAN (*curtly*).—For internal improvement.



SURE we wint out furter race, —
 Me and Pathrick Moriarty,
 Wid as foine a little party
 Av the byes as wor from Coogan
 Strate to Delehanty Place, —
 In my sloop, the "Connemara,"
 An' she wor a boomtarara,
 But she had a little wakeness for
 a-sailin' an her soide;
 An' Dan Brogan, "Och!" says
 he,
 "In the wather we will be."

But Oi tould the dirty spalpane from Culloonan thot he loid.
 Just thin the wind it gave a pouf,
 An' av sail we had enough,
 An' she shpilled us in the wather widout a single crack;
 But down benathe the say,
 About twinty moiles away,
 Was me cousin, Dan McGinty, ridin' an a lobster's back.

A PROTEST.

FROM this date on, all jokes beginning "' Reginald, darling,' murmured Maude," and then bringing in some bind on Maude's father's abilities in foot-ball, or on Reginald's mustache, or the parlor clock, or on Maude's having "something about her," — all jokes of this sort, we repeat, can find no space in the columns of the LAMPOON.

Interest for the health of our subscribers compels us to adopt this course.

AN ATTRIBUTE OF CHILDHOOD.

JACK MATTHEWS. — How babyish Harry Guzzler acts!

HAROLD HASTINGS. — It's not strange, as he uses the bottle so often.

DONE with the pen — A dead pig.



A DIRECT ANSWER.

SHE (*nervously trying to break the ice*). — Do you have rein — deer in Canada?
 HE (*quickly*). — Yes, love; but it sometimes snows.

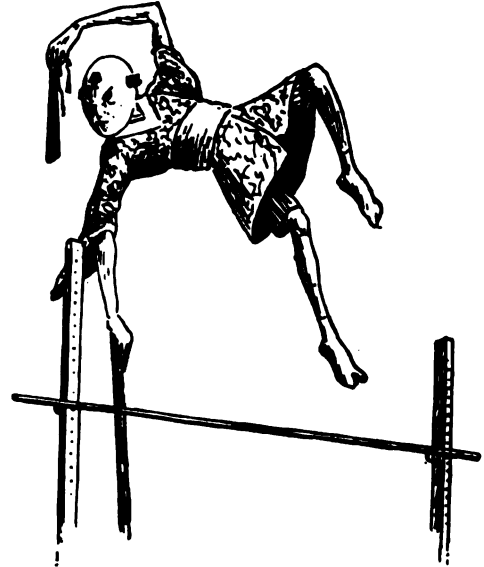
THE GYMNASTIC JAP.



(1) ENTERS FOR THE POLE VAULT,



(2) AND AFTER WALKING UP TO THE HEIGHT
OF THE CROSS BARS,



(3) HE POISES HIMSELF A MOMENT ABOVE THE BAR,



(4) AND THEN FLOATS LIGHTLY TO THE EARTH,



(5) WHERE HIS ENRAGED COMPETITORS ARE WAITING FOR HIM.

F.J.C.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.



NOW the weary, working Grinder
Tries to find a
Day of rest,
To attend a few base-ball games,
For of all games
This is best.
Or, perchance, in early matin,
Grinds his Latin,
Just to seek
Chances to expend his pennies,
Playing tennis
Once a week.

But alas! that blasted final!
And his spinal
Column bends,
And he sits and grinds by pale light,
Till the daylight
Study ends.



AND ALL WAS STILL.

SHE. — How completely the wind has died out! I do wish we could get a breath.

HE (*thirstily, calculating the distance*). — Yes; I'd like to have a breath about half a mile long.

But the easy-going Loafer,
On the sofa,
Tries to shirk;
And he mutters many "damme's!"
"No exam. is
Worth the work."
And he ponders, "Will mamma stay
Up to Class-day?
And will Grace?"
Or he speculates how we lie
With the Eli
In the race.
Then he utters words of sorrow,
For to-morrow
Comes Math. A,
And, with other young recruiters,
To the tutor's
Wends his way.

And the learned old professor
Will suppress a
Cunning smile,
When, in looking o'er the blue books,
Finds these two books
In the pile.
And he'll say: "This book is hazy,
Grinder's lazy,
To my mind;
Loafer's merit can't escape us,
For his paper's
Well defined."
So the weary, working Grinder
Will but find a
Humble C;
While the easy-going lagger,
He will rag a
Mighty B.
Thus rewarded is endeavor,
As it ever
Ought to be.



A VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

DOCTOR. — So you are better, Pat. The pills I left did you good, eh?

PAT. — Well, I don't roightly know, sor. Ye see the goat shtole the pills, etc.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

JACK MATHEWS (*as he sees a letter on the desk*). — What's thjs, Hollis, a billet-doux?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — By Jove! I wish it were, instead of a bill and dun.

DABBS. — So poor Dick's in trouble again: anything serious?

JABBS. — Oh, no: in love.

BAT. — You're a regular old rounder, aren't you?

BASE-BALL. — That's so: I have been knocked about a good deal.

TOM. — I don't like Memorial much; do you?

DICK. — But just think of the superior attractions!

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DEFRAUDING THE MAILS.

GAGGAM. — Are you going to post that letter, Pat?
 PAT. — Yis.
 GAGGAM. — Well, why don't you put a stamp on it?
 PAT. — Whist! Oi'm goin' teh thry teh slip it in the post-office widout any one seein' me. — *Munsey's Weekly.*

"SIMPSON had a mighty close call last night."
 "Poor Simpson, he's always having bad luck: what happened him?"
 "He and his sweetheart sat in one chair all the evening." — *Light.*

ASSISTANT. — There's a ragman here. Is there anything I can give him?
 NEW HAVEN'S WEATHER MAN. — Yes, give him the fair weather flag. We've no use for it. — *Yale Record.*

REEDER. — Is it true that it takes a genius to live with a genius?
 DE RUYTER. — I'll ask my wife when I go home. — *Puck.*



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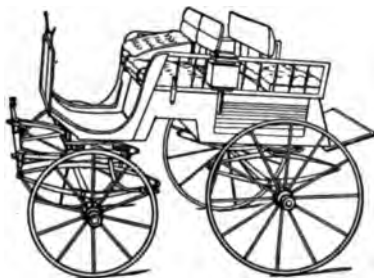
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LARKIN DIDN'T SAY WHY.

LARKIN — It was Chesterfield who said, "Never argue," was n't it?
DOLLEY — Yes.
LARKIN — Married man, was n't he?
DOLLEY — Yes, I believe so; Why?

AN UNREASONABLE "WANT."

SWIPES. — Here's a feller wot advertises for a bright, smart, active messenger boy.

SNIPES. — Huh! What's he want him for — a pardner? — *Puck*.

EVANGELIST. — Friend, are your lines cast in pleasant places?
POET (*sadly*). — No; in the waste-basket, mostly. — *Puck*.



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Cristo, Perique, Turkish and North Carolina; new in flakes. Salamagundi, Club Mixture.





IN CHICAGO.

MOTHER (*reading*). — And then she took off her shoes and put them into a little bag, which —

THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD. — Look here, ma! do you expect me to believe *that*?

MOTHER. — No, dear, I said it was only a fairy tale.



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WE all have been struggling in the strong current of the examinations. Some have already swum in safety to the shore, others are still among the breakers, and a few of us are awaiting an immersion in the sewer of Freshman condition make-ups.

And yet the work does not seem to have oppressed us, nor taken all our time. The visitor to Cambridge is greatly surprised when he sees that motley crowd with white stockings and rainbow-hued clothing in various stages of decay, followed by a chain-gang of its supporters and preceded by a blatant brass band, and is told that they are grinding for the finals and that on the morrow they are going to have their hardest examination.

Loud shouts, indicative of pleasure and excitement, resound from the vicinity of Holyoke Street, and wake up the policeman dozing against the letter-box around the corner.

The cries come from the diamond in the rear of Holyoke House. A very warm young man is running from paving-stone base to paving-stone base, and another young man is hunting with feverish haste for the ball in the tangled jungle of the outfield. The atmosphere about him slowly changes color. He finds the ball, and throws it hastily over the catcher's head and far up on the back-stop,—the church,—and the excitement subsides.

No, we are not idle. These four years will never

come again, and we are only making the most of our opportunities.

AN enthusiastic crowd made its way through the well-known doors and down the steps of Sever 11, the other night, to hear Col. Higginson speak about the new athletic grounds.

Lampy went, of course, early, and watched with interest the faces of the men as they entered. All were expectant and interested.

All knew of the generous gift, and every man expressed in his looks and carriage his determination to be worthy of it. The athletic men wore a look of conscious power. The base-ball men in particular were imposing, and they were absolutely radiant when they heard that there was to be room enough for twenty diamonds on the new field. The grinds entered with chests inflated and shoulders squared, became familiar with the athletic men, and generally seemed to create an impression that their muscular development had hitherto been overlooked. Every one was stirred, affected, and grateful. Every one applauded with all the power in his palms and cheered with all the power of his lungs; and every one, as he left the hall that night, thanked the generous giver with all his heart, and with all his heart wished that some day he too might prove such a credit to his university.

LAMPY is nearly through his labors for the year. He is weary, and is looking forward longingly to Class Day, which will end his toil and bring the balm of rest and pleasure to his jaded mind and jest-steeped brain.

If Lampy looks forward eagerly to Class Day, he looks forward more eagerly still to the day after, when he will escort Miss Roseleaf to the game and sit with her in shady Section N. Lampy does not say much. He does not prophesy. He only wishes, away down in his heart, that Miss Roseleaf were going with some one else, so that he might go and sit on the grass with the boys, and yell—for Lampy intends to yell. Let us hope that he may have cause.



IN THE SCRUB GAMES.

BILLY MCFARLOW, and Stevie, and I

All tried to get under the self-same high fly;
And Billie collided with Stevie and me,
And his eye is the blackest you ever did see;
And Stevie collided with me and with Bill,
And he feels, so they tell me, decidedly ill;
And I think I collided with Billy and Steve,
For I've written the Dean for an absence of leave.
But I can't understand why under the sun
They scored Morrill Dewing a corking home-run.



AN IDEAL COLLEGE.

SHE. — But you must have some disadvantages at Harvard!
HE. — No: the Faculty has just been abolished.



"O DEAR!" murmured the Ibis, as he lazily watched the exchanges, who, very improperly, were lying around with their wrappers on. "I suppose Class Day will be an awful jam."

"It will be an awfully sweet jam, if somebody I know only comes," responded Lampy, meaningly.

"It will be an awful huckleberry jam, if all your country cousins turn up, as usual," retorted the Ibis, with a warmth that carried the thermometer up two degrees.

"Not by a jam sight!" answered the Jester.

"Oh, I say, Lampy!" said the Bird, after a pause; "have you heard the latest report?"

"What's that?" asked Lampy; "another infant phenomenon has n't exploded, I suppose?"

"No; and a mortgage has n't been accidentally discharged," returned the Bird.

"Well, then," suggested Lampy, "I suppose the Dean has been blowing up another Freshman?"

"No, sir!" answered the Ibis, with emphasis; "it's a simple, straightforward report, and not the kind you take to Hart, either."

"Well, then," said Lampy, feeling for the inkstand; "what is it?"

"Nothing," replied the Ibis, "except that the Beck Hall spreaders have hired the Memorial waiters, so their spread can be all wool and a yard wide."



WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

YES, ignorance is bliss, but when?
Oh, 't is not hard to answer this!
When I forget I've borrowed ten,
Why, —
Ignorance is bliss.

When with a pretty girl I've been,
And had her love, her lips to kiss,
Though she's the same to other men,
Why, —
Ignorance is bliss.

NOTES FROM THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

A FULL score — Twenty.
Two-part harmony — Conjugal bliss.
Cross relation — Mother-in-law.
The suspension — Launched into eternity.
The tonic — Piebald's Elixir of Ginger.
Passing notes — The counterfeiter.
Relative minor — My sixteen-year-old nephew.

A DOUBT SET AT REST.

YES, constant reader, the genitive of Ibis is Ibis, but it does n't necessarily follow that all the jokes marked "Ibid" are taken from the LAMPOON.



QUITE AN ANOMALY.

HE. — Miss Bigsby is quite a hit this Class Day, I hear.
SHE. — It's rather peculiar that a miss should be a hit; don't you think so?

SHE. — How did Harry ever happen to fall in love?
HE. — He was so poor that he had to.



JUDGE. — And so he called you a liar?

PRISONER. — He did, sor.

JUDGE. — And did you attempt to defend yourself?

PRISONER. — Did I? You ought to see Duffy:

ELSINORE.



MANY there are in the yard
to-day,
Shining in dresses of colors
gay;
Purple and blue
There are not a few;
Orange and green
Are frequently seen;
But fairest of fair, and gayest of gay,
Is sweet Elsinore in her Class-Day
array:

A little straw hat
On the back of her head,
And a Spanish fan that
Is the true Harvard red,

And a skirt that is light as the breezes of May.

And whenever I spy her trim little form,
As she passes along on some Sophomore's arm,
Or, perhaps, as she whirls through the crowded Gym.
With some lucky Junior, I envy him;
And I curse my tall hat and prim, white tie,
And my duties of host, which forbid me to fly
For a swift, sweet turn on the waxen floor,
With the queen of my Class Day, my Elsinore.

RIGHTEOUS ANGER.

HOLLIS (*entering room*). — Hello! you look rather cross.

HOLWORTHY. — Cross! I should say I was. I've just had my picture taken.

HOLLIS. — Well, I don't see why that should affect you so.

HOLWORTHY. — You don't, eh? Well, I bet you'd be pretty mad if some one had hooked a ten-dollar picture of yours.

PATSEY O'CALLAHAN. — Does you tink us kin skin in ter de game?

MICKEY DONAHUE (*scornfully*). — Does Oi tink so? Me farder was a tanner, an' me moder could hide frum him, an' I larnt tree-keerd monte from a Chicago gent, an' Oi'd like ter see anyting Oi could n't skin.

AN utter failure — Stammering.

A GAME OF TENNIS.



WE never speak as we pass by,
And would you know the reason?
I showed her how to play the game,
When it was tennis season.

She served the balls; I let her get
Three points for a beginning,
And then we met, close o'er the net,
To see which side was winning.

"I'm blind as Cupid in my 'love,'" I said, in playful sortie,
"And young; but you're an old one, sure;
Why you — just think, you're forty!"

We never speak as we pass by,
And would you know the reason?
I showed her how to play the game,
When it was tennis season.

CAUGHT.

HE. — Will you marry me?
SHE. — Not if I know it.
HE. — Then you will.
SHE. — How do you make that out?
HE. — I have already arranged it with your father.

SEMPER IDEM.

BARON DE MUSICUS. — How fearfully impolite are all ze Americans. Now what, pray, is ze scale of good-breeding in zis countree?

MISS CURTLY. — The same as in Europe, I presume, Baron, B natural.

ESPECIALLY IN SUMMER.

"YES," remarked the autocrat, as he fondly ruffled the feathers of the Ibis, "with an English Conservative, it is always his tory principles, but with most people, the desire for the latest book is simply a novel sensation."

A HOLLOW mockery — The tin horn.



MASCULINE GALLANTRY.

BETTINA. — And pray, sir, do you think the women are better or worse than the men?

CHARLIE. — If the Scriptures say truly, my dear, man was made a little lower than the angels!

A GHOST STORY.



SOON after John and I were married, I began housekeeping in our old country-house. We were crowded full at Christmas time, so I had to put my grandmother and her sister into the haunted chamber. It was John's house, so they didn't know it was haunted. In the morning, they came down with faces pale as death. "My dear," said grandma, "you can't think how awful it was! In the middle of the night the bedclothes began to slip down.

Pull as we could, they slowly left us, and finally disappeared. We could find them nowhere. See how white we are, from the cold!"

Of course I consoled with grandma, though I was

not sorry to have the old ghost keep up his reputation. A few minutes later, my two nephews, Bobby and Jack, came rushing down-stairs. "The old ghost's at work again!" they cried. I was delighted. "We were cold in the night," said Bobby, "so we went to the ghost chamber to get the clothes from the bed there. We pulled and pulled, and it was all we could do to get them away, the ghost clung to them so."

Grandma looked knowing. "Yes, Bobby," said she, "these ghosts are strong as lions."

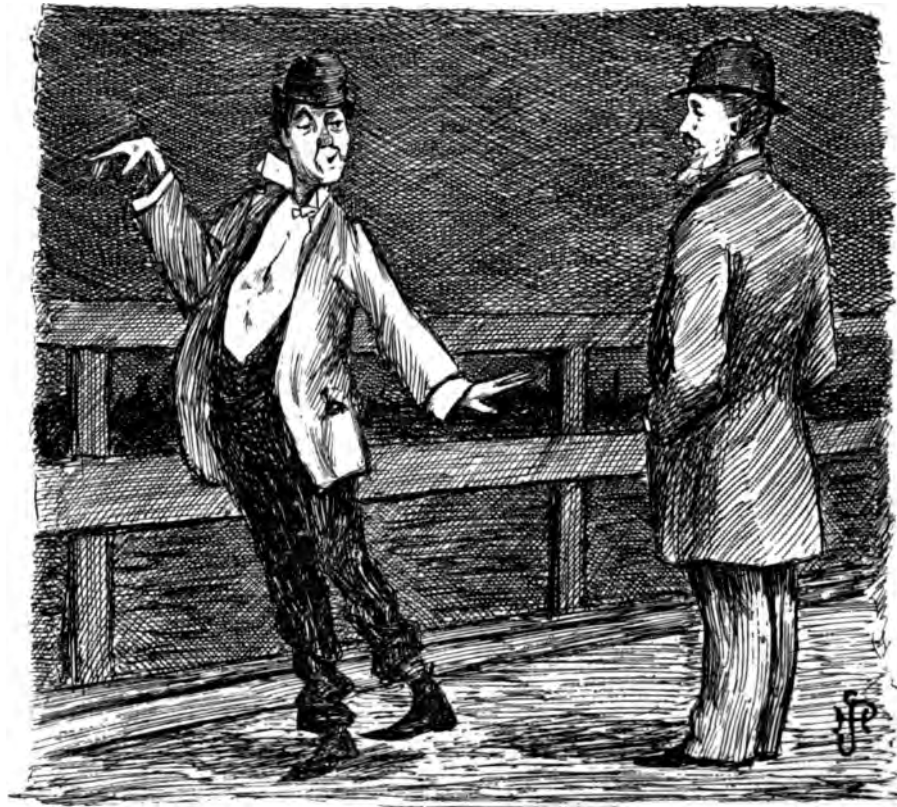


I.

WHATEVER you call her,
Amy, or Aimée,
She's dearer to me
Than I ever can say.

II.

If we could change places,
How happy the day!
For then — blissful thought —
I'd be surely Aimée.



THE USUAL WAY.

CAMBRIDGE RESIDENT (*hesitatingly*). — Ish thish th' way go 't Cambrish?
BELATED TRAVELLER. — Well, that's the way most of you fellows seem to go.

HARVARD LAMPOON.

FLOSSY. — I don't care; I think Jack Townby is real mean!
ANNETTE. — Why, Flossy?
FLOSSY. — He wrote to me from Florida, saying he had shot an alligator seven feet long, and said when he shot another, he would have a pair of slippers made for me. — *Echoes.*

MUSICAL ITEM.

HE (*enthusiastically*). — If I could always hold these little hands in mine.
SHE. — What good would that do you?
HE. — Then you couldn't pound that piano any more. — *Texas Siftings.*



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OW it happened that, owing to the great athletic excitement which everybody felt at the time of the intercollegiate contest, a certain rabbit, by name Eli, while boasting of his celerity, was accosted by a low and slowly mud-turtle, which made some pass at speed itself. The anger of Eli at being thought of as a match for mud-turtle knew no bounds, so he laid some odds, the same which they were about one hundred to one. At this rate, the turtle pawned his clothes, and the referee had a fist full of money to hold. Now, the race was to be on ground chosen by the turtle, which got one length start, so he led the way to the Cambridge sewer, which holds just one, and said he was ready to start. The Eli's friends were wild at this robber game, and were just about to raise a kick, when some one cried "Police!" and the referee disappeared with the boodle. This teaches us that pride produceth an empty pocket-book.

OUR ADVICE.

MISS RUSTICA TUTORA asks us politely if it is our candid opinion that country school-mistresses should be as deeply immersed in Wisdom's Spring as the city teacher; to be steeped, as it were, like a green leaf, in the vast cup of knowledge. We should hardly wish to advise Miss Rustica Tutora to get beyond her depth, but we should most strongly impress upon her the necessity of her being up to urchin in knowledge.

MUNDANE.

"THIS is a voyage around the whirld," said the old gentleman who steered his way with difficulty among the waltzers.

AND VERY SWIFTLY, TOO.

WILD oats are the only crop that grows by gas-light.

A TWO-FOOT rule — Keep your feet dry.



IN THE CAFÉ.

SIMPSON. — Charley seems to have a great dry jag on to-night.

FERGUSON. — Yes, a Grand Sec, as it were.

RONDEAU OF BAR HARBOR.

I N other climes I've scaled the height
 Mont Blanc uprears in garments white;
 Upon my charger, wild and free,
 I've scoured the plains of Araby,
 And passed the eagle in his flight.

Full oft I've passed the sultry night
 On plains spread in the clear moonlight,
 With but the blue sky over me,
 In other climes.

But now I'm in a sorry plight,
 Nor will my pulses throb aright:
 Newport I climbed with Emily,
 And much I fear I ne'er shall see
 Ankle as neatly turned and slight,
 In other climbs.

LAMPY'S KODAK.



NOT MUCH OF A MAN.

HARRY.—Cousin Frank is n't nearly so much of
 a man as papa is.

MOTHER.—What makes you think so?

HARRY.—I never heard him swear once.

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THE MAN WITH THE SHAPE.

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A.—Who was that elegant gentleman with whom you were talking yesterday?

B.—He is a wealthy young man from Boston.

A.—He seems to be very much of a gentleman. I wish you would give me the pleasure of an introduction to him.

B.—Not much: I'm going to try and borrow some money from him myself.—*Texas Siftings.*

HE DID NOT SEE HER.

AMY.—Mr. Dolley called yesterday morning before I was quite dressed, and I talked to him five minutes without waiting to finish.

MABEL (*horrified*).—What!

AMY.—Oh, don't be alarmed! He called over the telephone.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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MCALLISTER.—Four hundred.—*Puck.*



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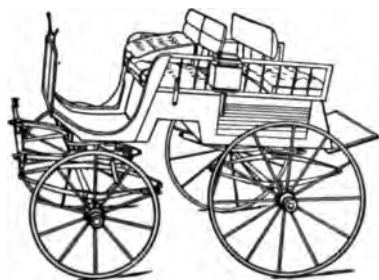
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CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 27, 1890.

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J. A. LOWELL, *Secretary*,
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ALTHOUGH Lampy has to speak in the spirit of prophecy about the outcome of the next ball game, he has, after long communing with himself, come to the conclusion that there is nothing improbable whatever—strange as such an oracle may seem—in the Harvard nine's winning it. For to a sagacious captain, a nine of conscientious, quick-footed, able-bodied workers, an experienced and trusty coach, anything is possible, especially with a season's good playing to give all of them confidence. If Lampy prophesies wrong it will not have been the fault of the Harvard nine, but the potency of that Yale witchcraft which blasts the strongest Harvard athlete with the mere sight of a blue jersey, more dread by far than the shirt of Nessus, and takes away his heart with a shout more portentous than the "Rebel yell" at Bull Run or the drum of Zisca.

WHILE Lampy is making prophecies, he will also stake his own reputation and that of the sacred fowl who assisted him in his incantations, that the crew will add a finishing touch of glory to this, the year of good fortune, 1890, and, aided by the water-gods, big and little, Poseidon the gray, Nereus and all his conch-sounding train who love the prowess of lusty men, by the water-nymphs and shore-nymphs who love manly beauty, speed past the four-mile flag ahead of their arrogant rivals. If this prophecy is wrong, Lampy's reputation will be none the worse,

for he has been divining, not by the interior decorations of a murdered hen, or by the flight of birds (jays and the like), or by the wager of the pool-room, but with the aid of the reflective smoke-wreaths of a brier pipe and the sage counsels of the Egyptian bird. If he has been deceived, he will sorrow mightily, for his remembrances of the year's work on the Charles have not among them aught but thoughts of duty well done.

CLASS Day has come and gone, the year's last swan song, the blossom of the fabled tree which bears but one gorgeous flower and dies. The sky was so clear and free from haze that the great vault seemed limitless of depth, and the sun shone against it with kindly rays, bright, yet without heat, like the gleaming of some great gem. The dear old red college in among the great green trees showed forth like a maid in bridal apparel. A million party-colored lamps were her necklace of rubies and sapphires; a drift of linen, spangled with silver and porcelain, was her bridal veil; and everywhere were flowers for her adorning,—hydrangeas, roses and lilies and feathery palms. The voluptuous beat of music pulsed through the electric air; the murmur of tongues added to its harmony; and everywhere went the beautiful wedding guests, the fairest faces in the land, all come together for a day, as if to grace a festival in Valhalla.

WELL, the wedding is over and we have danced the last waltz, and as this, the youngest daughter of the house, Ninety, goes away into the new world in her close-windowed carriage wondering what it will bring to her of future, what she will bring to it of learning, patience, and saintliness from her mother's side, let us throw after the disappearing wheels the symbolical slipper and a handful of rice, that success may always follow in her track, and that her victories may spring up and multiply as many and as fruitful as the grain we scatter. For Ninety has been a fair daughter. Born in the year of triumph and thanksgiving, she has caught the inspiration of her first days, and on the field, the flood, at the fireside, she has always stood forth a peerless sister in a family which courts none but beauties. Well may Mother Harvard say of her as of her elder daughters, "There are my jewels!"

YE STUDENT TO YE TRADESMAN.



I HAVEN'T got a red. I meant
To see you're the sediment
Of bills for soup and sandwiches,
And dress which comes high,
and which is
The curse of grad. and Sophomore
Had floored me. No one offers more
Than three cold plunks for that array

In which I braved the battery
Of dread U. 5 one Saturday.
I'm dead drained of the pittances
Of my old man's remittances.
So you must let your eagerness
Learn patience from my meagreness.

WENT HIM ONE BETTER.

TOMMY. — My brother's a lawyer and has four suits on hand.

DICK. — That's nothing: my brother's a dude and has thirty-six.

BY CHANCE.

CHELSE (caught in the said). — Say! look here! What charge are you going to make out against me?

BOSTON POLICEMAN. — Keep still, sir! I take you for better or worse.

THE "fast set" — Hatching by incubation.

FIGURES tell — So do little brothers.



WHO CAN BLAME HIM?

MISS BRIMMER. — What do you mean by saying you have only been at Harvard three years? I thought you had taken the regular course.

DOLCEFAIR, '90. — Yes; but I lived one year at Felton.



THE Ibis was busily oiling the clock with Lampy's new atomizer filled with red paint. Suddenly he stopped, and exclaimed, "Lampy, if you were well bread you would offer Polly a cracker."

"I did," answered the hollow voice of Lampy from the bottom of the beer mug. "He passed it on to Stagg. Queer, was n't it? But *it* broke *him* all up and put *him* into the soup."

"Lampy," said the Ibis, solemnly, "to-day I forgive you. Howland be merry. Venison broth *is* good."

"Yes," said the Jester; "all we had to do was to drop a line with our Bates on it to catch them all for suckers."

"And then," said the Ibis, cutting off a hunk of cheese with a shoestring, "he turned right round and lined a drop on them."

"That reminds me," returned the jester, "I must drop a line to New London about our rooms."

"Write you are," returned the Ibis, deftly manufacturing a pen from one of his tail-feathers and passing it to Lampy with a polite bow. "What do you think about the crew, anyway?"

"I think they are stroked the right way," sung out Lampy with a peal of mirth which waked the Moorish slave on the divan.

"Yes," said the Ibis; "they are all in high feather and swing together."

"They should do so," mused Lampy: "they have a Tilton board." And it would have needed a blast of dynamite to break the silence.



SPORT.

PRETTY maiden passing by,
Modest look and downcast eye;
Don't you hear me gently sigh,
Pretty maiden passing by?

Pretty maiden passing by,
Look so timid and so shy,
Will you love me till I die,
Pretty maiden passing by?

But alas! she 'll not reply,
And not even tell me why;
So another maid I 'll try,
Who may come a-passing by.

A REVELATION.

ETHEL. — When angels come upon earth, mamma, are they in disguise?

MAMMA. — Yes, dear; why do you ask?

ETHEL. — Because I heard Cousin Frank say to papa this morning that you were an angel, and papa said perhaps you were, but that you must be one in disguise.

HE PREFERRED THE LATTER.

I RATE BETTER HALF. — Jeremiah, you're a-goin' ter hev a piece of my mind now.

HENPECKED HUSBAND (*feebly*). — I ruther hev a peace of mine, wife, durned ef I hed n't.

AN EASY QUESTION.

FALSTAFF asks "What's honor?" as though it were hard to tell; but let one woman sit behind another in church, and she 'll tell what's on her in less than two minutes.

MISBY. — Morton had his arm crushed to-day, and had it all bandaged up.

RISPY. — Poor fellow! how did he take it?

MISBY. — He had to grin, and bare it.

"DAN, shall I see you at the celebration to-night?"
"Yes; you 'll probably see seven or eight of me."

I N love — Money.

SOROR PRO TEMPORE.

TOGETHER they sat on the bank of a river;
He, turning his head aside, said, "If this miss
Were only my sister, embraces I'd give her,
For sisters will always allow a fond kiss."

FIRST SWEET MAIDEN.— You say your lover sits in your lap. But is n't that rather indelicate?

SECOND SWEET MAIDEN.— It may be. But it is n't possible for me to sit in his, for — for he's bow-legged.

THE ALL-ABSORBING QUESTION.

MR. BILLINGS (*stepping up to the window*).—
Are you engaged?
BANK CLERK.—Yes; how did you know it?

"A LITTLE journey in the world"—Nelly Bly's.

HE FELL ON SOMETHING PRETTY HARD.

"YES," remarked our esteemed friend, Freshman Contributus, as he fell into the editorial wastebasket, "I occasionally drop into poetry."

AN exchange asks, "What class of beings makes the best tight-rope dancers?"
What's the matter with drunkards?

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

TOM POVERTIEBOLD.— And you won't come out to take a walk with me?
MISS NEXTYEARSBUDDIE.— Thanks, no: I'm not coming out till next year.

SUGGESTIVE.

ELSIE.—Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?
MOTHER (*sadly*).—No, dear, I did n't.

LAW of gravity — Don't smile.



A MIDNIGHT REVEL.



I WAS sitting at my desk, deep in attempts at thought. The attempts were intermittent, I must admit. A larger part of my attention was being monopolized by the chorus on the steps of Weld, where twelve first basses and one second tenor were trying to sustain the first tenor part of "Show me the Scotchman." The remainder of my mind was struggling with the "Automatism of the Amœba." This state of things had been going on for a good while, as they say in History 12, when I heard a loud rumbling approach my window. My first thought was that the Weld Glee Club had corralled a second bass; but no: they were taking a moment's rest. My lamp, which has been known to growl, was silent as the grave itself.

But I was not to be left long in doubt. "Zip! zip!" in bounced a fine June bug. He made immediately for the lamp, and had no difficulty in upsetting it. When I had extinguished the conflagration, I saw him sitting on the mantel-piece. His left eye was somewhat demoralized by his encounter, but with an air of frank *bonhomie* he winked the other at me, as much as to say, "Well, old boy, that's the best fun I've had in a long time," and straightway made for the gas fixture. This was too

much for him, however, and he fell to the ground. Thinking that I now had a good opportunity to slay him where he lay, I dropped my largest dictionary on him. This was just what he'd been waiting for. It stimulated his muscular powers, and, brushing it lightly aside, he once more made for the gas fixture, only to be repulsed once more. All the weapons I had at hand served but to exhilarate him, and finally, in despair, I cried,—

"Friend, unfortunately for me, my examinations are not yet over, or else I would be delighted to play with you all night. My joys for the present must be purely intellectual." Thereupon I turned out the light and stole down the stairs.

A moment later my clear, rich tenor voice might have been heard trolling out in the gladsome chorus of the W. G. C., the songs we love so well. And as I looked towards my building, I could see its rhythmic swaying, as my friend the June bug romped about within its walls.



NOT WELL FITTED.

SHE. — So you were going to be a professional base-ball player. Why did you give it up?

HE. — My lungs were too weak.

NÖT THAT KIND.

"I SAY, there," said Chollie Van Noodle, going up to the captain, who was standing on the bridge, sextant in hand, "I've often heard of a sea-horse, doncherknow, but have you—aw—have you ever—aw—seen a sea-ass?"

"No," answered the cap-tain, "no sea one."

HIS WILL WAS PROVED.

SLICK. — Has old Skinflint's will ever been proved? He's been dead for over two months.

TOM (*Skinflint's nephew*). — It was while he was alive. He told me one day he was going to kick me out of the house, and he did it.

A BUSINESS HEAD.

MR. HOCHSTEIN. — Young Mr. Smackstein vill make a splndid beesiness man, Rebecca.

MRS. HOCHSTEIN. — Vy you tink so, Isaac?

MR. HOCHSTEIN. — Ach, venn he ist mit our She-raida courtin', he sharges a hundert per cent for every kiss he gifs her and takes anodder!

AT THE INTERSCHOLASTIC.

BEATRICE. — Isn't that man a fine type of a runner?

HARRY. — He may be a fine type, but he has just made a miss-sprint.

ON a bat — Wings.



THINGS THAT WOULD BETTER, ETC.

MISS DEBUTANTE. — Were you at the Bjones's reception yesterday, Mr. Bjonson.

MR. BJONSON. — Yes, I stepped in for a few minutes, but as there was such a lot of uninteresting girls there I soon left; were you there?

MISS DEBUTANTE. — Yes.

PUPPETS OF FATE.

A CLASS-DAY COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS ROSEBUD.
MISS INGÉNUÉ.HOLLIS HOLWORTHY, '90.
WALTER HASTINGS, '92.

SCENE I.

(*The Yard, about 8 P. M. Enter HOLLIS HOLWORTHY and MISS INGÉNUÉ. They have been vainly endeavoring to separate for an hour past, but no one heeds them.*)

MISS INGÉNUÉ (*enthusiastically*). — Those lanterns are so gorgeous! They remind me of big red poppies in the wheat, or gold-fish slowly turning themselves around in their pool for people to admire, or great fire-flies in the Brazilian cactus-trees —



HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*ironically*). — The cactus is a miserable, spiky-leaved Mexican cabbage; it is n't a tree —

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — That's just like a man: to want to take the sentiment out of everything! You only said that to be horrid. Well, whatever they look like, they're adorably beautiful.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — The wax *just ruins* a silk hat.

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — Now, that's sordid. But I sha'n't let you ruin my first Class Day. You can't: it's beyond the power of cynicism to mar.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — I think the heat spoils Class Day more than cynicism: it's quieter, but very effective.

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — That's because you *will* wear that unbecoming, heavy, black broadcloth and those hideous hats. Now, I'm just as cool as I can be. Besides, you should n't wear that ugly costume, anyway. If it was n't for you Seniors, this would be just like a great play — grand stage-setting, beautiful dresses, music, everything. See! there is red fire — that's for the rescue scene; and green fire — that's for the jealous passages. Ugh! what an unearthly light! I never was near to one before.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — Not very becoming: you look about a hundred.

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — Wretch! But hark! there's the Glee Club. How I love those dear old college songs: they're so full of pathos and feeling. What is the name of the one they're singing now? I know the air perfectly — "Lizette," is it not?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*with a grin*). — No; that's "Grogan's Pet," Jack Linden's latest Irish song.

MISS INGÉNUÉ (*shortly*). — How extremely vulgar! HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*after a pause*). — Where shall we go now? Had we better say Beck?

MISS INGÉNUÉ (*pensively*). — Mamma was to be at Beck —

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*with incautious rapture*). — Then let us say Beck, by all means.

MISS INGÉNUÉ (*getting back at him*). — On the whole, I don't care to go to Beck for a while. I'm not pining for the yoke so soon. Besides, this scene is too lovely to leave; and now the Glee Club is singing something respectable.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*sotto voce*). — The devil!

[*Exeunt toward Holworthy.*]

SCENE II.

(*The same. Enter, near Holworthy, MISS ROSEBUD and WALTER HASTINGS. They have been abandoned together for an hour, but no one heeds them any more than the others.*)

WALTER HASTINGS (*continuing a desperate effort to be entertaining*). — Those lanterns are a very beautiful feature of Class Day, always remind me of a lot of gorgeous butterflies, or something. Takes days to put 'em up: strings all about the trees, you know. But it only takes ten minutes to get 'em down, you know. Muckers do that. Ha! ha!

MISS ROSEBUD (*continuing a pleasant tone of icy indifference*). — Ah?

WALTER HASTINGS. — The mucker, you know, is indispensable with us. (*Seizes idea feverishly.*) He is the unbidden guest — Death at the feast, you know: reminds us we are mortal.

MISS ROSEBUD (*ignoring him*). — Is n't it atrociously hot?

WALTER HASTINGS (*compassionately*). — I suppose it is, with a big straw hat like that, and your best dress to worry you. Now, I wear my light coat, a small straw hat, big sash, — cool, no end.

MISS ROSEBUD. — Yes?

WALTER HASTINGS. — Is n't that a great song the Glee Club's singing now? That's Jack Linden's latest; not very aristocratic name, you know, — "Grogan's Pet," — but jolly song.

MISS ROSEBUD (*with concentrated indifference*). — Yes?

WALTER HASTINGS (*nervously*). — Well, suppose we try Beck now? It's very pretty, they say, this year.

MISS ROSEBUD (*with something like interest*). — Yes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

(*Beck, 9 P. M. MISS INGÉNUÉ and WALTER HASTINGS.*)

MISS INGÉNUÉ (*vindictively*). — You've never been near me, after all the Saturday evenings this year, too. Oh, it's too bad!

WALTER HASTINGS (*apologetically*). — I was anchored, I protest to you, to the worst kind of Boston girl you ever saw.

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — I am from Boston, you remember, Mr. Hastings.

WALTER HASTINGS. — I said "the worst kind," you know, Miss Ingénue —

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — Don't try to explain; Miss Rosebud is most charming and talented, and if she is one of the "worst kind" of Boston girls, why then —

WALTER HASTINGS (*objectly*). — My dear Miss Ingénue, don't make me say anything more. Miss Rosebud had no use for me, and I was only too anxious to escape from her. Don't tease me, — at any rate, till the ball game to-morrow: you'll have time enough going home.

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — Very well; it's a bargain, and I forgive you. Now let us go and dance, and then see the yard again before the gymnasium. I've been talking with a cynical brute of a New-Yorker —

WALTER HASTINGS. — That is my city, you know —

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — I flatter you by forgetting it. This person was so absolutely and chillingly *blasé* that it has dulled my enjoyment of the whole day.

WALTER HASTINGS. — Mr. Holworthy is a most talented and handsome young man, and if he is *blasé*, why, then I —

MISS INGÉNUÉ. — How long are you going to keep me from dancing, Mr. Hastings? You are too young to talk well yet, and you dance very nicely: so let's go and dance. I want to get all I can out of it, for this is my first Class Day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

(*The Yard, 10 P. M. HOLLIS HOLWORTHY and MISS ROSEBUD are on their way to the gymnasium.*)

MISS ROSEBUD (*with feeling*). — She's a very striking girl, — the prettiest bud this year, — and you were very attentive —

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*with feeling, also*). — There was no more escaping her than my shadow, or your Freshman.

MISS ROSEBUD. — That's very different: a girl has no choice, but a man —

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — What can one do when *chaperone* is lost, and nobody else volunteers to relieve you?

MISS ROSEBUD (*with an air as if an intelligence so obtuse was beneath reproach*). — Well!

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*with sudden resolution*). — My dear, dear girl! why waste this beautiful night in quarrelling? You know very well that all this day I

would have followed you about like a spaniel dog, except that our engagement is n't out. You know that I got lost by accident, and that I was miserable till I found you; that I love you more than anybody else ever loved anything in the world — name, ambition, or woman. Let's enjoy each other while we can.

MISS ROSEBUD (*whispering*). — — — !

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY (*enthusiastically*). — Angel!

MISS ROSEBUD. — Hush! How beautiful these lanterns are! They remind me of something gorgeous — of big, lazy goldfish, or big butterflies, or the great fireflies in the Brazilian trees —

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — My darling, how could you imagine that I should think of that little girl in the same moment with you! Why, what you have just said is the most poetic thing I ever heard in my life! You always were like that; but she wandered around here, looked at things, and did nothing but babble out, "Is n't it exquisite!"

MISS ROSEBUD. — It's quite cool.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — Yes; it's been a cold day: let me put your shawl about you. There!

MISS ROSEBUD. — Is n't it all a dream of delight?

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY. — Simply glorious.

[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.



FOWL THOUGHTS.

REV. MR. SNOWBALL. — An' does you ebber hab any foul thoughts in yure 'ere brain, Brudder Jones?

BRUDDER JONES. — Only in de spring, sah, when Mars' Tenny's chickens am grown.

IDEALISM *versus* REALISM.

HE poet sauntered slowly forth,
With head deep bowed in grief;
He found no good in all the world,
Nor could he find relief.

"Oh, to make pure this soul!" he cried;
"To cleanse this mortal breast!"
He looked on high and saw this sign:
"Pear's soap, it is the best."

He knit his brow; with scornful mien,
The poet went his way,
With arms upraised to heaven high,
Thus he began to pray: —

"Ye God! to me ambrosia send,
To cure me of my ills."
A cart passed by on which he read,
"Try Dr. Carter's pills."

He left the town, to ramble wide
Through valley and through glade;
"Yes! yes!" said he, "I'll hie me to
Parnassus' sacred shade."

But now he reels, goes blindly on,
Then falls flat on his pate,
While up above there stands the sign:
"South Boston, four miles straight."

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NOWADAYS, when a girl refuses a man, we say
he has joined the brotherhood.

THE difference between the auctioneer and the
modern young caller of the period is, that, with
the former, it is going, going, *gone*, while — "But
there are some things, reader, too sacred," etc.



A GOOD METHOD.

SHE. — I never saw a fellow like you: you have so much patience; how did you acquire it?

HE. — I played cricket for two years.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(IN A SHOE STORE, CHICAGO.)

MISS BARNES (*of New York*). — I should like to be fitted to a pair of shoes.

CLERK. — Very well, miss; what size do you wear?

MISS BARNES (*shyly*). — Well, I generally take children's sizes.

CLERK. — James! bring one pair of number sevens.

PROFESSOR (*lecturing on wall paper*). — Colored papers are very apt to contain arsenic. This piece of light-blue paper which I have here contains arsenic enough to kill two men.

INQUISITIVE FRESHMAN. — Did any of the professors die from correcting the mid-year blue books, sir?

"SAY, Jack! I'll give you a fiver if you'll answer a simple question right."

"Done."

"Lend me a tenner, will you?"

MR. BANKER. — So you wish to marry my daughter? What are your means?

MR. NERVEY. — Mr. Banker, I must answer that question with another: what are yours?

A HUMOROUS article — The shoulder blade.

A N angle-worm — The geometrical fiend.

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AT THE HOTEL.

MISS KILGORE (*of Georgia*).—I want a nice room, with plenty of light and a good view.

HOTEL CLERK.—There is a very comfortable suite on the second floor, with a southern exposure.

MISS KILGORE.—No; I shouldn't care for that; papa is going to run for Congress very soon. I don't see why men always bring their politics into their business.—*Puck*.

KNEW WHAT IT MEANT.

"Can I see your father and mother, Johnnie?"

"No; they're out."

"Where have they gone?"

"Nowhere: they're just having a row."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

DEATH TO NEWSPAPERS.

"Dear! dear! The *Kazoo* is dead."

"What's the trouble?"

"Defective circulation."—*Echoes*.

WIFE.—What in the world are you making all that racket for?

HUSBAND.—Why I'm hunting my Memory Book, and I don't know where on earth I left it.—*Light*.



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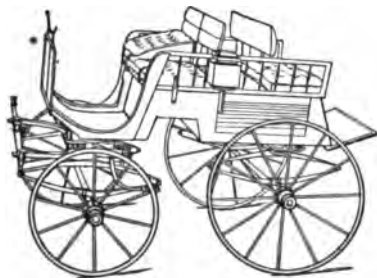
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TOMMY. — Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?

PA. — Certainly, my child.

TOMMY. — Now I know what makes the singing in the teakettle when the water begins to boil. — *Texas Siftings.*

AT THE CONCERT.

ISOLDE. — That is music worth listening to, is n't it?

MANRICO. — I don't care much for it.

ISOLDE. — I don't say that I like it; but I say it is music worth listening to. — *Puck.*



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